THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill… …eekly
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Richard Connell—Will Rogers—Courtney Ryley Cooper—Nina Wilcox Putnam
Albert J. Beveridge—Charles Brackett—Leonard H. Nason—Ben Ames Williams

Why *wait till spring to buy tires that will last years?*

Ten Owners *write to tell us*...their Silvertowns lasted

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—4 years in Marlborough, Mass.
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—4 years in Syracuse, N. Y.
—5 years in San Jose, Cal.
—4 years in Loda, Ill.
—5 years in Kenosha, Wis.
—4 years in Meridian, Miss.
—5 years in Blaine, Wash.

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Why not send for a Moiré Folder and name of nearest dealer?

Society Brand Clothes

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And when she reached CLEVELAND *the salespeople in the smart shops said:*

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For here you can buy the same fascinating perfume you might choose on the Rue de la Paix in Paris. Here are sports suits with the same swagger little air—or dance frocks with the same charm—that would greet you from the shop windows of Fifth Avenue.

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Just as in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Detroit, the universal feeling in the shops was: "Ivory is pure and mild and safe for anything which water alone will not harm."

"Use Ivory," said the hosiery saleswoman in one fascinating shop, "it's a face soap, so you know it's pure."

"Ivory is pure and won't fade the colors of these frocks. (Dress Department of specialty shop.)

"Ivory is better for *any* kind of delicate laundering." (Sweater Department.)

What the salespeople in CLEVELAND *say about laundering fine yard-silks*

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"This silk will wash as well as cotton if you use lukewarm water and Ivory Soap," said one. "Ivory is really wonderful for silks."

Another: "Use Ivory Soap. Every complaint we have ever had has come from customers who have used other soaps."

Another: "Ivory is recommended generally by the manufacturers themselves. They say, 'Use Ivory' or 'Use a pure soap,' and certainly you can't get anything purer than Ivory."

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Serviceable as this lustrous fabric is, it is—strangely enough—only about half as strong when wet as it is when dry. In tubbing rayon, then, avoid strenuous handling, heat, and—if you are to get the maximum of wear—any soap but the mildest. Gently laundering your rayon garments in lukewarm Ivory suds will prolong their life.

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THE MAD LOVER

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHY had he left his trousers in the bathtub and his evening shoes dangling from the chandelier? Why had he gone to bed with his new top hat on and rolled on it in his dreams and squashed it into a black silk waffle?

These were the most pressing problems which confronted Gerald Shannon when he awoke at noon on the day after his twenty-seventh birthday. No alarm clock, with its strident clangor, had cut short his dreams; no stern knock of duty at his chamber door had aroused him; on this, as on all other days, he awoke for one reason only—because he felt like it. Presently he would get up for the same reason.

He stretched his long, strong legs, clad in pajamas of lavender silk, and lay contemplating the ceiling, a drowsy tranquillity on his face. It was the ceiling of his own apartment, he was glad to note. There had been some slight doubt in his mind, when first he opened his eyes, as to just where he was. On the question of how he had got there he had only the vaguest theories. The start of the previous evening was clear enough in his mind; but the end? Because it was his birthday, Sonia Brotherton had given a dinner in his honor at her house. His arrival there and the warm reception a dozen friends—but especially Sonia—had given him were distinct in his memory.

In a Quiet Corner of the Conservatory He Was Sitting With the Tattooed Lady

He recalled pleasantly the caviar sandwiches and the cocktails which preceded the dinner—one of the former, four of the latter. He recollected the turtle soup and the trout and the dulcet but effective Montrachet, that liquid sunshine, which Sonia had served with the fish. At that point a gentle haze had begun to envelop him. There had been a bird of some sort, he rather fancied—a truffled pheasant he seemed to remember; and certainly there had been some marvelous Medoc, and a spry butler to keep the glasses replenished. After that he was not at all sure. The haze had become a soft, genial blur and he had talked a great deal, and, no doubt, said some exceedingly droll things, for there had been much laughter. Corks had popped. He remembered the sound. That meant that Sonia had brought from her cellar her choicest treasure—some of the Pol Roger her late husband had not succeeded in consuming before his demise.

They had danced after dinner. Where? Some night club, like as not. No matter. He had a dim notion that he had persuaded one of the Ethiopian musicians to let him play the drum. Also, he had kissed someone—a very pretty woman—doubtless Sonia, but maybe someone else. No matter. She hadn't objected. As a rule, they didn't when Gerald Shannon kissed them.

And then what? Perhaps they had gone to a number of places to dance. He had a faint remembrance of getting in and out of limousines. He had been happy. He had sung. Then had come a serious interlude. An exigent desire to philosophize had attacked him, no doubt, for he seemed to hear his voice saying, "And what, after all, is life? What is it all about? What does it all mean anyway?" Someone—perhaps Sonia, perhaps Harry Carstairs—had answered, "Life is just one drink after another." Everyone had laughed and had acted on this verdict, including Gerald. The blur had become a daze. He had started to make a speech about the wrongs of Ireland, and then—there he was, in his own bed, in his own apartment, with his ruined top hat by his side, his shoes on the chandelier and his dress trousers in the bathtub.

There was a certain fullness in his head and a certain aridity in his throat. Gerald reached for the hammered-silver carafe of ice water that his man had thoughtfully left on his bedside table. He drank deeply, with appreciative gurgles. Then he pressed a button. In came Hondo.

"'Morning, Hondo."

"Goo' morn', Mis' Boss."

"Hondo?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss?"

"What time did I get in?"

"Four clock, Mis' Boss."

"Was I *compos mentis?*"

Hondo permitted himself a discreet grin. He answered in the manner of one answering a familiar litany: "No, Mis' Boss."

"Was I jingled then?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Was I lit?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Was I squiffed?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Was I blotto?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Dear me—was I stinko?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"I was afraid so," said Gerald Shannon. "Tell me, Hondo, did I sing?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss, you singed."

"What?"

Hondo puckered his brow. "Bicycle Arney," he enunciated.

"Oh, By Killarney's Lakes and Fells?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"Dear me," murmured Gerald, "then I was far along. Was I alone?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Who was with me?"

"One milkmen and two pleecemans."

"Ah! Were the policemen Irish?"

"I dunno, Mis' Boss."

"But what were their names?"

Hondo scratched his head to stimulate his memory.

"Mis' Tim Case and Mis' Vicious Clance," he said.

"Ah, Tim Casey and Aloysius Clancy. Then all is well."

"Sonia Will Miss You—Terribly," She Said. "Why are You So Cruel to Her?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"Were they mad, Hondo?"

"Oh, no, Mis' Boss. They singed too."

"Ah!"

"You tell me give 'em drink," added Hondo.

"Quite right. Always give policemen a drink. But, Hondo, who the devil was the milkman? How did he get in?"

"Mis' Boss see him in street and say, 'Hondo, go fetchum yon dark, handsome stranger. Perchance he is a ballytone.'"

"Of course. It comes back to me now. I wanted to get up a quartet and we needed a barytone. But I don't remember—could our milkman friend sing?"

"Oh, yiss, Mis' Boss. Very loud. Like a lions."

"Why, of course. That's the noise I remember. And what was his name, Hondo. Did you get it?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss. He was Mis' Patsy Drumgoo'."

"Patsy Drumgoole? Good! What a quartet we must have made! I wish I could have heard us. Well, everything is all right then, Hondo?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"Next time you pick out a father for yourself pick out one like mine—a man who stands high with all the Irish. Will you do that?"

Hondo bowed and said, "Yiss, Mis' Boss," although he did not in the least understand what Gerald Shannon meant.

Indeed, the advice of his employer was something Hondo puzzled over for days. A mysterious country, this America, he decided, where rich young men sang quartets with policemen and milkmen and advised a Japanese to select an Irishman for a father.

"Hondo."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"I think I'll get up now."

"Velly goo'."

Gerald started his day with a leisurely bath. From out the tingling spray of a cold shower he shouted: "Hondo, make some coffee, black as night and strong as love—about a gallon of it."

"I have already done it," responded Hondo.

In a flowered-silk dressing gown, Gerald Shannon breakfasted without haste. He was skimming through the only part of the morning paper that interested him—the polo news—when Hondo brought in a letter. Gerald smiled when he saw the rugged script that sprawled, thick and black, across the envelope. He slit open the envelope and read the note it contained:

Dear Jerry: This is just to wish you well on your birthday. Your mother and I were hoping we might get a sight of you, but, as you did not come to the house, I am sending you a little present. God bless you, Jerry, and keep you strong.

Your loving father,

KEVIN SHANNON.

The present fluttered to the floor, and Gerald's eyes were bright with pleasure as he stooped and picked it up. It was a check, and when Gerald read the amount he whistled. Hondo promptly appeared.

"You whistle, Mis' Boss?"

"No, not for you, Hondo. But since you are here, let me give you a piece of advice that you and all young men should heed."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"Pick a father like mine."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"And, Hondo, be sure today to get me another half dozen top hats. Tell the man you want some that can't be busted. The last half dozen were very perishable. They didn't last me six months. See if he has some rubber ones. I can't be buying top hats at this rate. Got to keep down my overhead."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"And, Hondo, please get my mother's house on the telephone."

"Velly goo'."

As Gerald drank his black coffee he heard Hondo in the throes of pronouncing the telephone number of his parents' house—Ashland 4848. That was the only number, Gerald mused, in the Ashland section that he was in the habit of calling; all his friends lived in the new High Park section and were in the High Park exchange. He had given up trying to induce his father to build himself a new house in High Park.

Gerald found it difficult to think of that man of iron, his father, as a sentimental person; and yet, Gerald reflected, there must be some sentiment in Kevin Shannon, or how else explain his attachment to that funny old square house in the only part of that very modern mushroom metropolis, Branton, that could be described as old-fashioned? He thought, with an amused smile, of the house in which he had passed his boyhood; he thought of its high-ceilinged, rather dim rooms; of the parlor which had always remained a parlor and had never yielded to modern influences and become a living room. He could see its fat red plush chairs, the carved marble mantel that had once been the last word in interior decoration, the middle-aged square piano, and the gilt chandelier made for gas but now promoted to electricity. He thought of his father's room, which Kevin Shannon never called his study nor his library nor his den, but simply "my room"—a comfortable enough place, but not at all a smart one, with its massive carved furniture of a bygone era, and its huge roll-top desk, choked with papers. Night after night, Gerald remembered, his father had gone into that room and shut the door, and had worked until long after Gerald had gone to bed. He was thinking of the dining room, with its substantial oak table and its chairs, big and stiff as grenadiers on parade, when Hondo summoned him to the telephone.

"Hello, mother. How are you? . . . I'm glad to hear it. Is dad well too? . . . Splendid. . . . I'm awfully sorry I couldn't get round to see you yesterday. I simply couldn't make it. Polo all day and a party at night. . . . Now, mother, don't worry about my polo. It isn't really a dangerous game, you know. Remember how you used to worry when I was playing football? Well, I came through that safe and sound, didn't I? . . . Yes, of course, I'll be careful. And, mother, I want to thank you and dad for your present. It was really too much, though. . . . Oh, I guess I'll use the check to buy a new roadster; my old one is a bit *passé*. . . . No, I didn't have a smash-up. I mean it's a bit out-of-date. . . . No, I'm afraid I can't come to dinner tonight. . . . Of course I want to come. How about some evening next week? . . . All right, I'll call you up. . . . Yes, I

intend to stop in the office and see dad today. . . . Good-by, dear."

Having finished his breakfast, Gerald Shannon addressed himself to the most important task of his day—dressing. What should he wear? It was a question not to be answered lightly, for he had a position to maintain. The city of Branton looked to him to show it what the well-dressed man should wear.

Like all American cities which have shot up from a few thousand inhabitants to half a million in the space of a decade or two, Branton was charged with an intense local patriotism. Its citizens believed, with a burning ardor, that the park system of Branton made the parks of all other American cities look, in comparison, like so many repositories for tin cans, shoes and used cats. All good Brantonians considered the First National Bank of Branton superior, financially, to the Bank of England, and architecturally to the Acropolis. They believed their fire department to be better and their telephone service worse than any other city of modern times, and they were perfectly sure that Zimmer's Big Store brought blushes of envy to the cheeks of the greatest emporiums in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. However, the tenet in their creed to which they most zealously adhered was that Gerald Shannon was the handsomest and best-dressed man in the Middle West—if not, indeed, in the whole United States.

There had been a time in the history of Branton when Gerald Shannon, fresh from his engineering course at Yale, with side trips to London and Paris, was the only man who could have walked the length of Washington Street clad in white spats and carrying a cane without risking derision, and even perhaps violence. Now all the young men with any social pretensions, and some of the older men, too, appeared, quite openly and shamelessly, in white spats and with canes; and the Branton Evening Bulletin, editorially, accepted this as evidence that Branton is the most cosmopolitan city west of the Hudson.

Thus a heavy sartorial responsibility rested on the well-made shoulders of Gerald Shannon. He was aware of it, and he accepted it manfully. What should he wear that day? He ran a thoughtful eye along a row of suits that would have taken no little time to pass a given point. There, neatly suspended on hangers, was a whole regiment of clothes. There were the appropriate uniforms for the opera, the informal dinner, weddings, tennis, golf, polo, drag hunting, beagling, aviation, skiing, yachting, moose shooting, fishing and motoring, and a whole battalion of suits for everyday wear. On these last Gerald Shannon fastened critical eyes.

Then he went to the window of his apartment, which was in the newest and most fashionable apartment house in High Park, and, gazing out, examined the day. It was as fair and fresh and sunny a May day as ever man enjoyed. The trees were budding, and they were set in emerald patches of new grass. Gerald turned to his suits, inspired. As he always dressed to harmonize with the day, he chose a suit of a delicate shade of blue-gray flannel. The socks and shirt he selected were of a pale ethereal green, symbol of the spring. There was a hiatus when he came to the all-important question of a fitting necktie. Five were quickly tried and as quickly rejected. Then the spring sky suggested a solution, and he tied, with care, a bow tie of pale blue. From some thirty pairs of shoes, all polished, including the insteps, he picked a pair of low black ones. He had but to don a pearl-gray hat and catch up a light Malacca stick and he was ready to emerge into the day, for Branton to see and to admire.

"Hondo!"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"Have Joseph bring round the touring car."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

By the time he had examined his ensemble in a pier glass and had sauntered downstairs his car was waiting for him in front of the apartment house.

"'Morning, Joseph. Fine day."

"Good morning, Mr. Shannon. Yes, it sure is."

"Before you drive me to the club please stop at my father's office. I'll be staying there not more than ten minutes."

"Yes, sir."

That car of Gerald Shannon's stole away from the curb as quietly as a burglar with rubber heels crossing a bearskin rug. Branton watched it glide by admiringly. Branton was proud that there was such a car in its midst. To be sure, in Branton automobiles were as common as ants at a picnic, but they were mostly ordinary automobiles while Gerald Shannon's car was unique in the city. It belonged to a royal family of motor cars. The nickel fittings on its low, long body gleamed like crown jewels, and Branton basked in the reflected glory.

As the car wove its majestic way through the traffic of Washington Street, Gerald lay back on its opulent upholstery and watched the clouds. Another typical day in his life had begun. Serenity was on his brow and a sense of well-being filled him. At Polk Boulevard a traffic policeman halted the car to let a stream of eastbound traffic flow by. To most mortals Traffic Officer Burke presented a macadamized visage; to most mortals he spoke in brusque, gruff, imperative accents; but not so did he address Gerald Shannon. Officer Burke's official macadamized face melted into a smile when he saw the big car and its occupant.

"Good morning, Mr. Shannon."

"Top of the morning to you, Burke. How are you?"

"Fine and dandy."

"And the kids?"

"Fine and dandy."

"That's good."

Officer Burke checked the eastbound traffic with a peremptory flourish of his white-gloved hand. So hard did he glare at the plebeian cars that one of them stalled.

"Drive on, Mr. Shannon," he said, and Gerald's car sped on its way. Joseph, the chauffeur, wagged an impressed head; it was something to drive for a man to whom even traffic cops deferred.

The car halted, as gently as a sparrow alighting on a twig, in front of the Shannon Building, which reared its granite head high above the Big Store, the First National Bank and the other buildings in the heart of the business section of Branton. Let no supercilious visitor from some great Eastern city dare in the presence of a loyal Brantonian to speak slightingly of the Shannon Building, Branton's first and greatest skyscraper and the apple of its municipal eye. Instant and painful death might easily follow an invidious reference to that stalwart structure, for Branton was enormously proud of the Shannon Building and the man who had built it.

(Continued on Page 78)

"Senator Crosby, Get Accustomed to My Friends"

Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

It Will be as Big a Disgrace Ten Years From Now Not to Know How to Run an Airship as it is Now Not to Know How to Run a Flivver

Herbert L. Johnson

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE, WHITE HOUSE. LONDON, Autumn.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I was passing through Paris and looking for a good show and somebody suggested the House of Deputies. It's a Satire on our Congress, so that will set you laughing right there. It was the best thing I ever saw in Europe in the way of entertainment. A man on one Party was trying to make a speech and the Socialists and the Labor Members on the other—who were in the minority, but they sure wasent when it come to making noise. This old Boy had no more chance of being heard than a Republican vote has being counted in a Tammany election.

They would get up and run at each other and shake their fists. You would think the whole thing would be murder. But they don't really fight any oftener than Dempsey. I could take this same troupe to America and rent the Hippodrome and I can get them enough money to pay their debts. New York would go crazy over a show like that. Over home we couldent understand how people could be so mad at each other and even live in the same country.

This last fellow, Poincaré, had the right idea. The minute they put him in he made a motion that the Chamber adjourn for the rest of the summer. So they couldent throw him out till they met again. That assured him of a few weeks Steady work. After I come out of this show, I had a date to eat Dinner with Morris Gest, the Miracle Man and organizer of the late Russian invasion to America. Morris is just soaked full of Art, and I wanted to see at close range just how a real artistic temperament acted. I like Morris with or without Art; everybody likes Morris.

I have known him since away back in the old Hammerstein's Victoria, which had nothing to do with Art—it was entertainment. He had just come out of Russia—he and Ashton Steyens, of Chicago, the only Dramatic Critic that ever learned William Randolph Hearst to play the Banjo. They had been in looking over this year's Art crop and they claimed it looked like a bumper year. Balieff—you all know Balieff, the best bald-headed Comedian that ever stepped out from behind plush curtains. You have laughed and admired his artistic show for years the Chauv Surrey, or Sworee, or something like that. He is a real Artist, this Balieff.

Well, we went to one of those Russian layouts that have littered up Paris. Everywhere there used to be a coal cellar there is a Russian Restaurant now. They asked me if I had ever had a taste of Vodka, and they poured out a little small glass of what I thought was water. It was the most innocent-looking thing I ever saw.

Then all said just drink it all down at one swig; nobody can sip Vodka. Well, I had no idea what the stuff was, and for a second I thought somebody had loaded me up with molten lead, and I hollered for water.

Now over in Europe the water is in quart bottles, and here was this Vodka in another quart bottle, and it looks exactly like water; and this Clown Balieff, thinking quick, immediately grabbed the Vodka and loaded up the glass again; and me thinking it was the water, and my throat a-burning, why, I gulped it down quick, and here I was just twice as bad off as I had been. If I could have seen which one to hit I would have swung on him, but they already were blurred. Lord, what quick results that stuff delivers!

I asked, "Where do they get this white Iodine?" They informed me then that that was Russia's national dissipation. Why, that old white corn down South would be branch water compared to this stuff. Jack Brandy and White Mule would be used as a chaser where this stuff come from. How they can concentrate so much insensibility into one prescription is almost a chemical wonder. This Balieff, the native of that land of boots and blood, then related to me the recipe, which reads as follows:

One half bushel of old Potato peelings; fourteen ears of Russian corn, or maise, Cob and stalk included; four top and soles of worn Russian boots; five grams of Giant Powder; three Bombs chopped up fine. Mix all this in a washtub full of Vulgar River water, add two Revolutions and serve.

Well, I will tell you how these two accidental shots acted on me. We dident know where to go, and Gest suggested that we go up to the Opera; that it was Mary Garden's last night singing there. Well, it was too late. They had been turning people away since the day before. But you can't stick Morry, so we waited till the time the show was over and we went into Mary's dressing room. Her and Morry and all these others were great friends. I had never had the pleasure of meeting her, but she had been responsible for me going on the Concert tour; for she ribbed Charley Wagner up to it, as they were old Pals. So when I come in with them, Mary rushed right over and threw her arms around me and kissed me, and to show you how this Vodka was working, I wouldent push her away; in fact I dident even get mad at her. 'Course, there is not much use going on with the story. About the only moral I can get out of it is, take two swigs of Vodka and then start hunting Mary Garden.

So if You Want an Issue That You Won't Have to be Ashamed of, Why, You Shout Airships

Well, that begin to give me a whole lot of encouragement. I had never been able to get near Mary Garden before. So I started in by asking, "Where is this country that can manafacture such explosives in liquid

form? Mebbe they got something that goes with it. Any Nation that's ingenious can't be confined solely to one good idea."

They said, "It's Russia, Bud; it's Russia."

Now, Mr. Coolidge, you know yourself I was sent over here to find out anything I can for the benefit of Uncle Sam. Now if there is one thing that is a worry to us, it is too much drinking going on over home. I thought up to this that we had the world beat on the collecting of unique articles and scrambling them together and selling the combination under the nom de plume of a livable beverage. But if I can get this Vodka stuff, I will be able to cut the drinking down one-half and mebbe three-fourths. One tiny sip of this Vodka poison and it will do the same amount of material damage to mind and body that an American strives for for hours.

I am—and I think every prohibitionist is—for anything that will cut our drinking down and get it over with as soon as possible. If we must sin, let's sin quick and don't let it be a long, lingering sinning. So I asked them, "Where do you get a Veesay to this Utopia?"

Now that is the whole story to Vodka. The recipe I have is only problematical. Nobody in the world knows what it is made out of, and the reason I tell you this is that the story of Vodka is the story of Russia. Nobody knows what Russia is made out of, or what it is liable to cause its inhabitants to do next.

Well, I sure did want to go somewhere where I wouldent be continually reminded that "On the right you will see the Fountains of Versailles"; or "That is the Houses of Parliament, where all the laws of England are made"; or "That is the dome of St. Peter's."

I asked Morry Gest, "Do they have rubber neck wagons up there?" He answered in the negative. I think it's negative when you say no, ain't it?

Ashton Stevens then pulled the best Gag of the entire tour: "You know, Will, you are just about the poorest dressed Actor I know; in fact that assertion takes in people that are not Actors. Well, as bad as you look when and if you get to Russia, for once in your life you will be the best dressed man in the biggest country in the world."

Well, I went right over to London and made application for one of those famous Veesays. Russia has an Embassy in London; it's a kind of an unofficial one. They recognize Russia just enough to sell 'em something. It's a sorter "You can stay as long as we are doing business, but socially we have lost your address." In other words, they hate 'em at heart but love 'em financially.

It's pretty hard to get into Russia. Your application has to be sent to Moscow and be approved or rejected. I had a nice chat with the fellow who put in my application and then hopped out for Geneva to see the Preliminary Dissarmament Conference. It had been then going a few days and I figured that everybody's Navy would be scrapped; that the Airships would be beat into windmills, poison gases would be turned into fertalizing Nitrates, and that every Army would be released to join Jazz bands.

Well, not only when I got there but four months later, as I pen you these precious lines, why, they are still over there, and they all have to be personally armed before they will go in and confer with each other. Again I ask you, Cal, will you please stop anybody going anywhere to confer with anybody unless it's his Doctor? And then he is just losing time. The only time we ever attract any attention at a conference is when we don't go. There has been more talk about us and the League of Nations through being out of it than there ever would have been in the World if we were in it. You know yourself that you have gone to a lot of things that afterwards you had wished you hadent gone too. Nobody can ever get in wrong by not attending anything. But every time you go you take a chance either of getting in wrong or being misunderstood.

Well, after prowling around Switzerland, Italy, Spain and France and all of them, Mary Garden come into my mind again; and naturally that brought up Vodka, for if it hadent been for that Vodka I would never known what Mary Garden perfume smelled like on the original. So I wires over to London to see what has happened to the application for the Veesay. They wire back collect that it is laying right there and that all I have to do is to come and get it and start getting in Russia.

Well, I fly back over to London. By this time I have done so much flying that if I was in the Army I would be like Colonel Mitchell. I would be thrown out for not staying on the ground more. When I got to the Embassy there was a bunch of about ten young American Bolsheviki's signing up their passports. They had come from various colleges over home and were going to Russia by boat; a couple of girls among them, and two gentleman who's ancestors come from below the Mason and Dixon Line. So if you hear of your washwoman or cook advocating: "Is I am a communist? I ain't nothing else but. I believes in everybody dividing up. Says which?" Well, you will then realize that communism has penetrated the black belt.

These two boys may turn out to be the Lenin and Trotzky of Birmingham. They will have every Crap shooter on Octavus Roy Cohen's beat sharing his winnings with the losers. We may see the time when your Gin will be everybody's gin. They were going up by boat. I don't want any more boat than is absolutely necessary at any time. So I was going in by Airship. I had been

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Nobody is Walking But Us; Everybody Else is Flying

NEW MONEY—By Courtney Ryley Cooper

The Café Owner and the Attorney are Two of the Ever-Ready By-Products of a New Mining Camp. At Right—A Construction Gang, Working Thirty Miles From Civilization on the New Railroads to the Copper-Gold Camp of Rouyn, Quebec

THE tolling of the Sunday morning church bell in the tiny town of Taschereau, on the transcontinental line of the Canadian National in Northern Quebec, exerts a tremendous influence upon the little community for which it acts as a religious alarm clock. Taschereau lies at the beginning of that vague region known as the Far North Country. Beyond the railroad, the muskeg and the lakes and the bush—all forest is bush in the North Country—stretch in uninterrupted sovereignty toward the swampy stretches adjacent to Hudson's Bay, thence still northward to infinity. After Taschereau, population ceases. A few Indians; here and there a group of small white-painted log buildings before which flies the British flag, emblazoned with the emblem of the Hudson's Bay Company—this and nothing more, for the North remains defiant many degrees south of the circle.

Many Minds With a Single Thought

NOW the church bell long ago had tolled. Some had answered in the few automobiles which—pioneers, like their owners—bucked the meager roads of a country where canoes are far more efficient; the rest had walked up the long hill to the church, with its cross and its belfry. Stores were closed; verandas and wriggly wooden sidewalks were deserted. Out of all the town only Jack Nankervis, my trail partner, and myself were left—we and the husky dogs, roaming the deserted streets in sniffing eagerness for the sight of a bone to stay their summer hunger, for huskies in general are heroes in winter and gaunt, rib-displaying excess baggage when the snow fades. Only two men and a dozen dogs in the silence of a Sunday morning. Then the church doors opened and the town flooded forth to a wooden-sidewalked promenade.

We watched them and listened to them—English and French and Slovak intermingled in a general patois; a gay crowd, gaudily dressed, excited from the thrill of community contact. Swains and their mam'selles, old couples, chattering children, and then a group crowding even as they walked, behind two men who seemed to be studying what appeared to be an open book. Jack Nankervis scraped his booted feet.

"Carry their religion right out on the sidewalk, don't they?" he asked.

The throng came nearer, at last to halt and form a tight knot almost directly before us. Jack's curiosity strained at the leash. He went forward to join the throng, craning his neck for a sight of the pair in the center. At last he returned, a sheepish grin on his sunburned Western features.

"Who's that guy in the Bible?" he asked. "Mammon, wasn't it? Well, he's having his innings now. Them's a couple of prospectors, with a cigar box full of gold samples."

But, for that matter, we should have known without investigation. For in the far-flung stretches of the North Country—embracing for the particular purposes of metallurgy a district generally adjacent to the height of land running through the western portion of Northern Quebec, almost the entire span of Northern Ontario and the eastern portion of Manitoba—whenever a crowd gathers in animated discussion these days, the subject is almost inevitably the same—new money. Nor need it be a crowd; the banker in Toronto, the recently imported lumberjack in the trailer coach of a dragging freight train, the lawyer in Winnipeg, the civil engineer, steeped in muskeg, bumpy from mosquito bites and bleeding from the assaults of vicious swarms of black flies as he fights his way through the bush in the advance of a new stretch of railroad—all have the same story, the same grin, the same far-away, obsessed light in their eyes, and the same statement:

"Oh, I'll be taking my ease some of these days. I've got a bunch of claims staked out."

The lure of new money! New money in a new country, where one never knows what may lie beyond the next stretch of muskeg, where the bush which creeps, black and tangled, to the very edge of the uncountable lakes of unmapped land may hide another Cobalt or extend its roots into the riches of an undiscovered Porcupine—here new money is calling with a strong and oft-answered voice, and Mideastern Canada is enjoying itself to the utmost with the thrill of it.

A place where there is the lure of new gold demands some explanation; especially this North Country, which should be old in the eyes of the mine enthusiast by this time, but which isn't. It has been more than twenty years since the name of Cobalt flared before the eyes of those who like to read of newly discovered riches, seventeen since one of the great gold mines of the world came into existence in the Porcupine district, near the eastern edge of the Province of Ontario and some 500 miles north of Toronto.

The fever ran high then—that excessive temperature which goes with the lure of new money. Yet here is the fever again, extending almost to the very edge of a previous spot of infection, and more inflamed than ever. A rush for new money usually has its limitations; that it should be getting its growth only twenty-odd years after the first outbreak is rather remarkable. But the fact remains that the excitement of new money is as fervent today in Canada as it was even back in those days when the name of Cobalt became synonymous with silver, and the sour-doughs of the Klondike, their first flush gone, turned from the Western North to the Eastern North in hopes of new riches.

The Spread of the Gold Fever

THEN it was confined to a district of a comparatively few square miles. Now it has spread like a traveling man's story. One can look for a prospector at almost any spot throughout a stretch of land that has increased five thousandfold. But one cannot always find him, even though he be present in numerous quantities. In fact, one who did not know mining might travel great distances in Canada these days, searching vainly for Canada's gold rush. When one deals with 500,000 square miles of muskeg, of forest so thick that the inexperienced can easily become lost within a quarter of a mile of a railroad, where country is so wild and virginal that the native speaks of sneaking upon a feeding moose and, with a leap from his canoe, riding him bareback with the same casual manner that a cow-puncher would refer to the breaking of a bronco; where prospectors travel by canoe and portage as far as 200 miles from the nearest settlement in the task of looking over some fabled schist, while 500 miles away other prospectors are traveling 180 miles in another direction with a moose skin for a shaft bucket and their packs on their backs that they may peel the soil

A Construction Camp in Northern Quebec. At Right—Winter Traveling Paraphernalia for the Hauling of Supplies, Piled to Await the Snow, in a North Canada Gold Camp

from a hopeful vein—such scenes as the customary pictures of a gold rush are rather hard to assemble.

All this in a land where there are thousands upon thousands of square miles yet to be explored, where accurate mapping is being done for the first time by means of airplane, where the moose walks grudgingly away from his feeding among the tender lily stalks of a river bed at the interruption of a human being, and where lakes are often named for the first time by the prospector who remembers the appellation when he gets back to civilization.

Further, when one considers that this new land extends from a point north of St. Paul, Minnesota, to spots less than 600 miles north of Buffalo, New York, as the crow flies, and then even farther eastward, it doesn't fit in at all with the romantic idea that all new money must be found by going West, young man, or coincide with the motion-picture scenes of the frenzied gold seeker hastening toward the friendly beam of a log cabin and the liquor that waits within. Yet those things are present if one knows just at what spot in that 500,000 square miles to conduct his investigations.

That also needs explanation. Everything seems to be fringed with questions when one blandly attempts to describe the North Country and explain in a few words why a gold rush should exist there. When one talks about the West, Canadian or American, one can call it new and let it go at that. But when one uses the term in reference to

The White-Painted Buildings of a Hudson's Bay Post Have Been Joined by Other Buildings to Make Towns Where Once Was Wilderness

some of the supposedly oldest portions of Canada, where Wolfe fought and where Radisson and Groseilliers formed a sort of Lewis and Clark for the Company of Adventurers, otherwise the Hudson's Bay Company—when one attempts with a sweep of his hand to dust off the mold and keep his face straight when he calls that country new, he has a job on his hands. Yet new it is, with great districts where the prospector, lured on by the hope of gold, is setting foot on virgin territory, 90 per cent of which has not yet even been scratched, and where a man's life is in his own hands, once he takes to the bush for the riches which may be concealed there.

Wealth in the Wilderness

THE reason for that newness is, after all, simple. When settlement came to Canada it sought the most accessible points. Those were contained in a comparatively narrow strip of land adjacent to the northern boundary of the United States. Ontario, for instance, the greatest ore producer, is a province slightly larger than the British Isles. Of its total population, practically all reside in the southern district encompassed by 77,000 square miles. That leaves practically 333,000 square miles of wilderness and rivers and lakes for the woodcutter, the timber cruiser, the scattered camps of the pulp-paper manufacturer, the Hudson's Bay factor at his outpost, the Indian in search of pelts, the prospectors in pursuit of new money—these and the various mosquitoes and flies which lie in wait for a human invader with the avidity of a three-shell man awaiting a real sucker at a county fair.

As time goes by, riches seem to pile upon riches in this country on the north. It has been only thirty-five years since the province thought enough of grubbing money from the ground to establish a Bureau of Mines, forty-two years after the California rush, thirty-two after the days when covered wagons conquered the Great American Desert in the hegira to the new diggin's near Denver. It was not until about 1908 that gold was really discovered in the true sense of the word in this new land of the eastern North. But last year Ontario alone disgorged $62,000,000 in minerals.

All because this vague land beyond the 77,000 square miles of Ontario's populated area, and like districts in Quebec and Manitoba—British Columbia must be excepted as a rush territory in spite of its heavy mineral production—is just now really being explored. Strange? Yes, to one who never has stood face to face with the terrific impenetrability of the bush. Not at all strange when reference is again made to the fact that great areas of country are only now submitting to mapping and geological survey, thereby, with every report of the formations existent, bringing a new interest on the part of those who prefer to search for gold where gold may be, instead of merely wandering in a country which, to the uninitiated, may all look alike, but which may be as different under the soil as Timbuktu and South Bend, Indiana.

So, with the publication of reports, one now finds the prospector making his weary way by canoe along the lakes and waterways, 200 miles northeast of the farthest railroad, into the Chibougamau Lake area of Quebec, there to stake his claims and hope for the best—which means that at some far day of the future a railroad will pioneer there to remove the gold; into the Rouyn district of the same province, where, upon the hill above a ramshackle frontier town, stand two shaft houses upon a fortune already estimated to begin at $30,000,000; into the northwest of Ontario, edging the shores of the great expanse of Lac Seul lest the waves of a sudden squall end their hopes and their lives as well; to Woman Lake, to Red Lake, to Narrow Lake and Trout Lake, the nearest of these at least 180 miles from the nearest railroad connection; out from Les Pas of Northern Manitoba, with its high-piled ties and stacked steel of an unfinished railroad to the Hudson's Bay country; into a vast land so great that even the natives know but little of it, where roads are unknown, trails are a rarity, and a portage between lakes may be only a filmy connecting link discernible solely to a woodsman—into 500,000 square miles of wilderness is the search extending for the thing that has ever made men forget comforts, civilization, even the more palpable tenets of self-preservation—new gold! And it is the strangest gold hunt, perhaps, that the world has ever known.

A Torrent-Twisted Bridge on the New Gold-Field Branch of the Canadian National in Northern Quebec—One of the Heartbreaks Endured That the Railroad Might Go Through

One likes to think of the search for precious metals as a thing of mountains, with red-shirted miners kneeling beside bubbling streams, and there, in their slowly shifting gold pans, rocking forth the nuggets that become money just as soon as they appear in the last residue of black sand at the bottom of the pan; or of pack jacks winding over the rugged mountains, their panniers loaded with high-grade, precious ore, while naughty bandits lie in wait in the next gulch, long revolvers drawn and tense for the moment when they will leap forth and seize their riches.

Because new money, as everyone knows, comes just that way. It is fast money, with pouches of gold dust, and bartenders weighing the nuggets presented for the purchase of drinks, with transparent streams revealing the gleaming nuggets that lie in their bed. Such is the picture that is ever present in the mind of the ordinary person who has formed dreams of gold mining, simply because those were the conditions which sent the covered wagons across the plains to Sutter's Mill in California in '49. That was the sort of thing which caused thousands of men to tramp away the weary miles to Colorado ten years later. It was gold at the grass roots which caused the long lines of tramping mushers into the Klondike, beginning in 1896; but up in the bush all is different.

A Fairy Story

ONCE upon a time, as the fairy books say, there was a great range of mountains, estimated by some to be as high as the Rockies, which ran south from the Arctic Circle

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Wherever a Group of Men Gather in the New North the Subject is Usually the Same—New Money. At Right—The Frontier Town of Rouyn, Quebec, Where, After Many Years, Millions are in the Making

THE MONSTER'S CHILD

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Well, She'd Kill Me If She Knew I'd Told You. She Cried Terribly This Afternoon. Now You've Got to Do Something About It"

SINCE his notoriety, it is difficult for those of us who knew George Dessault in college to reconstruct our impressions of him then. Looking back with a knowing eye, one sees significant details which were utterly inconspicuous at the time. I remember, however, that the first thing about him which impressed me as a differentiation from the standardized college boy was the fact that George was the person in our fraternity on whom everyone dumped undesirable females. He never asked girls himself, but before any house party ended he was sure to have had thrust into his keeping some misbegotten sister or sebaceous cousin, or some dear, sensible girl on whom a mother had been insistent, and he was quite as certain to give to such calamities the time of their neglected lives.

It was striking, because George was not the type one associates with such a function. He was no spectacled gawk naturally grateful for the scraps from the tables of the more fortunate. His was as attractive a personality as the fraternity boasted, and in matters which involved only his own sex he took odds from no one.

I suppose to explain his attitude toward girls one must use that public utility among pseudo-scientific phrases and ascribe it to an inferiority complex. I've heard that its origin was a fifth-form dance at his preparatory school, to which he'd invited Cynthia Pynchon and to which she'd come, after accepting George's invitation, with the captain of the football team. It was the type of demoniac trick of which Cynthia was not only capable but frequently guilty, and it may easily have caused, in a sensitive boy, a trauma quite sufficient to have produced a traumatic fixation in later years. In any case, at the time, we had no Freudian terminology for such reactions and we regarded what was generally known as George's taste for lemons as a darned convenient trait in a brother.

Perhaps, abandoning Freud for the language of common sense, it was merely excess kindness of heart on his part. If so, it was the only excessive thing about him. I have never known a youngster to preserve such an Aristotelian balance. He was an orphan and had, in his own right, far more money than was given the rest of us, but, without being stingy, he didn't throw it about as we did our allowances. He drank, but with a mature judgment which put our juvenile conglomerations of cocktails, highballs, beer, gin drinks and cordials to shame, while he himself put us to bed. Without anyone's having suspected such a possibility throughout our course, when Phi Beta Kappa held its elections he was given a key. He was crack golfer of the college. He had wit of a rather acid sort—the brand in which the very soft-hearted often specialize; and he played bridge like the arch fiend.

George had the physique of his virtues. He was stocky and plump, and snub featured, and only striking because of his shining immaculateness. He was a born usher, an inspired best man and one of Nature's godfathers. For the first three years after graduation his life was a perfect turmoil of such officiations.

There followed a period in George's life of which I am ignorant, but the shadow falls not around George, but me. After graduation, marriage and first-born children I think there comes to the average young American—I point out as an exception John Minot, the richest young man in Boston, whom Cynthia Pynchon married and was divorcing to marry an Italian duke at about the time I mean—an epoch when the great world drops pretty far away. One's own life is so intensive one doesn't have time to look people up. One sees those fate throws into contact with one's absorbing struggle to survive. Then, after a few years, one finds, with luck, that teething, whooping cough and measles are not eternal and that one's income has grown to be not such a tight fit for one's expenses as it was. One takes a deep breath of new freedom, and, of course, if there is a George Dessault in one's life one looks him up.

George hadn't married. He'd lived at his club, fattening a little more, mellowing even beyond his early kindness and wisdom, turning over his investments and adding to them from his surplus income. George was as satisfactory a friend as he'd been in college, and he would have continued to be one had not Gerry—my wife is named Geraldine, romantic parents—allowed the meat-hungry mantrapper inherent in her sex to get the better of her. In college, as I've admitted, we men had taken advantage of George's kindness to dump on him women we didn't want, but that had not been a serious matter. It was for two or three days at most. Gerry, however, who adored George, formed without one qualm the project of dumping on him for life her friend Harriet Lee.

Of course Gerry's defense would be—in fact, has been any number of times—that there couldn't be a finer person than Harriet Lee. Harriet is pure gold. The fact does remain that, with all the rest of Gerry's friends married, and many married several times, Harriet remained in a position to be dumped. Of course Gerry says Harriet hadn't been where there were men. I always get the impression that she'd been doing such fine things that base masculinity would have perished gasping in the very atmosphere where they were performed

Harriet is a girl who wears Alice blue a good deal, with little touches of old lace. She has been a great comfort to Gerry whenever Gerry's been a little irritated with me, and when she visits us, if my voice ever sharpens beyond a Robert-and-Elizabeth-Barrett-Browning coo, Harriet makes some bad excuse and very ostentatiously leaves the room.

Nevertheless, Harriet is a good soul and not without gallantry. I doubt very much whether Horace, Junior, would have survived whooping cough had she not, in one frightful seizure when he'd stopped breathing and begun to turn blue, dangled him out an eight-story window by his legs with a firmness which caused his mother to faint. Anyway, I may as well admit that Gerry, by working on me in a thousand devilish wifely ways, roped me into her scheme until I began to think, too, what a perfect shame it was that dear old George Dessault should go on piling up his money and his prospects for a lonely old age, while Harriet, that fine flower of womanhood bade fair to wither on the parent stem.

I don't know how wives do that sort of thing, but they do. By sleight of psychology Gerry turned me into the Pandar of her enterprise.

"How about coming up for a little bridge tonight, George? Gerry's got a friend staying with us I want you to meet; a darned nice girl. You'll like her."

"Say, George, I've got two seats on my hands for Tristan and Isolde. Gerry and I can't go. Would you like them? I thought maybe you could take Harriet Lee. She's crazy about Tristan and Isolde."

"George, old topper, we're motoring to Stockbridge this week-end and we want you to go with us, will you? We may have a fourth; I don't know. Gerry said something about Harriet."

And, of course, George came when he could and seemed to like Harriet almost as much as he did Gerry—George made a point of always being devoted to his friends' wives—and when Harriet asked him to tea, he accepted, and once when there was a matinée of something by Strindberg to which he'd heard her refer, George even called up Harriet and asked her to go with him.

But there matters stuck. We could apparently go on throwing George and Harriet into an agreeable proximity indefinitely, but he wasn't going to make a move to perpetuate that proximity.

Gerry got to the point where she would cry from irritation, but she couldn't dislike George. "He's a perfect darling," she'd say, "but he just hasn't the spunk to propose. It makes me tired."

"Oh, rats!" I returned after a time. "The thing hasn't jelled. Put it out of your mind."

"That's all very well for you to say, Horace Betts, but Harriet is in love with him and I feel responsible for it. I threw them together."

"Has she told you so?"

"Well, I know she is."

"Has she told you so?"

"Well, she'd kill me if she knew I'd told you, but she has. She cried terribly this afternoon. Now you've got to do something about it."

I will say, in my own defense, that at the time I thought the George-Harriet-Gerry situation unique. I didn't realize that the meat-hungry mantrapper had been excited in the wife of every one of George's friends, and that for each of them—and George was a man with a large and enthusiastic circle—there was a Harriet.

Finally, after a course of the sort of treatment which is notorious for its ability to wear away a stone—yea, even a diamond—I betrayed George to Gerry, and through her to Harriet, as I have never before or since betrayed a friend.

"Now if you're so blamed anxious to get George," I said, "here is the dope: George is the kind of man who has to be proposed to. He'd never on earth have the heart to turn down a direct offer."

"Oh, Horace!" Gerry cried. "How can you think of such a thing in connection with a lovely, old-fashioned girl like Harriet? Why don't you make some suggestion that's possible?"

Nevertheless, a few days later Gerry came to me with a new question.

"Is there some reason George Dessault shouldn't get married?"

"Why?" I asked flippantly. "Did he turn Harriet down?"

"Turn Harriet down! Don't be horrible. Of course she never said a word to him. But he went to tea at her house the other day and—oh, I know he's in love with her and there's some reason he can't marry her. He was perfectly lovely to her and sent her the most beautiful roses afterward. But he was sad—oh, so sad! It almost broke her heart."

I saw what she meant about three days later. George and I were together on a bus when Harriet climbed aboard it, quite without collusion on my part, I assure you.

George had seemed entirely himself with me, but immediately there came over him an air of profound, if gentle, melancholy. He was the picture, in so far as his weight permitted, of the lovelorn suitor on a valentine. He was a slightly obese *junger Werther*. I knew he'd been going up to Fifty-ninth Street, but he got off a block after she joined us—at Forty-third—and he bent over her hand in farewell as though he were going to kiss it, or bury his head in her lap and cry.

I swear to you that I bought the evening extras to see if they contained news of his suicide. After he'd disappeared Harriet looked up at me, her fine eyes shining as I'd never dreamed they could shine.

"Isn't he wonderful?" she asked.

"George?"

"Yes. I think he's the most wonderful man in the world."

"Really?"

"You don't know how much I—I love him."

She was immensely touching. I put my hand over hers.

"Good girl to admit it."

"Oh, nothing will ever come of it," she said poignantly. "There's some reason he shouldn't marry, or thinks he shouldn't"

"What reason could there be?" I asked

"I don't know, but I'm sure it's one he believes in. Only I do think perhaps he's mistaken. I do think I have the right to my happiness. I think I have the right to—to children."

It was the fine justification for her unmaidenliness of course

"I wish you'd find out just what the obstacle is, Horace," she ended.

"I'll do my best, Harriet," I promised her.

I didn't tackle George first, however, because next day, when I dropped into the club, he was out. Joe Remer and Bill Bennett were in the grill, and I brought the conversation around to the curious fact that George Dessault had never married—an ideal domestic animal like that, and with all the money in the world.

"He's got some fool idea that he shouldn't," Joe announced. "Some eugenic principle or other."

"That doesn't sound like George," I protested. "I never knew of a person who was less of a crank."

"Just the same, he's got some such idea. Doesn't think a man should marry without being willing to take the responsibility of possible children."

"That's right," Bill agreed. "I know, because he was pretty much gone on a friend of my wife's, but it didn't come to anything for that reason. Jane Ward. Darned nice girl too."

"Oh, I think he's considered getting married several times," Joe said. "I know he was interested in Caroline Waterbury, who was Mary's roommate. Awfully nice girl too."

"But what foolishness!" I fumed. "I suppose he had a tubercular great-uncle or something; but doesn't he know there's nothing transmittible about that? Only a few things are transmittible, and I'd be willing to take an oath that there's not a trace of any one of them in George Dessault."

"If ever I saw *mens sana in corpore sano*" Joe began.

"How about his parents? Does anybody know anything about them?"

"They were killed or something when he was a baby. I knew him first in prep school. He was the youngest kid that ever went there. He's been on his own from about the age of two."

"I'll bet they weren't killed at all," I said, "and I'll bet that's just it. His father and mother died young and he's decided it's an unhealthy stock. How about George? He'll live to be ninety."

I simply discounted their Jane Wards and Caroline Waterburys. George might have been mildly taken with them, but I'd seen his farewell to Harriet on the bus.

When I got hold of George I brought up the subject of heredity, tactfully of course. How much less important it was than environment. How any person born of American stock and with a decent competence ——

"That lets me out," George said jocosely. "If the market drops a few more points I'll be a pauper."

Knowing, as I did, the class of his investments, that annoyed me. "Oh, rats!" I told him. "I'm not joking entirely. You ought to marry if any human being should. You'd be a lot happier, and make some girl happy too. Why not?"

George didn't make any reply I can remember except, "Cut the flattery, old thing."

I thought it showed he didn't care to discuss the matter, and I'd done all I cared to for Harriet. Of course I reported the conversation to Gerry, with those conclusions, but the next time I came home to find George calling, Gerry was in the midst of a very transparent fabrication about a friend of hers who wouldn't get married because there were weak lungs in the family, and how silly it was, and I was so irritated at the clumsiness of the ruse that when she, fumbling about, said "His parents both died when they were very young, didn't they, Horry?" I snapped "I don't know anything about it," and we thereupon began a quarrel and George slipped away under cover of our acerbities. After he had gone the marital engagement waxed sharper.

"Now why did you have to do that?" Gerry demanded "I would have got something out of him if only you hadn't come back."

I took a superior tone.

"I did that," I announced, "because I'm not going to have poor old George persecuted any more. He's evidently made up his mind he shouldn't marry and it's his business. I'm not going to make any more attempts on his celibacy and I don't want you to."

You can imagine how that was received. Nevertheless, I was completely fed up with the business, and Gerry, seeing that I was, apparently dropped it.

That's the trouble with being married to a clever woman. Gerry knows me like a book. Without any direct reference to a matter, she seems able to gauge the state of my feelings toward it with exactitude, and she uses her ability absolutely

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"Did You Know That I Have Asked George to Marry Me and He Won't?"

THE GRANDFLAPPER

"He Hasn't Had Much Experience, But He's Just the Type for the Job, and We Can Teach Him a Lot. He's Really Quite an Unusual Young Man"

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

D'YOU know, dear, it's something awful the way a lot of these old girls carry on nowadays, running around with fellows half their age, and all like that! A lot of them come in here for facials. Regular grandflappers. Yep. Women that have come to an age where they ought to be looked up to and respected. Honest, it sometimes seems to me as if the only thing a person has left to look up to is the tall buildings. Excuse me one moment, dear!

What's that? Mud pack for the customer in Booth Ten? All right, send in Miss Eames. Remember, dear, how we used to wash our faces to get 'em clean? And now we put mud on for the same purpose. We certainly have changed our ideas on mud. What? Of course, it's a marvelous treatment. Say, you don't think I'd have been working here for over twelve years if the method wasn't good, do you, huh? Or that Madame Parfait would of made the millions she has off of it? I will say though, dear, that I didn't think much of the stuff when she started, and I never expected the Method Parfait to be what it is today.

I was with her, you see, when she commenced in that little walk-up over the bakery on Sixth Avenoo near Fortieth. She wasn't trailing around any French-pastry name like she does now. No, for cryin' out loud, did you think her real name was Method Parfait? Nix, she just dug that up for trade purposes. In them old days she was merely Anastasia Jones, wife of Leonard Jones, himself, and I will say I looked up to her then.

Was she older than me? Why, dear, she still is! Well, of course, me being a little heavy does make a difference. I know I had ought to reduce. You just wait and see how it'll be when I get off about twenty pounds. But Tacy is sure a wonder, ain't she? You'd never take her to be a day over twenty-five, would you?—and, my dear, she's forty-seven! Yep. Positive. Sure she uses it on her own face, but between ourselfs, it ain't the mud that's done it all. She had it lifted. Yep. I know you can't tell, because the scars is all under her hair. No, dear, don't be silly! Of course it's hennered. There ain't a woman living her age with genuine golden hair like that. Well, I ought to know; I give her the treatments, myself. But her skin is wonderful, ain't it?—with just enough make-up. She's not the kind to advertise her rouge and powder. Admire her? I'll say I do, and how! Ever since I met her first, when she was over on Sixth. Excuse me, dear!

What's that—the lady in Number Five wants to telephone? Tell her she'll have to wait. If she talks now she'll crack her face. Well, as I was saying, dear, things was certainly far different over in that old original shop. Now you can tell a Parfait place the minute you step into it; they are the same all over the country. Yep. She has these rose hangings made wholesale, and the green furniture the same. Hot stuff, ain't it? But she's not any prouder of it than she was of paying cash for a blue-and-white linoleum when she commenced.

There was just the three of them when I walked in, looking for a job. Her and Len and Pettie. They just thought the world of Pettie, who wasn't over six months old at that time, and they kept her right in the shop with them. Tacy had a little bed fixed up for her in the back, and she would lay there, just as good and quiet! They couldn't afford a servant, see, and naturally they wasn't able to leave her at home, even if they had wanted. But they didn't want; they was simply wild over her. Yep. Quite a hotsy-totsy little family. They come to work real early, and Len would sweep out the shop for her, and even mop up the floor and wash the windows. There wasn't anything that man wouldn't have done for her, and no wonder, she was so sweet! And, honest, she couldn't help being the smartest of the two, now could she?

Not that there was anything exactly wrong with Len. He was a kind sort of a boob, with the best intentions in the world, if only he could have been sure of just what they were. That was the real trouble. He couldn't seem to settle his mind to any particular kind of work. He had been a salesman for a while, but he didn't seem to get very far with it. Then he thought maybe he'd try the insurance business, but he didn't appear to make much of that either. He wasn't trained for anything, and didn't have ambitions about becoming some particular thing. But a person couldn't help from liking Len. He didn't have a enemy in the world. He didn't have a single bad habit, and he was real good-natured. Excuse me a minute, dear.

What's that, Miss Marble? The lady wants to know if we sell the mud to take home—certainly we do. Twenty dollars for the smaller size. No, we don't take gentlemen; he'll have to go over to Plastoria et Cie on Fiftieth Street. Sure, dear, twenty dollars is quite a price for a quart of that stuff, seeing it don't cost her over seventy-five cents,

including the yellow satin ribbon. But where did you suppose her limousine come from, not to mention my salary as manager here? Smart? I'll say! And how! That's one reason Len simply set back and took his place where he belonged. He knew he was outclassed right from the start.

He was a fine-looking feller, though, with a nice slim figure and handsome brown hair, and his skin was as smooth and clear! When he smiled his molars would of made a good ad for any tooth-paste concern. Tacy was proud of his looks, and devoted to him, and never knocked him in any ways. Quite the contrary.

"Ain't it wonderful the help he is to me?" she would say. "He's awful nice-looking, and it attracts customers too. The women come in here and kid him along. They don't know we're married, half of them. It gives me a big laugh sometimes, the play they'll make for him."

But she didn't worry about that; she didn't have to, on account he had never eyes for any other woman outside of her. They had went to school together in some little town upstate, and got married about as soon as they graduated. But while Len was wearing out one bum job after another Tacy got sick and tired sitting around a furnished-room all day, doing nothing, see, and so she took up a correspondence course in beauty-parlor stuff, and got herself a job over to Crizzelles. But she wasn't satisfied then, even. She felt like she wanted to know more about her work, and started another correspondence line. Chemistry this time. Yep. Can you imagine, dear? That's what she did, though. And the result was this mud. She gets out a correspondence course of her own now on how to use it. But I was going to tell you about the day she hired me.

I was pretty near at the end of my wits, believe me, dear, when a experienced operator like I was went into a walk-up beauty shop looking for work. In fact, I hadn't had a thing to eat all day. Tacy met me at the door and give me one of them sharp looks of hers, like she could see clear through to the back of my head.

"Understand facials?" she asked.

"It's my specialty," I said. "There isn't a barber going can handle a hot towel any neater than I can." You see, dear, twelve years ago—well, that was the method in those days But Tacy shook her head.

"That's out'" she said. "You can't use any hot towels in this place. I have scientific methods. Why, you look as if you had used hot towels on your own face! Don't you know it makes those little wrinkles?"

I stared at her, and then I commenced to cry. Oh, yes, you would hardly believe me now, I know, dear, but I was a sight. Yep. It's the mud has made me over. I look younger now than I did then. And when I get that twenty pounds off, you will see a difference. Anyway, I looked at her and began to cry. She was on her feet in a minute.

"There, don't for heaven's sake!" she said. "When did you eat last?"

"Yesterday," I had to confess.

"Huh! No wonder you're looking a hundred!" she said. "Sit right still while I make you some tea on the curling-iron heater. And then I'm going to give you a facial that'll take ten years off of you. The best way to learn my stuff is to try it."

She hustled around and made the tea then. And she let me hold Pettie. It was a great comfort. And when I felt better she tried the mud out on me. I was sold then and there. Yes, dear, and she took me on at fifteen a week while I was learning. I was her first operator.

I never saw a woman take the care of herself that Tacy did. Fingers, hair, her figure and her face. Why, dear, she worked as hard on her looks as she did at her trade. Honest, it seemed to me as though she grew younger looking all the time. I'm telling you, once a customer saw her they came right back for more. They felt they could trust a girl that looked like she did. And "girl" was hardly the right name for it, because even then she was over thirty. But by hard work on herself she had wiped out all the traces of the old furnished-room life. She never let troubles take it out of her, and outside of business, she never lifted a hand. Pettie? Oh, she adored Pettie, of course, and she played with her all she could. But wait on her? Take any care of her? And how! Not much! She let Len do all of that, and he did it without a grumble. Excuse me one moment, dear.

What's that, Lillian? The customer says she's lost her train? Well, I can't help it. Tell her to take another look; she may have been on the wrong track. My heavens, the things these women pull! If they broke a contract they'd probably bring it in for me to mend.

Well, as I was saying, about Len. As the business commenced to grow, you had ought to see the way that boy worked! She had him up nights, filling the jars with mud, cleaning up, packing cases for shipment, pasting labels I don't know what not. He did the work of seven girls, I do declare. And so proud of her! Half the time she would be out in the little laboratory, experimenting. And whenever she made a success of a new lotion or cream, Len was as proud as if he'd been elected mayor or something.

"Isn't she the grand little woman, Goldie?" he would ask me, smiling from ear to ear. A kind of a thick smile it was, after the first year, because Len commenced getting fat.

"She's a marvel, Len," I would answer him. "A knock-out"

I was real clubby with them by this time. I even took Pettie for them, the day they moved out of the furnished room into the apartment Tacy had hired over on Riverside Drive, while she was busy ordering her new furniture set to rights. Well, while I was talking to Len, this day, for the first time I noticed the sloppy way he had got into And just then he said something which made the impression of his appearance strike even deeper.

"And she's so cute-looking, with all her ability!" he says. "Just like a doll. I tell you, Goldie, I am a very happy man, what with Tacy and Pettie and a lovely home

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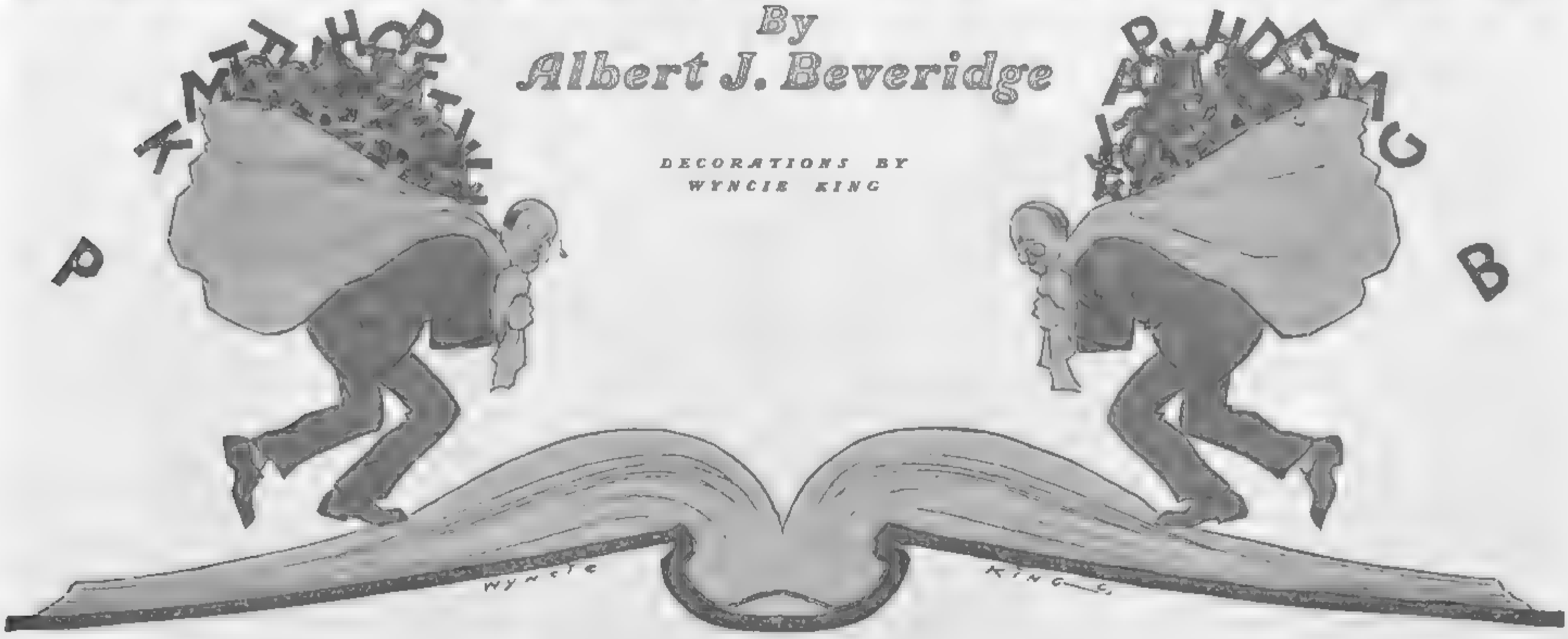
They Were Out Every Evening Some Place or Other, and Tacy Began to Have a New Set of Friends

THE MAKING OF A BOOK

By
Albert J. Beveridge

DECORATIONS BY
WYNCIE KING



THE first notable thing about the making of a book is that it is personal work. No one but the author can do it. Indeed, no one can help the author so far as the actual work goes. It is like the task of a painter, sculptor or surgeon. The individual, personally, must handle the brush or chisel, mold the clay, or wield the knife. No part of the job can be delegated.

Even the materials for a book must be gathered by the author, and by no one else. In biography or history, for instance, one can tell by reading a score of pages whether the writer has had a helper to gather the data. No matter how well it may be done or how entertaining the narrative may be, there is a lack of authority. It is imponderable. You cannot put your finger on it, but you know that something is wanting. That something is the personal research by the author. This is true, too, of fiction, which is said to be the highest form of literature. It is absurd to describe people whom the author never saw or never heard about—dress, manner, speech, walk, attitude, and the like. The author must have at least the data from which characters can, in fancy, be made.

Tolstoy knew his peasantry as well as his nobility, of which he was a member. He had lived the life of the Russian nobleman, but he also had lived the life of the Russian peasant.

Flaubert was intimately familiar with the men, women and scenes he described. A fair-sized volume could be written, giving an account of the close contact which authors whose work has lasted have had with the things and persons they wrote about.

When Quality Outweighed Money

IN THE case of the novelist there sometimes are exceptions to this general rule. Thackeray, for instance, said that he never had heard of some of his characters until his pen sketched them, almost as if it were doing the work and he were merely holding it; and he said that the conversations he set down surprised him as much as they entertained the reader. But perhaps this was not so true as Thackeray thought it was; it may be that his subconscious mind was picturing things which he had seen and heard, but which his conscious mind had forgotten.

Moreover, the novelist is a scientist—a scientist of human character. Just as Agassiz could take a fragment of a bone of an animal which has been extinct for thousands of years and from that fragment reconstruct that animal perfectly, so the master of fiction can take a detail of conduct, manner or dress of a human being and from that detail reconstruct that person's character. For instance, not many years ago an eminent writer sat for a while in the gallery of a legislative body. He saw a member idly arrange his hair in a curious fashion and do two or three other things seemingly of no importance. Yet from these trifling peculiarities that novelist accurately deduced the character of the man. This, of course, means genius—a vague word by which we try to explain brain activity not common to the general run of us. But speaking by and large, even the novelist of transcendent talent cannot do the best work without thorough personal knowledge of the characters and scenes described.

Next comes the actual writing. It ought to be done over many times. For permanent use that only which has been rewritten often is fit to print. There is nothing harder than to write a plain sentence, nothing so easy as easy rhetoric. Sometimes, though rarely, it happens that worthy writing is done suddenly and fast; but this is in seeming rather than in reality. Such work is always the final phase of long experience and thought. In most cases what the writer sets down at first is at best merely an outline of what finally is produced.

Examples of this are well-nigh innumerable; but three or four as illustrations may be helpful. The original manuscript of a draft of Pope's Essay on Man is so interlined and scratched, the words changed so much, and the whole thing so altered, that it is all but illegible.

Yet this is only one of the drafts which Pope made.

A still better illustration is found in the care Balzac took with what he wrote. Even after his pages had been put in type he would have the proof sent him with margins wider than the printing itself; and he would make so many changes that frequently whole galleys had to be torn down and set up again. Then Balzac would repeat the performance until his publishers pulled their hair in wrath. The cost of these corrections ate up nearly all of Balzac's profits; but that was a small matter to him, because he wanted to make his work as perfect as he could—to Balzac that was more important than money.

Flaubert wrote Madame Bovary in as short a time as six years; but it is said that he continued to work on it as long as he lived—twenty or thirty years of careful revision. That was a long time, but, after all, the result was worth the effort and delay, for Flaubert's novel has lasted and will last as long as anyone cares for style.

Style is quite as important as subject matter, since it is the means by which the reader is made to understand. Good style is statement made in the clearest and simplest words; bad style is statement made in complicated fashion and by the use of vague and pompous phrases. It is as hard to write well as it is to do anything well. It means that the writer's knowledge must be broad and exact, his thought lucid and sure. Such writing cannot be dashed off.

Let anyone try to write a piece about anything—an essay, a story, an argument. When it is finished lay it aside for a while, and then go over it slowly, thinking about the matter of each paragraph, each sentence, each word. It will be found that much more must be said at one point, much less at another, and that some parts must be left out.

Presenting a Picture to the Reader

IN AN article like this only a few specific points can be made about style. One item is of such weight, however, that it cannot be overlooked. That item is the use of adjectives. They are emergency medicine and must be given sparingly and seldom, like strychnine or other powerful stimulants.

Then, too, adjectives often employed mean little or nothing. Also they are drugs that blur vision in the reader and save the writer the toil of description. The great authors were not victims of the adjective habit. For example, Homer did not say that Helen of Troy was "a beautiful woman." That phrase would have presented no picture to the reader. So he suggested the color of her hair, the curve of her neck, and the like—and, above all, the effect she had on those who saw her. When Helen came before them, even "grave old men . . . the seniors of the people . . . almost withered men . . . found heat in their years" and whispered to one another that no man could blame the Greeks and Trojans for fighting about such a woman.

It only confuses to say that a man was brave; the word conveys different ideas to different minds. But to say that he took a child out of the upper story of a burning house; or that he fought single-handed two or three other men who were armed and bent on killing him; or that he did not lose his head in a battle when comrades were falling all about him—to say things like these gives us pictures of heroism.

To decorate a person with such adjectives as eloquent, or learned, does not mean anything. But if we are given a sample of what was said, the conditions under which the speech was made, and the outcome of that speech, we know the quality of it. Or if we are told the number and kind of books that were studied, the experiments that were

made and the result of it all, the accomplishments of that person become clear to us

Of course, adjectives must be made use of sometimes: but it should be done as the physician administers poison, or transfuses blood to save a patient who is sick unto death. There are, to be sure, a large number of adjectives that are a part of our common speech; to these I do not make reference, but to adjectives that are not necessary. But if descriptive words must be employed, have nothing to do with pomposity or grandiloquence. Paul's advice, "That no one of ye be puffed up for one against another," applies to language as well as to conduct.

The other extreme is almost worse. In sensible disgust of bloated words and pretentious style, some writers try to be offhand and smart; they succeed only in being flippant. If the resounding phrase is ridiculous and out of date, the trivial expression is literary bad manners—like a red necktie with evening dress. Many an otherwise good piece in magazines is spoiled by the attempt to be casual and bright.

The use of words is much like the wearing of clothes—words that are too old or too new are not good form. Neither are words that have been overworked. Take, for example, "urge" employed as a noun—the urge to work, for instance. One of the greatest living masters of English condemned it.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the writer whose manuscript was being criticized.

"It is hard to say," answered the critic. "It is good old-time English and it means what it is intended to mean. But since Walt Whitman wrote 'urge' as a noun, so many hasty writers have done the same thing that the word is not now in good company. Strike it out and find a better one."

"Intrigue," used as a verb, is another word that has been trotted up and down in all weathers, until it is like a woman's hat that is five years old and, obviously, has been out in the rain many times. In short, words, like garments, must be so employed that they attract no attention—they must be neither glaringly new nor conspicuously old-fashioned, nor yet frowzy and ill-kempt.

America's Literary Statesman

SO FROM the point of view of style alone, the making of a book is a hard and a slow job. The subject matter is, of course, still harder and slower. It requires much time and patience to think out well and truly the phases of any problem and the best way to deal with it. Well-nigh invariably, hasty solutions are wrong; and, well-nigh invariably, time and experience show them to be silly and grotesque. Often, too, the quick handling of any question is as old as the hills and failed to work many times in ages gone by. Even when a person has thought much about any topic and is sure that he or she has discovered the right way to deal with it, it is well to read what has been proposed and done about that very thing in the past. It frequently will be found that the theory thus imagined to be newly discovered was exploded centuries ago.

Rapid transit and quick communication are good things, no doubt, although it is still to be proved that they have added anything to human happiness. As yet, the effect of them appears to have been chiefly to speed things up. But the rush they have brought into life has not helped thorough, sure and careful thinking.

In matters of government and administration, for instance, one has only to compare the state papers of men like Hamilton and Jefferson with the very best produced by statesmen in the last two decades. Those of the early time are clear, moderate, calm, and yet lively, and as entertaining as a play; while those of the present period are jumpy, colored, overenergetic, dull, not always plain, and never simple.

Yet the men who wrote them have just as good minds as the masters of a former day. But what could be expected when instantaneous opinion is required of them? A tangled affair comes up; public and press demand immediate statement and action upon it; officials yield, and must yield; immaturity, confusion and blunder result—and always bad writing in so-called state papers.

But let us go back for a moment to the vital subject of style. Even the best public speeches cannot be produced hastily. Lincoln was one of the few masters of English prose. A great deal has been written about the excellence of his style. One eminent scholar has called him the literary statesman, and has come very near to proving that much of Lincoln's success was due to the plain and simple manner in which he stated the most complex things.

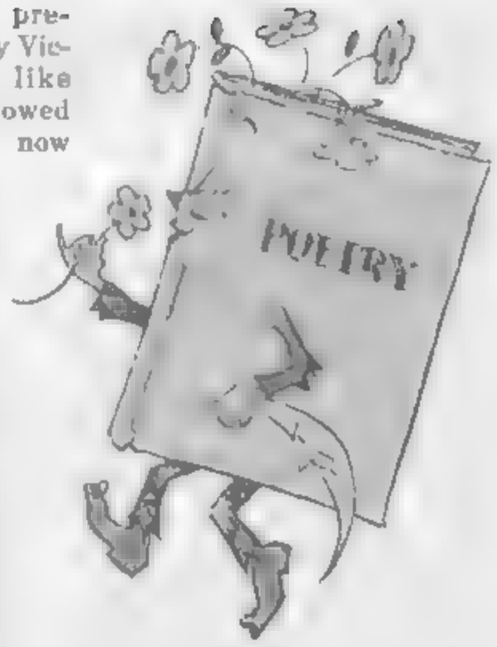
How did Lincoln do that? He did it by writing over and over again what he wanted to say. Could a plainer

word be found than the one he had used? Lincoln searched until he found that word. Could a sentence be made shorter and simpler? Lincoln kept on until he made that sentence briefer and more lucid. Some of the fragments he wrote to make a subject clear to his own mind are well-nigh elementary. They might be used in a child's primer. Yet these trial efforts were the basis of immortal passages in his speeches.

Writers of the present day have as much talent as those of former times; but do they have as much art? Are they not in a hurry to get their stuff out? Does not their work show haste? If it does it will not last, no matter how interesting it is for the moment or how popular for the time being.

One has but to try to recall novelists and other writers who were the rage only yesterday, and whose books then sold by the hundred thousand. It will be found hard to recall now even the names of those authors. They did not take the time or trouble or strength to put finish on their product. It lacked intellectual elbow grease.

For this reason, and this reason alone, even many of the books of those truly great writers of the pre-Victorian and early Victorian period, like Scott—men endowed with genius—are now out of date. Today very few read more than two or three of the novels of these men. They worked under pressure, literally flung off reams of manuscript; and, therefore, many of their pages are verbose and tedious. They use an intolerable amount of space to say things of small or no importance. If they had taken plenty of time they would have stricken out every unnecessary word and would have toiled to make each word that remained mean just what it was intended to mean. The reader would not have to wade through sloughs of verbiage, floundering at every step.



Gibbon rewrote one chapter of his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire fifteen times. The result was so good that that chapter has stood all tests to this day. The detective story does not last long, ordinarily; but Wilkie Collins wrote one that was read for more than a generation. His manuscript shows how Collins toiled over the telling of that tale.

Byron was supposed to have written with speed and to have made no changes; and his work was explained by that well-nigh meaningless word "inspiration." Yet his manuscript proves that he struck out, inserted and otherwise altered a great deal.

Hard Work for Easy Reading

WHATEVER anyone may think of Tolstoy, all concede that he was an artist. Few persons would be willing to toil as slavishly as Tolstoy toiled. For example, when writing one of his great novels he became badly worried For two or three weeks he found it hard to sleep and would get up and take long walks over the fields. He would write a page or two, look it over and tear it up; and this he would continue to do for hours at a time. He nearly fell ill. Yet all this effort was to try to bring a woman of a certain station—peasant or duchess—into a room at a certain time, and do it so naturally that the reader would think nothing about it, so simply that the reader would take it as a matter of course.

After all, why not take such pains? If the product is clear and simple—a work of art—it is worth all the trouble, is it not? The book will endure. It will give pleasure to myriads through generations of time. It will help thousands living when the book appears, and many more thousands after the author is dead. He may not become rich, as those do who turn out a season's best seller every year or two; but if he makes enough to live on in comfort and peace of mind he has all he needs or, to write well, all he ought to have.

Many years ago his friends feared that a novelist who had been showing uncommon talent was beginning to go downhill. His work became negligent, style loose, words not well chosen; and, far worse than anything else, his themes were mushy. Then there was a long time during which not a page came from that gifted pen. It turned out that the author had secluded himself and was trying to write something worthwhile. In doing this he would struggle all day over a single sentence—sometimes several days. The result was the best thing he ever wrote.

It is an old saying that easy writing makes hard reading and that hard

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FINGER PRINTS

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IN ONE of those élite specialty side streets just off the Avenue, where, in exquisite little shops under bijou apartments that rent for a thousand dollars a room and up one may purchase from refined people, much above the average to be met in trade, such pleasantries as booties, undies, police-dog puppies, sublimated waffles and sweets, patented toiletries of amazing versatility, first-run gowns, imaginative shades in hosiery, bonnets, hand-painted bandboxes, high-colored gigolos to rest among one's cushions, and all the other enchanting nothings—*les riens de madame*—in such a street at the clammy fog-ridden hour of eight of a Monday morning in January, when the Palm Beach buying season was well on the wane, there arose on the chill air the agonized shriek of a woman. It was followed instantly by a smothered hush, as if in sober and mortified second thought.

It was Estrelle herself, of Estrelle, Inc., of Number 14 on the street floor of a remodeled brownstone of the Van Bibber period. The street was deserted at this hour, except for the cigar store at the lower and farther end of the block, which was the outpost of a different civilization entirely. A few light sleepers among the room-alcove-and-bath tenants overhead, to whom this was the middle of the night, may have left the warmth of their amphibious divans to peer sleepily down into the street; but, as there was nothing to be seen or heard, their momentary flutter of apprehension subsided and silence reigned again, disturbed by nothing more annoying than the far-off clump of some milkman's horse.

It was some five minutes later that a policeman came along in the usual course of routine. He had just taken over the tour from his predecessor and was making his first rounds, trying doors and eying certain windows which, when one passes every morning at the same hour, come to have certain significances. In his momentary paralysis at the blue haze of light that issued from a bijou of a window that was Estrelle, Inc., he failed to perceive Estrelle herself, in her little glass-inclosed vestibule, cowering midway between fear and caution.

She Would Have Given a Year's Rent to Recall That Scream, Which, She Thought, Had Brought This Policeman

She had been robbed. It was perfectly evident to her from the disarrangement of the *mise en scène*—the gilt chair, with its parasol, had been moved aside, and the unmistakable imprint of a boot showed on the trailing ribbons of a chapeau *pour la plage*. Visions of long-fringed shawls which should have shown between the flies and wings of her stage setting were strangely absent.

So much she had seen in an electric flash of terror which startled her into that scream, when she was in the act of inserting her key in the lock that would release the burglar alarm and permit her, as the lawful owner, to enter without clangor. Being a lone woman with a way to make in this élite side street, where eyebrows were lifted on the slightest provocation, she was wishing she hadn't screamed.

But it was too late to mend matters now. Although the loss, if any, would be fully covered by insurance, there were a number of excellent reasons why Estrelle could not afford to be discovered in the act of being robbed. Too late, for here was the policeman peering in with her through the lattices of the burglar alarm over the door, and turning to eye her in a moment of suspicion—he was wondering why she had come to open up this morning at eight, when he knew it to be her invariable custom to open at ten. As for Estrelle herself, she found herself devoutly praying that the burglar, no matter what might be the degree of his ignominy, would never be apprehended; or, in the event of his falling into the toils of the law, that the loot, for precious and private reasons, would never be recovered.

Estrelle turned the key in the burglar-alarm box, another in another lock, and led the way to the tiny salon behind. Her sharp eyes, piercing the haze, took in the tragedy in an instant. The thieves had cut a hole in the ceiling from the vacant apartment above, and the chic shop had been completely evacuated of its treasures—first-run gowns. She sank into a chair, visioning the depths of the catastrophe.

In the first place, it was the end of the season—the Palm Beach outfitting season—and it would be indiscreet to reveal that she carried so complete a stock in a *ci-devant* basement at one thousand dollars a month rent. In the second place, in another six months the leisurely burglar-insurance company would be asking why these simple gowns, appraised as of two hundred dollars value in January in West Fifty-——th Street, could be had in any shop in Sixth Avenue or Grand Street in June for thirty-six dollars, and a special edition of them was being put out by the garment-center factories for a clearance-sale price of eighteen dollars and ninety-nine cents. The raising of this question would not be embarrassing, because it might bring about a settlement on the basis of replacement value; but because the publicity might reach the ears of some of her *recherché* customers who had patronized her for years in the simple faith that she was an exclusive *couturière*, and not a sweatshop.

For instance, in this lot of eighteen sample gowns that had been fished through the hole in the ceiling by some patient, skillful burglar over Sunday there were eight of that amazing beige-green foulard that was destined to burst on an amazed world like a pestilence in the early summer. Every other woman would have it on her back. There were three kick pleats from Paris; two kilties, three inches above the knee; and five creations of a silk design laid down on a drawing board by Roy Bitry, the cartoonist, in an effort to reproduce his best seller, a sensationally patterned fabric that last year had run into millions of yards, counting reprints, cheap editions and remainders. His royalty was five cents a yard.

Estrelle was classified by the intricate organization of distribution of the garment industry as a first-run house, a position analogous in every way with that of a first-run house in the movie world. That is, she got the pick of the coming colors, designs, fabrics and styles, so her privileged clients could wear them out six months before shopgirls and stenographers were permitted to see them. Estrelle could be counted on by the industry for whom she was a front window to dispose of replicas of these priceless first editions among those social butterflies at Palm Beach, Asheville and Coronado who were most prone to be photographed for the style pages of the Sunday-newspaper graphic sections. If some dire misfortune brought these creatures back to town in unseasonable summer, and they detected every other woman on the street wearing the mode they had purchased as exclusive in January they would feel flattered; they would even affect Estrelle, Inc., the more assiduously.

"The entire world," they would gush over her, "copied the last gown you designed for me, my dear!"

So now, at the end of the outfitting season, with all her first editions still parading their brief vogue at the vortices of fashion, nothing more embarrassing than a common burglary could have stricken poor Estrelle. She would have given a year's rent to recall that scream, which, she thought, had brought this policeman.

The policeman, his nose still puckered with suspicion, moved gingerly from one telltale cabinet of emptiness to another, gazing thoughtfully at the hole in the ceiling, at the plaster on the floor, and then finally his accusing eye

rested on Estrelle, who had sunk, weeping, in her chair with the unrestraint of a child. Her first thought was to bribe him; but she didn't know how, and his doubtful demeanor terrified her. So she fell back on tears. The telephone was cut, and he went to the cigar store to summon experts. He felt genuinely sorry for her; he thought, in his wise way, that she was one of those unfortunates in this street who had difficulty in paying their rent, and that she had embarked on what she believed to be a highly original scheme of having the insurance company help her out of the hole. He little suspected that all the time she was praying fervently that this robbery would be one of the unsolved mysteries of the city—praying, above all, that the burglar-insurance adjuster should not be invited in. But her prayers were unanswered.

She Was Pretty, and She Wore Her Little Frock Well

Willie Heffner, or Kettle, or Korn, or Kastel, or Tilson, as he was variously known during his not-unpleasant sojourns at the House of Refuge, Elmira, and Sing Sing, had left his finger prints upstairs and down. And, as his finger prints always remained the same, no matter how many times he changed his name, there was no doubt as to his identity a half hour after a studious-looking person, with horn-rimmed glasses, dusted black powder over the door knobs and varnished woodwork, and photographed the smudges that developed under the soft stroke of a camel's-hair brush. Now analyzing a finger print is about as simple as botanizing. The game follows the same rules. Prints, like blossoms, have their orders, genera, species and varieties; and in no time, coming down through the funnel of elimination, the searchers arrived at an individual marked Willie Heffner, the card bearing a full-face and profile view of a fish-faced youth who looked the part.

"Don't worry, girlie," said Brannigan the detective, who brought the news at nine. He patted her with a horrible familiarity. "We'll have this guy before he gets up for breakfast."

Attorney Street, over toward the river, is like any other street in town, with the same number of people going somewhere in a hurry, and the same number staying behind; the same number of shops and places to live in, with hucksters, and children playing in the street; with the same hordes who have never lived anywhere else and are quite as insular to their surroundings as those who have élite specialty shops of *riens* in the Fifties off the Avenue.

Brannigan the detective picked up Eddie Oleson, from the License Squad, on the way over. Oleson knew Willie Heffner from the last time—there were certain little amenities due friendship even between bull and crook. When they came to the house they went right in and up, and knocked at a door on the third landing. There was a long pause, during which the two detectives eyed each other closely.

"Come on, Willie, shake a leg," entreated Eddie Oleson through the door finally. And, after another long pause, they heard some rustling and a voice inquired, "Who is that? You, Eddie?"

"Sure, it's me!" verified Eddie, chuckling. "Wasn't you looking for me?"

There was some more delay during which Willie Heffner took the gowns of Estrelle, Inc.—two of the beige-green foulard, one kick pleat, two of Bitry's design and one kiltie—out of a paper bundle no bigger than a week's laundry that goes to the Chinaman, and hung them up in a closet. Then he opened the door. It looked like another trip up the river.

"Wait till I get my clothes on, Eddie. I won't keep you a minute."

It was the usual flat of the neighborhood, not ill kept nor badly furnished. His wife was a necktie maker, a very pretty girl who liked nice clothes and wore them well. She was attentive to her aged parents, with a religious fervor. They lived in a flat like this in Division Street, and she went to them at this hour every morning to start them for the day. She drove in a taxi, the fare being thirty-five cents, in addition to which she always gave the driver forty cents' tip. The driver was a handsome, curly-haired American boy she knew only as Robbie. Robbie looked as if he came fresh from an Ohio farm. She was absent on this dutiful errand now

While Willie was drawing on his clothes the two detectives looked around. They were skillful in this search, having collected, from long experience, a pretty accurate knowledge of where a crook will hide things. But they found nothing until they came to the clothes closet, the last place in the world for them, and there hung the dresses. Eddie took them down one by one from their pegs and Brannigan turned up the identifying trade-marks. During the course of this examination Eddie turned on Willie and took him by the throat and, with a deliberation somewhat like that one sees in a slow-motion camera, he bent the burglar around at a cruel angle and jammed his head back against the wall. He held him there for some time, glaring at him Willie made no effort to resist. It would have been futile When Eddie finally released his hold he did it so abruptly that the burglar slumped down like an empty sack, but he made no protest. He rubbed the cartilage of his throat until he could swallow again and finally resumed dressing. But he could not help cowering a little when Eddie took out his little rubber blackjack, his persuader

"Where's the rest of the stuff, Willie?" asked Eddie.

It was Brannigan who came to the rescue. "What more do you want?" he said, catching Eddie by the arm and drawing him back

What more, indeed? Willie, a habitual criminal, who had served four terms for burglary, had left his finger prints at the scene of this crime, and the stolen goods were found in his possession less than two hours after the discovery of the robbery. That ought to convince any jury, even a sentimental one

Yes, it certainly looked like up the river again for Willie. But the prospect did not greatly disturb him. If it annoyed him at all, it was in much the same way as a boy is annoyed when he is cleaned up and sent away to school after a long

(Continued on Page 58)

"Come On, Willie, Shake a Leg," Entreated Eddie Oleson Through the Door

REDUCED TO AN ABSURDITY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

CALEB HOPE stood in the door of his law office, watching with that melancholy interest which was characteristic of him, as a quaint figure passed down the middle of the street. The figure was a man, and the man trundled behind him a child's wagon with exceedingly wabbly wheels. There was a hat at the top of this apparition which, taken by itself, was worthy of notice and comment. It had once been a black slouch hat: now it had multiplied its slouch, but had diminished its blackness to a brownish green, and there was a gaudy band around it such as young men sometimes wear on their summer straws; and on the left side a turkey feather erected itself jauntily. Caleb's eyes grew positively sad.

From under the hat straggled grayish hair which covered the man's ears and fell in rather dank wisps upon his rounded shoulders. His skin was tanned almost to blackness—what Caleb could see of it for whiskers which were so unkempt as to have a sort of artificial motion-picture-bandit look about them. His coat was of the genus once fashionable under the name of Prince Albert, and his trousers were grimy white painters' overalls. But the crowning glory—of which their owner was obviously vain—was a pair of patent-leather shoes with long and very sharp toes. Caleb could tell the owner was proud of them by the way he kicked them up in front to bring them into the line of his vision. Caleb turned his eyes from this figure to that of a young woman who had paused in some astonishment to watch the strange progress

"A man with a mission, Miss Rooney," said he

"I hate tramps," said Seena Rooney.

"A tramp with a high purpose in life. As he walks he advertises the truth of the old saw that truth is stranger than fiction."

"I ask you to look at that feather."

"Plucked from the wing of a genius," said Caleb

"Plucked from the tail of a turkey gobbler—which he probably stole."

"Harsh judgments," said Caleb wearily, "ill become the young and beautiful."

Seena turned away from the one-man parade and frowned at Caleb. "Do you think I'm beautiful?" she asked.

"As a man of impeccable critical faculties, I must admit that you are." He looked down upon her from his unusual height without enthusiasm. "Beauty," he qualified, "is a matter of accidental conformation. It is so rare as to be classifiable as a deformity. Nobody was ever beautiful on purpose."

"It's a pleasant deformity," she said testily.

"But annoying," said Caleb.

"Annoying! Why that?"

"It has a tendency," he said, "to take one's mind off his business"

"Are good manners an accident?" she asked.

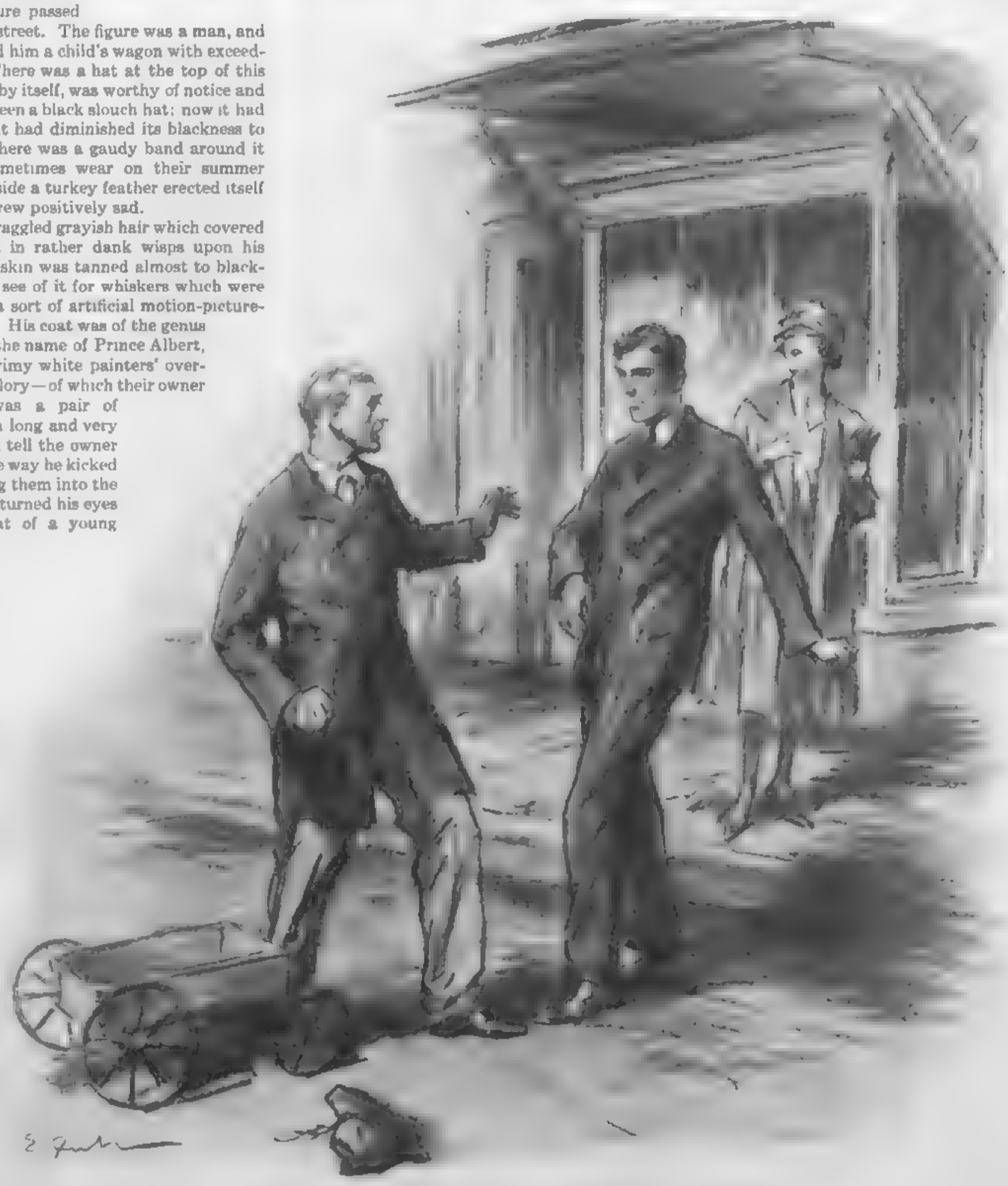
"They are the result of a slavish desire to ingratiate oneself"

"Then you," she said, "are amazingly free from slavish desire"

"And vanity," said Caleb, "which few escape. The turkey feather yonder is a symptom of vanity. And did you observe the scintillating shoes?"

"I'm not vain," said Seena.

"At least you have no turkey feather in your hat."



"I'm Sorry," Caleb Said, "and Presently I Shall Apologize More Profusely"

"I can't understand why everybody in Luxor is so fond of you," she said.

"Everyone?" He lifted his eyebrows in astonishment.

"Everyone but myself."

"And your Uncle Marty and a few selected others."

"And I," she said frankly, "would like you if you weren't so disagreeable."

"A minor success of mine," he said modestly.

"I believe," she said, "you're afraid of me." And with that final salvo she turned and walked leisurely toward the foot of the hill. Caleb stared after her until she had walked a hundred feet; then he leaned toward her so far his equilibrium was threatened and called after her, "I'm not." But she marched on without turning her head.

His expression was more melancholy than ever as he looked down the street in search of the man with the toy wagon. That personage was just entering the grocery store half a block below. Presently he came out again with bundles in his arms, which he packed in his equipage and began his return. As he came abreast of the law office Caleb flapped his arm and called. The man halted.

"How do you do?" asked Caleb. The man shook his head. "Are you a new citizen of Luxor, or are you merely passing through?"

The man pointed to his mouth and made a queer animal, guttural sound. "Dumb?" asked Caleb. The creature nodded in the affirmative.

"Ossa," Caleb observed, "is now piled upon Pelion. It is a classical allusion." The man scowled, uttered other throaty sounds and proceeded upon his way.

That evening as he was walking to the hotel for his dinner Caleb encountered another man who was quite the antithesis of the Parade—as to texture and grooming. This was Mr. Lester Bates, president of the First National Bank of Luxor, and a sort of exact measuring instrument by which other folks, if they desired, might set their fashions. He told styles as a good clock tells time, without a second's deviation in a year. Mr. Bates carried the wilted remains of some forest plant in his immaculate hand, for botany was his hobby, and his collection of dried specimens of the flora of the vicinity was something to which Luxor might point with justifiable pride. Each specimen was carefully preserved with its story, its family tree and the date of its discovery, for Mr. Bates was a meticulous individual.

Caleb spoke somberly, Mr. Bates replied with animation. Each kept on his way, and thus, almost instantly, the meeting became a thing of the past, an incident complete and finished. Whether it would go to the lumber room of history to take its place with other negligible and useless events no man might foretell. It is always so with incidents, be they never so trivial. One cannot prophesy that some day each will not appear again upon the stage to play the part of fact.

II

CALEB stepped into the cigar store to chat with Jinks Baker, his right-hand man in matters political. Jinks extended the right hand of fellowship with a ten-cent cigar in it, which Caleb accepted, though cigars were not his vice.

"I see the Parade passin' again," Jinks said, for Luxor had accepted Caleb's name for the individual with the toy wagon, no other coming to hand.

"Do you regard him in the light of a vote?"

"We'll be safe to register him next election," Jinks said with satisfaction, for every suffrage counted in Luxor.

Caleb lighted his cigar while Jinks anxiously scrutinized his face for the verdict. "All cigars are good," said Caleb noncommittally, "but some are better than others."

"Just what I allus claimed."

"Um—Jinks, I've come to the conclusion I'm a misogynist."

"No! Didn't know you ever studied medicine. Hain't thinkin' of givin' up the law for it, be you?"

"Not yet, Jinks. I'm merely taking it up as an avocation"

"An avocation's a French lawyer, hain't it? Seems like that's what they called 'em up in Quebec Province the year I spent there."

"Not exactly. Being a misogynist is sort of like taking out insurance. It is the state of being insured."

"Agin fire?"

"I'd call it lightning," said Caleb in a tone of infinite sadness. "The lightning of her eyes, if you get what I mean."

"I don't," said Jinks, "but that hain't uncommon. . . . There goes the Parade back agin. The boys says he lives back in old Number Six Loggin' Camp—him and the sliver cats. Last time I passed there them critters had dum nigh et out the floors."

"We should be grateful to him," said Caleb. "When all else fails we can speculate upon his identity and reconstruct his past. He's a personage."

"He's certainly visible," said Jinks. "The way he comes spraddlin' down the road, I been expectin' him to bust out with an advertisement for soap or somethin' on his back."

"He certainly is obvious."

"I never got that near him," Jinks said, "but I cal'late a bath wouldn't hurt him none."

"He always buys beans," said Caleb.

"Probably don't have to buy eggs, what with so many folks keepin' chickens. . . . Comes in once or twice a week, don't he?"

"Always once. If he comes twice he doesn't buy beans; he buys oatmeal the second time."

"Most like he can't remember both beans and oatmeal on the same shoppin' trip. Kind of splits up the mental labor of it."

"He's built himself into a local institution. We're now at the stage where we point him out with pride to visitors as one of the local spectacles. Such is fame! Jinks, he's perfect and he never varies in his perfection. This is so rare a thing as to verge upon the impossible."

"Where's he git the money to buy beans with?"

"Probably," said Caleb, "a legacy from his aunt."

"Oh, you know his folks, eh?"

"No, I was merely selecting a hypothesis."

"Dog-gone!" said Jinks, splitting the exclamation into two parts and fitting a hyphen between them in his admiration for Caleb's vocabulary. "There's times when I think you jest make them words up as you go along. . . . Now there was the one you was goin' to be when you come in."

"Misogynist?"

"That's the ticket! Is it a reg'lar word, or did you jest peel it off to hear a noise?"

"Are you married, Jinks?"

"You know darn well I be."

"Then it's too late for that word to do you any good. . . . Jinks, what is your studied and final opinion of matrimony?"

"If I was to speak out my mind plain I cal'late I'd say yes and no."

"Does it interfere with the cigar business?"

"No; but, by gosh, it makes the cigar business hump itself! One good thing about runnin' a cigar store—you have to keep open evenin's."

"That," said Caleb, "goes to confirm my own opinion."

He sauntered back to his own office, considering the evils of the state of matrimony and sharpening the ingenuity of his imagination upon the person of the dumb man with the insatiable appetite for baked beans. That evening as he went to his hotel he chanced again to encounter Mr. Lester Bates, president of the bank, sartorially perfect, as might have been expected, and holding in his hand the somewhat wilted stalk of a botanical specimen. Caleb's mind, which stored many quaint and curious bits of information regarding persons and things and methods and expedients, tucked away this coincidence in its appropriate pigeonhole.

Two days later Luxor was vibrated to its deepest foundations by the vanishing of Mr. Lester Bates, accompanied by the round sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in currency. The vanishing was complete and perfect. In one hour Mr. Bates was; in another hour he was not, and there was no man who could even hint at the method of his going or at his probable destination. He was last seen at two o'clock in the afternoon, walking composedly along the street. Many saw him. It seemed certain he had not left Luxor by train, motor car or horse-drawn vehicle, for the roads were populous that day and no man passed him.

He merely ceased to be present by some means known only to himself, and a sum of money so large that it threatened disaster to the bank, its trustees and numerous depositors, followed his example. That it was a sum of money in bulk and not a series of peculations covering a period of time was amply proved. The currency had been received, counted and placed in the vault, where now it was not.

Marty Rooney, heavy stockholder that he was, assumed responsibility for the operations that followed. The Protective Association was notified by wire and its detectives arrived by express. For a week they went about their mysterious business with adroitness and systematic thoroughness—to no result. All their investigations brought them to two o'clock on the afternoon of the flight and ended there in a sort of vacuum. Marty authorized the posting of a reward of ten thousand dollars. It brought no results, and the matter seemed to have arrived at a point where numerous persons must pocket their loss and where police and detectives must admit that, at last, a criminally minded person had appeared who was amply qualified to carry on his chosen trade.

III

SEENA ROONEY, always a headstrong and determined young woman, given to getting her own way and careless of the rights of others, stopped Caleb Hope as he was leaving the hotel.

"They're all numskulls," she said petulantly.

"A sweeping statement, but approximately correct. You refer to humanity in general?"

"To those detectives," she said.

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"A Tramp With a High Purpose in Life. As He Walks He Advertises the Truth of the Old Saw That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction"

DEFENDERS OF THE BRIDGE

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Kerchung! A Terrific Sound, Like That of an Enormous Bowlder Thrown Into a Bottomless Pool

LATE afternoon, and the shadows in the city square began to lengthen. The place was quiet, and in all the buildings around, neither in the *mairie* nor the theater nor the hotel nor the dwelling houses on the fourth side, was there any sign of life. The clock on the *mairie* struck four heavy strokes and other clocks echoed it from far-away steeples. Silence, heavy and dull as a soaked blanket, descended again. Somewhere a dog howled. Where were the inhabitants of this city? Asleep or away merry-making? Neither. They streamed, a weeping, broken-hearted flood, southward along the tree-lined roads, carrying what few possessions they could hastily gather together. One day they went about their accustomed pursuits, with the front line far away. At noon they heard rumors of a German attack. Three days later the Germans were within striking distance of the city—that is to say, at their doors. The place had been evacuated by its population.

The third day of their attack found the Germans thirty-five miles south of the line they had assaulted. This is good walking for any man in peacetime, and it comes pretty near being a record for an advance in modern warfare. But then the Germans had not been opposed. The French dropped tasks and tools and went away. Truck drivers, filling their gasoline tanks, left their trucks, the gas cans still beside them. Gunners left their guns and rode away on the limbers. Whole aviation parks, the planes in the hangars and stores of gas and oil still intact, were deserted by their personnel.

This was the last attack, the Germans had won, and the Americans had arrived too late. Thus thought the French, who, the morning before, had poured down out of the forest-clad hills, and hurrying through this square, had rushed southward. A river bisected this city, and the one desire in every heart was to get across this river. Then the bridge that joined the two quarters of the city could be destroyed and the terrible advance of the German host temporarily checked.

Hoop

The *mairie* clock solemnly tolled the half hour, and as if the clang of the bell had been a signal, a small group of men appeared at the mouth of the street opposite. They wore olive-drab uniforms, steel helmets, and were laden with some kind of spidery apparatus. These men were American machine gunners, two squads, members of a motorized battalion that had just come into the south half of the city. What could one battalion do against the full shock of the entire German army? That was not the question. This city was not fifty miles from Paris, and considerably less from the main railroad that connected the eastern sectors with the seaboard. Once this railroad was cut, Verdun would fall. Some show of resistance must be made, some rallying point created.

"Halt!" commanded the officer with the machine gunners. They halted. "Men," he continued, "I hope everyone realizes his responsibility and the honor conferred on this section by being selected to take up this position. That bridge that we just crossed must be held at all costs. The French intend to get together the materials and men necessary to blow it up, and the Germans intend to get here before that can be done. It's our duty to keep the boche off the bridge. Everyone in France and everyone at home is watching this town, this street and this section." The officer then turned and looked about the square, while the men of the section began to roll cigarettes.

Crack! A shrapnel burst overhead and the balls rattled against roof tiles and chimneys. Somewhere falling glass tinkled.

"To work!" snapped the officer. "Corporal Moore, take your squad to the next street and wait for me there. Corporal Geoghan, break in the door of that house on the corner and set up your gun in the hall. You'll be under cover from the air then. I'm going to put the other squad in an attic in the next street."

There were two streets that came up from the river, both running north and south. The officer figured that he could conceal a gun near the mouth of each one, thus covering the square, and that while daylight lasted, a gun in an attic would command the road leading upriver, whence the expected attack might come. A good-looking house was selected, the door broken in and the gun installed in the attic, where a fine view was had of the river, the highway and the eastern hills.

The officer, a lieutenant, then took his way to the second squad. This squad, concealed from aerial observation in the hallway, could not only sweep the square but command a stretch of a Route Nationale that could be seen dimly to the west. The first disposition made, the officer would improve the position as the situation demanded. "As the situation demanded!" That sounded fine and military! He wasn't doing so bad for a man in his first battle.

The officer turned the corner where the gun should be. The gun crew sat with their backs against a house wall, at peace with the world, watching two men throwing stones into the middle of the square for a large brown dog to chase. The lieutenant knew those two. They were ammunition passers, drunkards, gamblers, men who had left their initials on every guardhouse wall from Fort Bliss to Camp Merritt. One was called Hoop, being very thin and round-shouldered, and the other one was known as Umpire, from the fact that he had once performed unsuccessfully in that capacity during an intercompany ball game.

The corporal's startled eye fixed upon the angry face of the lieutenant.

At once he leaped to his feet and bellowed:

"Here, you bums! Lay off that monkey business! Scatter round here! I got orders to set up this gun—an' you two runnin' off! Grow up! There's a war on!"

The two men, followed by the frisking dog, hurried over.

"Gwan!" ordered the corporal, making as if to pick up a stone. "Get to hell outta here!" The dog, sensing sport, barked gleefully.

"Don't throw no rocks at him," cried the man called Hoop; "he may be a valuable dog. His owners forgot him or he got lost. I'm gonna keep him."

"You're gonna keep him?" demanded the fat man who was known as Umpire.

"Well, we're gonna keep him," replied Hoop patiently, as one would soothe a child.

At that moment both men saw the lieutenant. Their jaws dropped, they came to a halt and, banging their heels, saluted with a flourish.

"Sir," said Hoop, "we captured this here hound, an' thinkin' he might be a boche message dog, we brung him to the lieutenant."

"Corporal," said the lieutenant in a voice that brought a pleasant chill to the men after their hot march, "why haven't you broken in that door and set up your gun as I ordered?"

"Sir, it's a awful strong door, an' I didn't have no tools, only the brush an' screw driver that goes with the gun."

"Well, you break it down quick or I'll break you!"

The squad hastily hurled itself against the door, which, after one or two heaves, fell open in a shower of dust, disclosing a narrow hall and a stairway at the far end. A tiny window lighted the place.

"Good!" snapped the officer. "Set the gun in the hallway and that will give you plenty of elevation for these hills. Now listen carefully, corporal! You see that house on the corner—that one across the square? Well, the sergeant and I are going to be there, one of us on the roof and the other in that room with the shutter open. We can see both guns from there, and we can see the whole town, yet the boches can't see us, and we're going to be able to send signals to both guns. By the way, now that we're located, send all the spare men back for ammunition. We're going to need a lot of it."

The corporal, shielding his eyes against the setting sun, looked at what was going to be his future field of fire and pursed his lips. "I'll remark," said he, "that two guns ain't such a lot to hold this town with."

"Don't worry," said the lieutenant coldly, "we aren't going to hold the town. We're only going to keep the boches off the bridge until the French can blow it up. You see, they've first got to catch enough engineers to do the job, then they've got to drill holes in the stonework, put in the charges and attach the electric wires to set them off."

The men who were arranging ammunition carriers along the wall and setting up the gun paused to listen. They looked at one another soberly.

"There ain't no risk o' them lettin' that bridge go blooey an' us here, is there, sir?" asked Umpire.

"Not much," replied the lieutenant; "they haven't caught the engineers yet. Don't worry about that, we'll have plenty of time. Now then, posts! I'll be in that building over there on watch, and when I want any firing I'll signal. Of course, if anything starts, you can use your own judgment about shooting. Arrange for liaison with the other gun. There must be some communication between the houses by way of the back yards. Go on now, eat your supper!"

The gun was set up, the ammunition laid handy, and when the spare gunners returned from across the bridge with the extra ammunition the gun crew went outside and prepared to eat. They had hardtack, canned hash, canned beans and canned coffee, which only needed the addition of water to make it drinkable. The gun was at their backs, and anyone that fired it would have to shoot through their bodies, so that the corporal had not posted a guard on it.

"One thing I forgot," said the corporal, opening a can of hash; "the looey said to arrange for liaison with the other gun. Skip over, will you, Kelly, an' tell 'em where we are?"

Kelly got to his feet, whistled shrilly and trotted away, followed by a white-and-black dog.

"What the hell!" cried the corporal. "Another dog! Where'd he come from?"

Umpire

"He brought him back with him from across the river," said Hoop. "It's just a cur dog; it ain't a thoroughbred like ourn."

"There any more dogs over there?" asked somebody. "I like dogs. They keep you warm nights, an' you can talk to 'em. How's chances, corporal, on goin' an' takin' a look?"

"Ain't none. You stick right around with this gun crew. We're liable to be fightin' directly."

"There's lotsa dogs in town," said another; "they'll come around. They'll smell soldiers an' chow, an' they'll come runnin'."

"That's right," agreed Hoop; "the dog'll gather where soldiers is. When we was hikin' outta the Big Bend we couldn't make camp before all the dogs in the state of Texas would be round, and when the trumpeters started to play the retreat, you couldn't hear 'em for them pups howlin'."

The man who had been sent to establish liaison suddenly returned with bulging eyes

"Hey, gang! Waddyuh think? Them hombres in th' first squad got a cow over there an' they're milkin' her!"

"No!" There was a sudden rasping sound as seven canteens were drawn from as many cups, and then a clatter as the cup handles were snapped into place.

"That'll go good in our coffee," said the corporal. "Is there a back door to this place?"

There was, and the entire gun crew went through it, across a garden, through a courtyard, and found themselves in the next street to the east. There was a cow tied to a door knob, and about the cow was grouped the first section. A soldier rested on one knee and drew hot foaming milk into the mess cups that were handed him. The cow chewed her cud and switched her tail patiently. From a third-story window another soldier called down advice. The first section's gun was probably aited there and the man who called must be on guard.

"Hi, fellers," began the corporal of the second section cheerfully, "how's things?"

"Good!" said the other corporal coldly. His name was Moore, but he was known as Pony from his diminutive size.

"That good milk?" inquired Hoop, smacking his lips.

(Continued on Page 129)

"Gwan! Lean Off That Cow!" Said the Milker Harshly. "You're Makin' Her Nervous"

SKINS

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

They Stood Thus for a Moment So, Till Old Rab Spoke Again "And Me Old, and No Long Ways to Live, Anyway"

THE business of the place was to sort and parcel logs. The river, formed by the confluence of many smaller streams, by the overflow from a score or more of lakes, emerged from the great northern forests well laden with lumber and pulp wood harvested the winter through, and committed to the inescapable traction of the flood. The logs came downstream in a long, huddling procession, curiously like sheep, clinging together, following the same channels, straggling when they found a chance to hide in logan or creek and escape, if they might, the waiting saws. A crew of men pursued them, rolling shirkers back into the current, clearing the river of those sticks which fell behind; and by the time the spring floods were passed, the river for fifteen miles above the island was solid packed with logs or bobbing bolts of pulp.

The river was a thoroughfare, free to every man, and all men used it. Thus many companies turned their logs into its current, contributed to the drive. The result was that the logs came down in most complete confusion; and at the boom above the island they must be sorted, rafted according to ownership and taken downstream in more disciplined and ordered fashion. Puffing little tugs towed them in rafts a mile or more in length; a dozen miles below, the first mills waited, and the screaming, hungry saws.

The sorting boom was an institution; it was no single place or thing. Its component parts were many, and many of these parts were men. A flexible, unyielding barrier of men laid across the river, inspecting each piece as it came down with the current, allotting it to its appointed joint of the raft that was to be. But the inanimate parts of the boom had an interest of their own; the great cribs of stone upriver; the boom itself, fashioned of enormous logs linked endlessly by heavy chains; the sorting gates through which, ten to a minute all day long, the logs must pass; the mooring bitts on floats in midstream or set at the point of an island here and there; the little tugs; the boom house on the island.

The very gear which the men used day by day deserved attention, from their familiar calked boots to the little wooden staple wedges with which they pinned down the ropes that bound the joints of logs. Wedges driven by blows of a wooden mallet, while he who drove, poising precariously, held fast the rope beneath his spiked shoe. There were ropes of every fashion, from small stuff to great, from lines that would scarce stand a fifty-pound pull to great hawsers that will swing a mile-long raft against the current. Each bit of gear so perfectly designed for the uses to which it is put. Thus, the pick pole—pike pole in more formal fashion—a shaft of slow-grown spruce, fifteen feet or so in length, nowhere two inches in diameter, compact and strong; an iron head with a screw twist to its blunt point. With such a pole a man may reach out for a log five yards off, stab the point of iron into the wood and draw the log toward him; a reverse twist releases the screwlike point and his pole is free again.

In such things, in fitting tools skillfully used, may be found, if you please, the true efficiency. There is the savor of poetry in work like this; it is pleasant to lie sprawled along a great boom where the water runs not two inches below you, and watch the line of men that straggles downstream, each man balanced upon the logs that stir and sink and rise again beneath his feet, each man manipulating pick pole and mallet as he draws it to himself and adds to the growing joint beneath him another log marked with the stamp of the company whose interest he serves. There is always poetry in fine coördination and in a skilled business done with skill.

But if the inanimate parts of the boom are interesting, the animate parts are more so—the men who serve their purpose here. Toil here from the time the ice departs and the floods fall in spring, until, about mid-August or perhaps early September, the river at last is clear. Sometimes many men, sometimes not so many; their number may run to two hundred or so; it is more apt to be less; it may fall to a dozen as the work draws toward its end. Sixty men, say, is a fair crew for July; sixty men can handle five thousand pieces a day besides pulp; they will make a swing in forty minutes. Five thousand logs a day, to be examined for their marks and brands, sorted into joints and rafts according to their ownership, dispatched at last downstream in tow of the busy little tugs. This, from morning till late afternoon, is the business of the sixty men.

They have their habitation in the boom houses on the island; that way it is time to turn.

This island is perhaps three-quarters of a mile in length, and its length is up and down river, as is the way of islands. No more than a hummock of sand on which elms long since took root, and where, in despite of flood, they still stoutly stand. A wooded island, clothed in deep shade and pleasant coolness; and the spring floods sweep across it, rising above the floors of the buildings, rising sometimes to the height of the doors. These floods scour and gnaw at the island; it is furrowed and graven by them. But each year the teeming water deposits silt, perhaps as much as it does take away; the island has endured, and will endure for long. Wooded and beautiful, clear water in a well in its midst, a wood duck nesting in a tree not forty feet from the house where the men live. Nesting undisturbed; for though these may be at times rough men and boisterous, yet they are not given to harm or hinder little helpless things.

There are half a dozen structures on the island. A storehouse where the gear is kept against the time of need; a fashion of dormitory where many of the men sleep; an office building where they may buy candy and tobacco, and where Woodsom keeps his records. This Woodsom is a man worth marking. His home is a dozen miles down river; he comes up day by day. A man past his middle years, heavy and still, save for the slow twinkle in his eye. He has known the forests forty years. Always a man in whom some appetite for battle has been evident. They say of him that in his college days he heard one night of a great fight in progress between town and gown, in the village a mile or more away; he ran that far, top sprint, and arrived to find all quiet; and he sat him down and wept because the fight was done and no battling left for him to do. He moves ponderously now, and he wears some bulk and girth. But it is said he is as strong as any two young men of these degenerate days.

To the catalogue of buildings again. A smaller dormitory, not so regularly used; the smithy near the river, where Joe Kinds presides; and the carpenter shop adjoining. Joe Kinds and Maddix the carpenter and Rantle do their business here. Maddix prepares the staves for the pick poles, coopers when there is need, does the thousand-odd jobs his plane and shave, his hammer and ax, his brace and bit can find. Joe sharpens tools, beats and shapes the points of the pick poles to a proper form. Rantle takes care of the ropes and lines; you will find him all day long coiling and uncoiling heavy hawsers and the lighter stuff. The half-inch rope he makes into many small coils, cutting off an appointed length, winding it over his palm and under his elbow with an expert motion, knotting it with a clove hitch at the end. These coils go to the men who make the joints; the half-inch stuff is sufficient to bind these small rafts together. Kinds and Maddix and Rantle, old men who know their trades and do their work without direction.

There are old men in responsible places everywhere. They control the gate through which the logs flow; they check and watch the youngsters at their tasks; they scale the logs. There is an old man in the kitchen—old Rab Spear, the camp cook. A little thin man, bald as an egg, and silent as an egg too; seldom speaking, but speaking meatily when he does utter any word. He never seems to be a very busy man; he moves to and fro with his hands clasped beneath his apron, doing this and that in a casual way. He has a helper, one Teedle, an enormous, sweating, fretful, fearful bulk of a man who works in a continual spasm and sheds débris all about himself as he works, and must needs scrub it up thereafter. A mountain of energy, but a monument of inefficiency too. The casual eye might suppose that he does the whole business of the kitchen; that old Rab is no more than a looker-on. But Woodsom, the boss, has no casual eye; and he has known Rab thirty years. Teedles may come and go; but so long as Rab is there the men will be fed, be they a dozen, or sixty, or two hundred.

They say he is ninety years old, this old Rab Spear. No one knows, unless it be Rab himself. But he has not aged perceptibly in thirty years, to Woodsom's knowledge; and Joe Kinds knows he has not aged in forty; and six years ago Woodsom met a man at Millinocket, a man named Harmon, who told him that old Rab was bald as an egg forty-three years ago.

Certainly a very old, dry, efficient, silent man, moving in a detached way through a noisy world, and feeding scores or hundreds with an equal certainty. Enormous pots of beans, vast platters of fried eggs, huge bowls of pork and potatoes, tremendous urns of coffee or pots of strong black tea. And all produced, it would seem, without ever taking his hands out from beneath his apron.

Perhaps, after all, it is Teedle who is the valuable man. He wears the aspect of a tremendously busy, fruitful, valuable man, and old Rab seems no more than a dour and disapproving shadow. Between them they constitute a small mystery, worth attention, worthy of solution. A more extended scrutiny may serve.

Orn came down the river on the tail end of flood waters, with the men who had been bringing along the straggling remnants of the drive. He and his fellows had been all winter in the forest; they finished their task and passed on with full pockets; and by and by Orn came back from Bangor with empty ones and asked Woodsom for a job, and Woodsom hired him.

So he came to the island, seized a certain place there. A stout young giant of a man, not so tall, but bulky and thick through and through, with an olive skin and a great head of lank black hair and a small betwisted mustache grimacing above his full lip. His eyes faintly bulging, the whites visible all around the iris in an affrighting, staring fashion; and a way of laughing suddenly that made nervous men start and turn their heads. And like a large fish caught in a small fine net, he began to make some turmoil on the island there.

By the rude landing stage, which extended from the shore a little way into the stream, there was trodden ground beaten bare by the feet of the men as they came and went; here lay the butts of two or three great logs; here were rough seats knocked together from waste lumber; here in the short evenings the men sometimes gathered for a little while. The blacksmith shop fronted the spot; the high door of the kitchen at the top of a flight of shaky steps overlooked it from a little distance.

After supper the men were apt to drift down to this little trodden place and sit or stand or loll there, talking indifferently, laughing indifferently, smoking their pipes or eating candy from the store in the main building. And old Joe Kinds and Maddix and Rantle would cluster in the door of the smithy, sitting on nail kegs, with the black interior of the place like a cavern behind them, watching the traffic of the younger generation, and speaking, in undertones and strictly between themselves, of the great days of old, the glories of their youth. Teedle, at this hour, would be busy with the dishes in the kitchen; and old Rab Spear, his hands caught beneath his apron, would come to the door of the kitchen and stand there, or perhaps sit down upon the sill, and the lamplight shone on the top of his bald bare head.

From these vantage points the old men watched young Orn.

Orn, you might say, comparing him with the other men in the crew, was neither old nor young. There were boys of fifteen or sixteen who went out with maul and wedges every morning; the great bulk of the actual working crew was under twenty-five. Only here and there a decayed oldster did his chore among them. But in the places of responsibility there were sure to be older men. This Orn was betwixt and between; he may have been thirty or thirty-five; and in the eyes of youth he was an outlander, and in old eyes too.

But he was not one to feel isolation as other than the honor due him. He was, it appeared, one who liked to talk; and in the face of his volubility, youth and age alike held scornful silence. So you might have discovered them, half an hour after supper; the younger men about that little trodden space by the landing; the oldsters sitting silent at their vantages; and Orn, on his feet, striding to and fro, talking aloud. On a still night his voice must have crossed the river, half a mile or more; he had no decent shame.

His topic was himself; and he had, perhaps, the gift of the narrator, the gift of elision and omission, which awakens and fans and stimulates the curiosity of the listener. He was forever breaking off in mid-sentence, to turn aside along another way; he was forever telling half a tale and leaving the rest untold. And he had a marked habit, from the first, of answering questions in most guarded wise or not at all.

Perhaps in old time, or in a winter logging camp, he might have been the local bully; might have appeared as conqueror in many battles, as one justly feared. I do not know; in such surroundings there may have been such an institution. In like fashion in some newspaper office, sometime, somewhere, there may have been a reporter called the star. Perhaps the times are degenerate. Certainly there is no great amount of angry rough and tumble on the island. Woodsom, in his later years, disapproves of fighting; he is a man of peace and will have it so, even if he must take a hand upon his own account. And Woodsom, though he moves mildly, is boss. But whatever the explanation, there remains the fact that Orn never fought a fight that is recorded. He must have been ready enough to do so, but none challenged him. They let him talk, and grinned behind their hands; but they did not openly dare the man.

He captured, perhaps, the collective imagination; for he created about himself this atmosphere of mystery, and terror too. This was not intangible and vague; it was a real and concrete thing, with names and places specified. The story did not develop at a breath, but slowly, bit by bit, elaborated night by night there upon the trodden ground, while the great river in the farther shadows slipped so silent by.

He had been, in December, in such and such a camp. That was the beginning of the story. "I went in early," he said. "I trapped, the winter before that, back of Churchill; but it looked to me there was more life to be met in the camps. So I went in there." And he checked himself then and looked about, and added: "But I didn't stay there long. Went over to the big company after."

And everyone caught the meaning in his tone; the suggestion that there was more he did not care to tell.

Another night it was that he spoke of the death—the bitter death—of a man named Furd; a tragedy already known through the northern woods.

"I was one of them that found him," Orn declared. "Jacques and Maldon and Bent and me. When he didn't come in, and his team, we went looking for him. They'd run away with him, and his foot caught in the rim, and we trailed them two miles down the lake. There'd been a wind that cut the snow, and a thaw and a rain and a freeze, and it was jagged; and he'd been fair rasped away on it. You could see the trail red with it, ahead of us across the snow." He laughed in that startling way of his. "I knew he'd be dead, long before we come to him. The team had hung up in the edge of the woods, and there weren't enough left of him to mention. Dragged that way—skinned alive, he was." And for no reason, he laughed again, and nervous men were fearful.

But he spoke then, in tones most matter of fact, of the difficulties encountered in swamping a road through the cedars south of Lyford Pond, and of the tractors running there and how their engines roared.

He came back, another night, to Furd. "I knew him, sure," he declared. "He tried his game with me. A great hand for it, Furd was. A sour man, nothing friendly about him, snarling at you. They say he'd killed three men in old

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The Logs Come Down in Complete Confusion; and at the Boom Above the Island They Must be Sorted, Rafted According to Ownership and Taken Downstream in More Disciplined and Ordered Fashion

TOUCHDOWN!

As Told by Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg to Wesley Winans Stout

No. 5—DEEP-DISH FOOTBALL

Two Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Crowds in Football's Middle Ages

THE Army and the Navy will play their annual football classic in Chicago this year for the first time. As I write this, more than two months before the game, every seat in the Grant Park Stadium has been sold or allotted and the gate will represent the sum of $700,000, some $200,000 more than the previous record, made, I believe, in a California-Stanford contest. Our total football receipts our first season of 1892 at the University of Chicago were about one nine hundred and sixtieth of the amount this one game is expected to attract. Our books showed $732.92 taken in, $633.33 paid out, and thirteen games played.

For ten years the university's athletics owed me money, a debt that fluctuated around $1000, until Mrs. Stagg despaired ever of having a bank account of our own. My salary was $2500 a year. Mr. Rockefeller gave to the new school with unprecedented generosity, but not even a Rockefeller's munificence was equal to the imagination of a William Rainey Harper. It was no fresh-water college he envisioned. Doctor Harper was the unusual combination of a sound scholar and a born organizer, promoter and advertiser. In the 80's he had stirred up the whole country to the study of Hebrew. There is the measure of the man. One who could do that could do anything.

Then the panic of '93 tackled us low and accurately, and every dollar in the land hid out in bombproof dugouts. I was director of physical culture and athletics without an athletic field. At my urging, Doctor Harper made a request on Marshall Field in the spring of 1893 for the use of a square block of vacant land immediately north of the campus. Mr. Field cabled back on April third from Europe, giving us its use at a rental of one dollar a year

We passed the hat on the campus then. The faculty and officers of the university contributed $490, the students added $281 and an athletic entertainment raised $95 more. Two lumber companies donated boards and posts. I hired one carpenter to put in the posts and stringers, while the students, headed by me, nailed home the boards and made a lark of it. We graded the uneven pasture, dumping the earth from a mound at the northeast corner into the low spot along Ellis Avenue, then sodded the infield, and I never labored harder on the Newark salt meadows.

A Secondhand Dressing Room

UNDER forced draft, we had the field in reasonably playable condition by middle June, in time to meet the University of Virginia 1893 nine in the first game of any kind played on what, since 1914, has been Stagg Field, but was for its first twenty-one years, by an inevitable pun on the donor's name, Marshall Field. I had promoted a college baseball championship series as an adjunct to the World's Fair. Virginia was one of the teams entered, and we beat them 8 to 3. The future Mrs. Stagg, then a freshman of seventeen, attracted from New York State by the fuss being made over this new coeducational university, was in the stands.

The first building on the campus, a contractor's shanty, became our dressing room. I bought it out of my own pocket and moved it on the field, the baseball season having ended with a deficit and left the cupboard bare. We sold advertising space on the inner side of the fence, picking up ten dollars here and there. Our customers had to stand until the spring of 1894, when we built a funny little bleachers that did not accommodate more than 150 persons. In the summer we added a grand stand, seating perhaps 1200. The gymnasium had been finished the previous winter. It was a one-story brick affair, so bare and graceless that it suggested a machine shop, and it had to serve as library and power plant too.

An Italian squatter had thrown together a shack on the Fifty-seventh Street side of the block for a lunch counter during the fair and had continued to operate it. I bought the shanty to get rid of him, intending to tear it down; but one of our engineers asked for the stand in behalf of his widowed mother, a Mrs. Ingham. We gave it to her, incorporating it into the fence, and she ran it for many years, making a good bit of money which she invested shrewdly in real estate. It was the Shanty to the University and became such a campus institution that now that it has gone, we reproduce it at each commencement and hold Shanty exercises.

That makeshift student-built fence had to serve for nearly twenty years, until 1913, and we made shift with the old gym until 1903, although the university required ten out of twelve quarters of gym work at a time when not half a dozen other schools enforced even dumb-bell drill. The new gym was worth waiting ten years for. It came as a memorial to Frank Dickinson Bartlett, a Harvard student from Chicago who died in 1900, from his father. There is a mural painting in the entrance hall by Frederic C. Bartlett, a brother of the dead boy, picturing single-stick and two-edged sword contests. Over the front entrance a memorial window depicts the crowning of Ivanhoe by Rowena after his triumphs in the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, both subjects in harmony with the Gothic architecture of the building and the university.

The Faculty Bugbear

LACK of money alone did not account for the modesty of our equipment. Low seating capacity was a settled policy of the university. For all his advanced views on physical training and his keen sense of advertising values, Doctor Harper shared the prevailing faculty fear of over-stressing competitive athletics as a public show. "It is not the function of the university to provide at great cost spectacular entertainment for enormous crowds of people," he read into the constitution, so to speak, of the school, and there it has remained.

The field had become an eyesore and a constant expense for repairs long before President Judson announced in 1912 the intention of building a permanent wall and grand stand within two years. Almost immediately the city condemned the bleachers, speeding up the program. The new grand stand was occupied partly for the closing game of 1912 with Minnesota, a 7 to 0 victory for us, and the rebuilt field dedicated at the opening game of 1913, which we won from Indiana, 21 to 7. A high stone wall with a round, crenelated tower at either end, suggesting a feudal castle, inclosed the field. The permanent stands seated 8000 and with the bleachers and temporary stands brought our capacity up to about 20,000.

That 1912 capacity has been increased very slowly. We now are rushing a new concrete stand, seating 17,000, to completion, turning the field around and enlarging our capacity to 48,000, but we continue in the rear rank of the Conference in accommodations. Ohio State has a great stadium that has held 82,000 spectators. Illinois' new stadium seats 69,000 and will be enlarged. Some 55,000 can watch a game on Minnesota's field. Michigan is

increasing its capacity from 46,000 to 70,000, with possibilities of 100,000. Wisconsin already seats 45,000. Northwestern, which has had inferior accommodations, will have a new stadium capable of seating 55,000. Only Iowa, Purdue and Indiana are inferior to our enlarged field. These three, and all the others except Northwestern and Minnesota, are situated in small cities or country towns.

I confess that I do not subscribe to the wisdom of this university policy. There is no danger at Chicago of athletics getting out of bounds; that was taken care of at the outset by providing rigid faculty control and direction. The absence of a body of alumni was not an unmitigated evil. They were sorely missed in the 90's, but we escaped in our formative years that pressure to win games at any cost that alumni have been known to exert

On the other hand, we are in the midst of a population of upward of 3,000,000, upon virtually all of whom we close our gates. There must be at least 50,000 graduates of other colleges in this great city, a fine body of men and women, most of them trained to enjoy watching college sports. We need their friendship and we need the coöperation of all good citizens, but we have had little room on our field for outsiders.

For thirty-five years I have listened to faculty members argue that a student's choice of a college is not governed and infrequently influenced by the athletic prowess of the school—or, if he was so influenced, that he couldn't be much of an addition to the student body.

Yet this is demonstrably not true. We all love a winner. Not even a professional champion of lost causes can work up much enthusiasm over a college team that is trampled upon season after season. So long as a school plays fair in spirit and letter it is entitled to meet this demand. It is not necessary to cheat or to buy players in order to produce a team of which a school may be proud. A college with brains and courage, however small, does not need to hire a squad of mercenaries to wear its uniform.

Henry van Dyke, poet, æsthete, clergyman, diplomat, was not one, I take it, to be accused of gross materialism. I should imagine that most any college could use a young Henry van Dyke in its student body. Doctor van Dyke wrote an introduction to a history of Princeton athletics. In it he testified that he never had heard of Princeton until 1863, when, as a boy in Brooklyn, he saw the Princeton baseball team wallop the Excelsiors of Brooklyn decisively. From that moment Princeton was his goal.

Wallingford

BIG BILL EDWARDS tells in his book of coming to New York from a little upstate town to attend Horace Mann School, of seeing the drags filling in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel for the Yale-Princeton Thanksgiving Day game, and of becoming so infected with the spirit of the scene that he walked straight to the nearest Y. M. C. A. and enrolled for a gym course.

When Harvard led the way by building her stadium, followed soon by Syracuse, then Yale and Princeton, there was a revival of faculty alarm, but nothing like the outcry that ensued when the stadium epidemic crossed the Alleghanies, and Ohio State, California, Illinois and others began to bake deep-dish football pies. As a people we are easily alarmed by mere size. Our excitement over the trusts a generation ago came in part of this distrust of anything larger than we were used to. The sound of 80,000 or more spectators paying $500,000 or more to see twenty-two college boys play a game for an hour was frightening to some minds. That was too much money, too many persons. Such figures are without precedent, therefore they must be somehow dangerous.

On the contrary, the results have been uniformly healthy. In those colleges where the faculties had shirked their responsibilities, the great income produced by stadia forced them to intervene and exercise the veto power when necessary. Most of the evils that have beset the game from time to time have been the direct result of student and alumni management, but the blame belongs on the faculty doorstep. The students and alumni ran athletics because the faculties had been too superior to concern themselves with such juvenilia. Their indifference was described, without overstatement at the time, as the crime of the faculties.

Someone has said that college football has become so highly profitable an enterprise financially that it would pay a man, willing to take a chance, to buy a small college outright and operate it as a cloak for his football eleven. With proper management, it has been argued, the promoter might expect to take in enough at the stadium gates on a few fall Saturday afternoons to pay the cost of running the school for nine months, and leave a handsome profit, a successful team, in turn, attracting an influx of new students

There was a time when an enterprising J. Rufus Wallingford might conceivably have floated such a promotion, for the purposes of fiction at least; but the colleges are so generally organized now from one coast to the other in regional athletic associations, with strictly enforced codes of sportsmanship, eligibility and the like, that the outlaw school is near the end of its tether. Either it must soon join the regional association and obey its laws or it will find itself without respectable athletic opponents. We have seen about the last of an obscure school going to sport-page glory in one season on the tails of a football team of tramp athletes hired in the market place.

Physical Benefits for All

WE ARE not a people to sit idly by and see the Joneses put anything over on us. If Mugglesdorfer builds a stadium, should Siwash be denied? Not so long as good red American blood runs in Siwash veins and dollars in the pockets of the Siwash alumni. So the surface of these United States begins to take on a lunar aspect, pock-marked with craters that slumber or smoke lazily ten months of the year, then erupt in concert as Indian summer waxes. Perhaps we approach the saturation point, as they say in Detroit, but I walk warily in the paths of football prophecy.

What happens to the great surpluses rolled up by intercollegiate football? The money is being spent to enlarge the general physical, athletic and welfare programs of the colleges. The soundest criticism made of college athletics in the past was that a hand-picked few played and got the physical benefit of playing, while the bulk of the students sat in the stands and exercised their voices only. Now the intramural games program, taking in the entire student body, has swept the colleges and universities, and I hope soon will become general in the high schools. They cost money and attract no paid spectators. They are possible, except in an occasional exceptionally endowed school, only because of the profits football pays in modern stadia.

An educator of national prominence assured me once that intercollegiate sports at Chicago would end with me. In 1912, President Judson, in opposing a new grand stand that would seat more than 8000, predicted that five years would see the end of intercollegiate athletics. Doctor Judson, I should add, changed his views radically after the war. On the other hand, there have been instances of college presidents of the newer salesmanship school so intent on booming their institutions that they have overruled faculty boards who were disposed to clean up the school's badly soiled athletics. Students are not fools. The faculty that winks at crooked work by a coach or student manager can save its breath in preaching ideals in the classroom.

I had most of my 1892 football squad back in 1893 and little new material, but I ceased to play. There were not 500 students in all branches of the university; half these were women and half the other half were graduate and special students who had put sports

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A Modern Football Scene, Princeton Routing Harvard in Palmer Stadium
Above—The Chicago-Michigan 1898 Game at Chicago

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 23, 1926

A Poet Widowed

THOUGH Mr. Kipling has often shown his dislike for America and Americans, notwithstanding the fact that they have offered him his most lucrative market, his patriotism and his devotion to the British Empire have never been called in question. Presumably, then, when he damns a continent in a verse he believes that his little lyric will in some way advance the honor and glory of Britain. But before Mr. Kipling was born, a greater poet than he, Robert Browning, went out of his way to blackball a fellow writer for the offense of stirring up ill will between England and America.

At the present time there are certain differences of opinion, largely economic, between Great Britain and the United States. There is no reason why they should not be frankly discussed and the facts behind these differences brought out in the press, but Mr. Kipling has not helped much in this discussion.

We all owe too many pleasant hours to the young story teller of the nineties to be oversevere with the Kipling of today. Even during his prime, there was a certain boyish, bombastic quality about much of his verse, but his admirers hoped that phase of his talent would pass as he grew older and his muse more mature. He is now a poet widowed, his muse having passed on some years ago. For in The Recessional Mr. Kipling wrote his greatest poem, and he has been receding ever since.

What is Wanted From Us?

AT A RECENT meeting of the International Institute of Politics in Williamstown a German economist, M. Bonn, reputed to be one of the leaders of the Democratic Party in Germany, ventured the prediction that the countries of Europe might feel themselves impelled, in defense against what they regard as our economic imperialism, to form a defensive federation. This would be a federation of fear; it would spring from what would seem to be a mixture of trade jealousy and an inferiority complex. To prevent this undesirable development becoming a determining factor in international politics, Bonn suggested that the United States should devise and put into effect an economic disarmament. This disarmament should not only protect the countries of Europe from the United States; it should also, it seems, protect the various countries of the world from one another.

Leaving aside the fact that defense of Europe from the United States is mixed up in the proposal with defense of various countries from one another—which immeasurably enlarges the proposition—just what is this supposed to mean for the United States? In just what does our economic imperialism consist? Against precisely what in the United States are European countries impelled by fear to enter into a protective federation? Just what are supposed to be the instruments of economic oppression that Europeans seem to feel we hold in our hands? We hear so much vague talk; we fail to find the complaints of Europe stated in specific terms. Perhaps we may enlighten ourselves by trying to specify to ourselves the possible items in our alleged economic imperialism. What economic arm that we use shall we lay aside?

We hold no control of ocean shipping. Our Government pays the heavy losses on a war relic of a merchant marine. We sell hardly as much shipping as we buy. We built the Panama Canal, but make no money out of it, and do not use it to coerce trade or exploit competitors. We have, therefore, no world shipping to disarm. We have a law permitting export concerns to enter a form of combination for international trade, but this is not even effective, and certainly not coercive.

We have no restrictive patent laws under which foreigners are exploited. If anything, the situation is reversed; foreign inventions possess under our laws more rights than ours enjoy in foreign countries. We have little commercial supremacy resting on patents.

We hold no natural monopolies on raw materials. We are the source of the largest fraction of world supply of cotton. The price is not made or controlled in the United States. Otherwise we are importers of raw materials rather than exporters, outside of foodstuffs. Instead of being exploiters in industrial materials, we are exploited, since we are heavy importers of a number of materials whose prices are maintained more or less by governmental levies or controls. We have given our petroleum to the world in a lavish manner that shocks the conservationist. We are the best customers of the world for raw materials; our high standard of living, which is criticized so severely abroad, is what keeps the wheels of production going at a remunerative rate in many foreign countries. Emphatically, we have no natural monopolies to disarm.

We have a large supply of gold that has poured in to us from all parts of the world since the war. Would economic disarmament in this direction mean giving it away or lending it? It is to our interest to aid in the reestablishment of the gold standard throughout the world; we are not hoarding gold to cripple the currencies of other countries.

We have an ample supply of fluid capital. We are lending to the world, largely to Europe, at the rate of nearly a billion dollars a year. Is this not heavy enough, fast enough? Is this economic penetration or economic disarmament?

It has been urged that American investors should manage the foreign concerns in which they have placed their money, in the interests of the citizens of the countries in which the investments are located. Surely it lies under the control of the trust laws of the countries concerned to prevent foreign investors from oppressing home investors.

We have a tariff—in some ways a fairly high one. This is the age of high tariffs, if one is to judge by the high-tariff agitation going on throughout the world. Should we disarm by reducing the tariff—perhaps by going to free trade?

We have restriction of immigration. We have organized our laboring forces. Through organization we have achieved a system of high wages with low labor costs. This has prevented other countries from flooding us with goods. It has enabled us to retain, indeed expand, our foreign markets. This accomplishment has been the postwar surprise. We believe this is the chief element in European fear of the United States. The reports of European travelers returning to their countries are replete with accounts of our industrial and business efficiency. This is a new era, with an improved technic, in part a new one. The machine age has entered into a new phase; we have taken the leadership in it. The fear of the Europeans is really not fear of us; it is fear of themselves. In our view, all this talk of federation of fear and economic disarmament is a mixture of misappraisal of facts and political hokum. We are well along in the completion of our postwar economic reconstruction; Europe is far behind in hers. Our task was smaller than hers, but we tackled it with twentieth-century methods. Her task was not only larger: she has temporized with nineteenth-century methods, complicated by bloc politics. Realizing that our reconstruction is far in advance of hers, Europe jumps to the false inference that she has fallen behind because we have gone ahead. Instead of placing the blame for failure on her outworn system, it is sought to be shifted to our new-time system. To a large extent the economic disarmament that is being talked about means our retreat from present-century to past-century methods.

The Best Building Insurance

THE old pioneer pluck which established and built up this country of ours was never more strikingly exemplified than by the undismayed courage which the people of Florida have shown since the catastrophe which overtook the cities of Miami and Pensacola. The fury of the devastating hurricane had scarcely abated when the people of these cities plunged heart and soul into the task of clearing away the wreckage and rebuilding that which the tempest had destroyed. It is impossible to overpraise the steadfast courage and the grim determination of these people. Their spirit and their energy are sufficient guaranties that the rebuilt cities of Miami and Pensacola will in every way surpass those which existed before the disaster.

Florida's experience thrusts into notice a new body of proof of the wisdom of substantial building. In both the stricken cities the solid, well-built structures were for the most part able to withstand the battering of the tempest, while poorly built houses and business blocks crumpled like cardboard. The sturdy survivors, by their staying powers, not only saved vast sums to their owners but greatly lessened the loss of life and limb. Had the best buildings been no better than the flimsiest, the death roll would have assumed even greater proportions.

In every part of the world where a mild and mellow climate obtains, man is tempted to build with normal conditions in view. Only such experiences as that which Florida has passed through effectually admonish him to build for the day of fire or flood or cyclone, as well as for the conditions of normal times. Honest, workman-like construction, in which a liberal factor of safety is employed, is the best insurance against the upheavals of Nature.

The young community whose sole ambition is to get built quick is on a par with the individual who thinks he can get rich quick. In the long run the new town may become substantial and prosperous and the young man may accumulate a satisfactory competence; but neither obtains the desired end any the quicker for having got off to a false start.

Back Up the Red Cross

PUBLIC emergencies in widely separated parts of the country, floods, fires, earthquakes and hurricanes, leaving in their track injured persons who must be cared for and homeless populations which must be housed and fed without delay, are recurrent reminders of the nation-wide service performed by the American Red Cross.

The essential nature of this great organization, in peace as well as in war, must be apparent to everyone. When disasters occur every available arm of the Government, with men, food and supplies, is at the service of the sufferers; but even the Government has no such emergency organization as that which is maintained by voluntary contributions. Relief work is the specialty of the Red Cross. The demands made upon it come without a moment's notice. It must at all times hold itself in readiness to make instant response in sections separated by the width of the continent. Preparedness and mobility must be its dominant characteristics if it is to serve the nation with the maximum of promptness and efficiency. We should all register our appreciation of the work of the Red Cross during the coming Roll Call.

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

SOON or late everyone comes to a place in his road of life where there is a fork at which he will pause, if he is prudent and thoughtful, and consider which branch to follow. There are plenty of people who come to these diverging paths either without perceiving them or without being struck by their possible importance; such people follow their noses, as we say, and the way they take becomes a matter of chance only, which may or may not lead to a goal worth seeking. The man who chooses his road, though, has this manifest advantage over the other - that the very act of pondering his course adds to his own powers and, even if his choice be a mistaken one, he is by that much better fitted to pursue it.

As a youth I had several occupations open to me, but I do not think I chose between them with any great difficulty, because there was inherent in me so strong a pull toward the study of plant life as a vocation that it was almost inevitable that opportunities in the professions, as an inventor, as an artist or as a teacher would be passed by almost without consideration. The fork in my road came when I found myself making money.

Mr. Burbank and His Avalon Cactus, a Spineless Variety Which He Created, on the Santa Rosa Experiment Farm. Note the Enormous Development of the Leaves. In Oval—A Bouquet, Composed by Mrs. Burbank From the Seed Envelopes of a Dozen Plants; Among Them, Shasta Daisy, Garlic, Regal Lily, Perennial Pea, Asparagus, Rose, Gladiolus, Snapdragon and Gillyflower

Some fifteen years in California firmly established me as a nurseryman and brought me a generous and profitable business. Generally speaking, there is not a great fortune in raising and selling young trees, since the turnover is slow, the market variable, and tastes and fashions in trees undependable. But the very principle on which, from the first, I had based my operations began in time to result in large sales and generous profits—the principle of performing all my experiments and doing all my growing of seedlings and grafts and cuttings on a very large wholesale scale. My name, too, which I guarded jealously from the beginning, was a great asset to me, with a high cash value; in addition to the ordinary nursery business I had many sales of new varieties and novelties that considerably augmented my income.

The Rewards of Honest Endeavor

IT WAS quite apparent in the early 90's that I could amass a comfortable fortune as a commercial developer of new trees and flowers and a salesman of nursery stock; the time was not far in the future, I could see, when I would be assured a generous competence, with all that money may bring to one.

But I saw that the nursery exacted from me time and energy in the mere business of advertising and selling my wares that I was impatient to give it; moreover, money itself and the fine things it could buy did not interest me. The easy course would have been to follow the current of my swelling success, with a vague possibility that when I was well-to-do I could afford to experiment with plants without thought as to the expense of the work. But I was a long sight more interested in plant development than I was in money-making, and also I knew quite well that Nature is an exacting mistress and a jealous teacher; she does not reveal herself wholly to the amateur or the dabbler, and she will not cooperate fully and generously with the man who takes her lessons or her work lightly.

Sharp experiences emphasized this truth for me. I found my experiments interfered with by the demands of my business; two or three important experiments failed signally because I brought to them a diverted mind; people began to expect more of me as a man of business than they would have presumed to demand of a plant experimenter devoting himself to his researches. The temptation to make money, as I have said, was not an alluring one to me, but it did require some courage and firmness to cut myself off from my source of income and devote myself to plant breeding.

That I exerted that firmness with myself and had that courage was, of course, the determining factor in my life; as a nurseryman I should have succeeded in amassing some money and some local fame; as a plant developer and experimenter, unfettered by considerations of money-making and unhindered by the demands a business necessarily would have made, I was free. And, a free man, almost careless of wealth, power and fame, I was enabled to become a contributor to the happiness and knowledge and richness of this earth for all mankind, for all time to come, and at the same time found, without seeking either, that money and power and fame all came to me in measure undreamed of and unsought. From this gratifying experience it seems to me safe to draw one conclusion; namely, that undivided loyalty to a worthy ideal is richer in its rewards than any selfish pursuit. The examples of the truth of this are to be observed so unfailingly in life that they ought to lead us all to consider whether or not we might be influenced by them when we come to the fork in the road and have our own momentous decisions to make.

I need not have gone far for innumerable lessons in my own chosen school to point me to this same conclusion, and perhaps I was influenced unconsciously by those lessons in making my decision. For Nature tells us one thing over and over again, and in every department of natural history emphasizes it so that, to the naturalist, it begins to be recognized as the one infallible and clear law of existence. It is that the individual is of no importance, and the race is of the first and highest and greatest importance.

Looking back through history I discover that the law operates in human affairs precisely as it does in plant or animal life. It is true that the fittest survive; certain philosophers have from this drawn the conclusion that fitness should be striven for if we are to be happy. It seems to me this is sound reasoning so far as it helps us care for our bodies and improve our minds, but when fitness is taken to mean hardness, and hardness is taken to mean selfish ruthlessness, Nature upsets the whole apple cart of thinkers like Nietzsche by declaring that men are not important, but that the race is supreme.

Humility and Service

COMPARE Lincoln and Napoleon—the one who thought mainly of and for others and sacrificed himself to make an ideal into a fact, and the other who dreamed of himself as ruling the world and who ceased to be useful to France when he began to think that he was France.

In the field or garden, in the wilderness or on the plain, Nature is teaching us this lesson of humility and service in the individual in a thousand ways; she puts the fact there, and if we won't look at it or understand it or apply it, that is our problem and we shall be the sufferers. Man alone, of all Nature's children, thinks of himself as the

The Mulberry Tree Developed by Mr. Burbank for a Japanese Customer. It Produces Almost Twice as Much Nourishment for Silkworms as Older Varieties

center about which his world, little or large, revolves, but if he persists in this hallucination he is certain to receive a shock that will waken him, or else come to grief in the end.

I do not know of any single precept that I have learned from Nature that has been of more importance to me in my life and work, nor of one that I believe is of more value to others. I was some time acquiring it myself, in spite of the fact that it was so clearly before me all the while. As a young man I probably thought Burbank was pretty necessary to the scheme of things, but as the years went on I was shown that it was only what Burbank did for the good of the world that would live and be set down to his credit, I climbed off the perch pretty quickly when I found that I was exaggerating. A pedestal is an uncomfortable location anyway; if you will look over the wise and the great and the useful, you will find them down close to the ground.

In Nature you can discover amazingly interesting statements of this law that it is the whole group and not the individual that is important. The most striking examples are those in which the individual is actually penalized for his devotion to his kind or where death follows the reproductive act or such a defensive measure as in the case of the stinging bee. There are two or three insects I know of that must die when their progeny are insured life; certain shellfish are killed when their young or their fellows build on them to keep the colony going; all annual plants give up life to the life germ in their seeds, and these are only a few of the instances where self-sacrifice is obligatory and not optional.

A Gladiolus Bloom Laid Open to Show Reproducing Organs. The Cigar-Shaped Anthers Surround the Three-Pronged Stigma on the End of the Pistil. Follow the Pistil Down and Note Opened Ovulary and the Ovules Waiting to be Fertilized by Pollen

But from these clear lessons to those we have to find by careful search and study, the law is universal. The mother's instinct to sacrifice herself for her child is based on this law; the great strength and vitality that go from a plant into its seed and into the mechanism for distributing this seed and insuring it at least a fair chance to find fertile soil is a less obvious instance, but the same ordinance and plan of Nature is behind it.

Distribution Machinery

I BELIEVE there is no more interesting study in all life than this of the means and devices by which plants grow, protect and disseminate their seeds, and hardly anyone could resist the lure of the subject if he would take the pains to examine a few seed envelopes and watch for himself the process by which one is developed and then utilized to sow the precious seed within. Most of us are perfectly familiar with the envelopes that are provided with burs or claws or stickers arranged to help the seed attach itself to a passing animal or to the feathers of a bird and cling there until carried to some distant point. Then there are the bearded seeds, such as those of the barley, or what children call the foxtail, which have containers barbed so that they will actually dig themselves into the loose leaf mold or top soil of their abiding place and hang on there quite tenaciously until the winter rains come and the seed germinates and takes root.

Other seeds and envelopes are covered with a coating of a sticky substance which adheres to that which it touches; then there are envelopes that explode and shoot their seeds in every direction, sometimes so violently as to endanger an eye. Examine the red clover or the oxalis plant when its pods are ripening. You will find them green in appearance, and not, like beans or peas, changing color and drying up. The heat of the sun will draw and draw on the moisture content of these red-clover envelopes, and suddenly the fastenings of the long pods will give and the hard little white seeds will fly out with such force that you can feel them hit cheek or hand. The process in the bean or pea is the same—the drying up of the pod—though it goes farther before the explosion occurs, with a twisting motion that actually gives some of the seeds the curve of a pitched baseball.

The Club Cactus, Flowering and Spined Variety, in Blossom

Still other seeds, and in some cases the envelopes or fruits themselves, are winged, so that they will fly a considerable distance, borne by the breeze or even floating as they fall, and scattering over quite an area. The gladiolus and the coreopsis are just two of the great number of winged seeds, while the maple, the ash and the elm tree have winged fruits.

Closely akin to the winged seeds are those made to float on water; and many between the two will both float and fly. A sort that will interest children is the pepper-pot variety of envelopes, like those of the snapdragon, the poppy or the tobacco plant. These have openings sometimes so nearly like a pepper pot or salt shaker that they would make excellent designs for silversmiths to follow. There are enough seeds in each pod of the tobacco plant to keep a family in smoking material if they would all grow, and incidentally, if you can get hold of a microscope, you will be amazed at the beauty of each seed, so tiny that it is like a grain of sand, and yet each a perfect little gem of beauty — bronze, flecked with gold, and shaped something like a Brazil nut. This employment of a small microscope, by the way, will add something to your life that you would not take a good deal for if you tried it. You set considerable store by the movies, but a microscope will open to you a world of beauty and interest the motion-picture camera cannot reach—and right in your own garden, or the nearest park, or even in a window box or a flowerpot, if that is the best you are able to do where you are.

Another kind of seed container and another kind of seed is the tough variety, made so that it would take a burglar to get into it, and of such material that even the powerful juices of the stomach of an animal cannot disintegrate it. Plenty of seeds are eaten by animals and pass through their bodies without the slightest change. If the animal has wandered a few miles during the day, you can understand that the free ride the seed had, without the expense of a ticket or the trouble of having a comfortable berth made up for it, will land it some place where it can have a new chance to take root, and perhaps a better chance than the parent plant had.

A New Chinese Magnolia. Contrast the Multitude of Small Blossoms With the Huge Ones of the Ordinary Magnolia

Time to Move

THIS, incidentally, is an interesting study in itself—the reason for the arrangement Nature makes for distributing seed as widely as possible. There is, of course, the need for avoiding competition with its fellow seeds of the same variety, and the big showy plants that take lots of room will be found, usually, to have devices for disseminating seed widely, whereas, as a rule, plants that can stand up in a crowded community, such as the California poppy and the Johnny-jump-up, are content to let their seeds fall in close.

In a broader and more important sense there is an excellent reason for this broadcasting of seed, and especially for the devices by which it is carried long distances, perhaps by animals or birds, or perhaps by floods and high winds; that is, the long experience some plant life has had with the vicissitudes of existence and the constant, though slow, change that is going on all over the world in character of soil, climate, temperature, moisture conditions, and the like. Many species have found their old homes rendered unlivable for them; they would have been wiped out—as I suppose a good many thousand or ten thousand have been, probably—by some

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Always eat the slow-cooked beans!

For slow-cooking means thorough cooking. This is very important in beans. It brings out all the full, mellow richness and flavor. Beans cooked this way taste so much better and are so much more digestible.

So thousands of people consider Campbell's their favorite beans and always insist on getting them. These people appreciate the superior quality and deliciousness of slow-cooked beans. Especially in families with growing children, such wholesome food is bound to win the preference.

Slow-cooked *Digestible*

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Mister, Ye Looked So Lonely, Settin' Out Here Paintin' Away All by Yerself, That I Sez, Sez I: 'I'll Pack a Little Lunch and Send th' Children Over to Keep th' Poor Feller Company!'"

Grandpap Crabs

GO IT, maiden, while you can;
Kid yourself that you're a man;
Vote and fight,
Stay out all night,
Shimmy and Charleston—that's all right.
Ole Bill Todd, when on a jag,
Does them things, but he don't brag.

When he wakes at last from his silly fit,
Ole Bill Todd is ashamed of it.

Never you mind what people think;
Reach for your hip and take a drink;
Cut your hair,
Smoke and swear
And molt plumb down to your underwear.
It grinds a lot, but we must say
You're gettin' manlier every day.

In fact no man could look so cute
Goin' around in a bathin' suit,
One-tenth halfway hid inside,
Nine-tenths simply sunburned hide.

Rip and snort and paw the air,
Manlike maiden, I don't care;
Smoke and cuss,
Say "Durn!" or wuss,
And put on pants the same as us.
But one thing's left that you can't do—
Spit at a crack and hit it too.

That gift of ours has traveled hence
Through a thousand years of experience.
—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Cruelty to Chorus Girls

"IT SEZ here, Ephraim," said Mrs. Simms, of Timber Ridge, Arkansas, "that some big church society in New York City is tryin' ter make the stage girls up there wear tights. Now, mind ye, folks that call themselves church people tryin' to do that to the pore gals!"

The Flip Flapper

"I'VE never kissed a girl in my life," remarked the painfully proper young man.

"Well, don't come buzzing around me," announced the little flapper. "I'm not running a prep school."

A Hot Time

"WHAT'S the cause of that angry crowd around the jail?" asked the tourist.

"See Here, Father—the Question's Been Bothering Me a Good Deal Lately; I've Hated to Mention It, But—What Did You Do in the Great War, Anyhow?"

"The officers are protectin' a ornery rascal from California," said the native Floridian. "He came in here yesterday and pretended to be overcome with the heat."

Elasticity

THE politician takes the prize
For words of noble sound,
But while his head is in the skies
His ear is on the ground.
—*Gorton Carruth.*

The Political Reporter's Manual

WHO heard our candidate speak? Answer: A cheering throng which packed every nook and corner of the great auditorium heard the peerless party leader outline the accomplishments of his administration.

Who heard the opposition candidate speak? Answer: A sprinkling of people were coaxed into the hall by the aid of a hired brass band. Even this scant audience melted away when the speaking began.

Describe our candidate's speech. Answer: In his usual straightforward manner, this gifted speaker went straight to the issues of the campaign. He gave a masterly analysis of the facts and cut through the smoke screen of hypocrisy and lies thrown out by the opposition.

What kind of speech did the opposition candidate make? Answer: Not once diverging from his written manuscript, this political renegade juggled figures and indulged in innuendoes and insinuations for nearly two hours. Not once did he touch the real campaign issues.

Who greeted our candidate at the station? Answer: Hundreds of people gathered hours before the train pulled in. They were anxious merely to see or hear their political idol. He was quickly hoisted to willing shoulders and borne to his hotel to the victorious strains of a volunteer brass band.

Who greeted the opposition candidate? Answer: The reception committee scheduled to greet this political upstart on his arrival in this little town failed to show up. Instead of the cries of zealous partisans, the ears of the candidate heard only the usual queries of "Taxi, mister?" As quickly as possible he availed himself of one of these conveyances and hurried to the seclusion of a hotel.

How did our candidate appear on the eve of election? Answer: Our candidate retired early on election eve, quietly confident of the verdict at the polls tomorrow. Assurances of support from all sections of the state left no doubt of an overwhelming victory.

How did the opposition candidate act on election eve? Answer: Frantically endeavoring to bolster

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Unequal Suffrage. Politician (on the Outskirts). "Say, Lady, There's a Big Bargain Sale in Dress Goods Just Opened at Riley's Emporium"

Only one car to compare

And that an Italian car several thousand dollars higher than the Hupmobile Eight

Thoughtful and analytical engineers, looking for a car to compare with the beautiful Hupmobile Eight, find only one.

That one is an eminent Italian eight, built in the painstaking European method, and priced several thousand dollars higher than the Hupmobile Eight.

That is both significant and important; for if these engineers are correct in their judgment, it means that the doors are closed to every car in America which might aspire to compare with the Hupmobile product.

But far more significant and important is the other fact that the public today is rapidly adopting engineering opinion and judgment as its own.

For this car is being bought today in large and increasing volume by those who heretofore paid the same price or a higher price for cars other than eights in their search for the ultimate.

Any good car is smooth—up to a point; and that point is the degree to which its principle permits it to be developed.

But smoothness is inherent and inevitable in the straight-eight principle; and in the high state to which Hupmobile has developed that principle, smoothness is the very essence of its performance.

It is the last word in liveliness. Its get-away is faster, and especially it is faster in second gear, which almost everybody uses nowadays in starting.

And yet, with its eight cylinders, the Hupmobile is showing a frugality and an efficiency in gasoline consumption that are amazing to those who thought they had driven economical cars.

We speak specifically about smoothness, quick-footedness, economy in running and upkeep, modish beauty, quality in the manufactured product, spacious riding luxury. You have the assurance of engineers—inquiring, eminent men—that the Hupmobile Eight has brought these attributes to their highest expression.

If you have never experienced the difference between the finest eight-cylinder performance and the best of other kinds of performance, one real test of the Hupmobile Eight will establish eight-cylinder superiority for you forever.

BEAUTY • COLOR OPTIONS • LUXURY

Sedan, five-passenger, $2345. Sedan, seven-passenger, $2495. Sedan-Limousine, seven-passenger, $2595. Brougham, five-passenger, $2245. Victoria, five-passenger, $2345. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $2345. Roadster, with rumble seat, $2045. Sport Phaeton, five-passenger, $2045. Touring, five-passenger, $1945. Touring, seven-passenger, $2045. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

Sedan $2345

THE DISTINGUISHED

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

IN THE FINE-CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

The Trees Said to the Bramble, "Come Reign Over Us"

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

XIII

JAEL did not know what to believe.

She had spent the holidays in Liberty, professedly to entertain a party of Eastern friends at Little Jones Street, but really with intent to resolve the doubts that were rising in her. She saw as much as possible of Capuchin and studied him; he had never been more confident, she thought. He was communicative on all general matters, vague as to all particulars.

She had the governor to dinner; then, two or three at a time, all the principal state officials, and at last Parshal, of the People's Bank, who had a fat body and thin legs. His eyes were set high in his head. He made her think of a frog imitating a bird, and depressed her terribly. Her total impression of them was that of men rushing headlong through a mist, over strange ground. Her uneasiness grew. It was at the rim of her feelings, below the edge of her mind. She could not explain it. If she asked herself whom she doubted or what her misgivings were she found no answer.

Never Before Had Capuchin Impressed Jael As Unfavorably. It Occurred to Her That She Disliked Him

She was walking alone to the station to take a train for the East when she saw a crowd in front of Anx Plaino's bank; and she crossed the street to see what was there of so much interest. By this time nearly everybody in Liberty knew her at sight, but there was more than courtesy in the eagerness with which they made way for her at the window. They treated her as a privileged spectator, or as part of the show, and she was conscious of being curiously regarded.

In a pine chair beside the tombstone—Scarred to the Memory of the Freemen's League—that Plaino had kept there all this time, now sat a stonecutter, tools in hand, trying not to look self-conscious.

"Look!" someone said, calling her attention to the bottom of the tombstone where the blank space had been left for the year of the League's demise. Three numerals had been freshly chiseled there—191 ——

On the window glass, to be read from the sidewalk, was a communication. It read:

> This mason will sit here every day except Sundays and legal holidays until the Freemen's League is a political corpse. Then, with one more figure, he will complete its mortuary emblem. Meanwhile let every man see to it that his foot standeth in an even place.
>
> Yours truly,
> ANX PLAINO.

As she went on she got a full view of old Plaino himself, standing in the other window. He had been standing there three years. Figure of prophecy; augur of disaster, foretelling it by signs no one else could interpret.

Jael's first reaction was one of contempt. How puerile! How infantile the people in their curiosities! Hold out to them an image, an image of anything, no matter how crude it may be, and they cannot help staring at it. But hold out to them a thought—ah, that was different! How easily they can help thinking! What was she saying? People! Well, she, too, had looked. She had crossed the street to look, simply because she saw others looking. Moreover, having looked, she could not get the impression out of her eyes—that image of one sour old reactionary's verdict on the Freemen's League. Therefore he was shrewd. The same verdict delivered to the ears would be much less effective. It is easier to forget what one hears than what one sees.

She remembered Capuchin's first account of Plaino. An asthmatic old man who had never made public speeches and then suddenly developed an oratorical gift under tense emotion and became at once the League's most dangerous adversary. She remembered the episode of the horse dander, and thought it very cruel. Another thing she recalled with acute interest.

Only a few weeks before this her most trusted banker in New York had mentioned the fact that she was transferring large sums of money to the People's Bank of New Freedom, and asked her if she knew anything about it. She knew nothing about its accounts, she said, if that was what he meant. Then he had warned her; he had heard the bank was not in good condition.

She had said, "You have been hearing from Old Anxiety, perhaps," not at all seriously.

And her banker had said, "Anx Plaino, you mean. Yes. He is a strange old person. But you will find he is never wrong in his facts. I should be willing to take his bare word on the facts in any situation, to any amount."

Anyhow, she could not get Plaino and his absurd tombstone out of her head, and this annoyed her extremely.

A few days later, in Jones Street, after dinner, when only Fitzjerald, Dwind, Grinling and Miss Lillibridge were present, and Doctor Rabba, who was never counted, she surprised Dwind by asking him out of the clear this question: "Is it possible, Dwind, for an institution like the People's Bank of New Freedom to fail?"

And she was startled by his reply. "Quite possible," he said calmly.

"Is such a thing probable, though?"

"Quite probable," he said. It might have been the weather he was speaking of.

"Why do you say so?" she asked.

Dwind assumed his authoritative manner, speaking in that weary, plaintive voice, which, nevertheless, had extraordinary power of emphasis.

"For two reasons," he said. "The first is Mr. Capuchin. That minnesinger!"

"How long have you concealed these sentiments about Mr. Capuchin?" Jael asked, uncontrollably amused by men in this aspect.

"For more than three years," said Dwind, which meant from the moment of first meeting him. "The other reason, if you want it," he continued, "is that nowhere in all that Punch and Judy show is there anybody to say no. The machine is running wild. I mean the bank. They've forgotten where the throttle is. If they remembered, still nobody would dare to close it, for that would be to say no."

This unexpected comment from Dwind was ominous and important, and left everyone silent. It meant that he was preparing a moral alibi beforehand, in case the bank should fail, since he had written the law and would not avoid some responsibility in the matter.

Jael was the first to speak. "When people take control of their own affairs, take it into their own hands, I mean, how shall no be managed? I don't see how. They will not say no to themselves. Who shall say it for them or to them? And if one does, or may, that one rules them again, isn't it?"

(Continued on Page 34)

Nine Great American Racing Stars *buy*

The Greatest BUICK Ever Built

Frank Lockhart

"After a rigid test, I am convinced the 1927 Buick has advanced engineering ideas, which make it superior to any motor car built. I purchased this car on its performance and roadability, which I must have in making the racing circuit from Coast to Coast."

Bennett Hill

"To know there's a real car under you—that's what makes automobiling—that's why my new Buick—with its silent power flow and its reliable four wheel brakes makes me feel better than any other car I have ever wheeled."

Within thirty days after its introduction, the Greatest Buick Ever Built received as fine a tribute as ever was paid a motor car.

Nine internationally famous stars of the speedway singled it out above all other cars for their personal use!

Some of these men are graduate engineers. Others are veteran automobile designers. All of them know motor cars—probably better than any other group of similar number in the world.

They have learned the vital necessity of fine engineering, rugged construction and brakes that never fail.

They know the importance of stamina and riding comfort. They instantly recognize those qualities of performance that lift a car above the commonplace.

Almost daily they drive hand-constructed automobiles of the costliest type. Read what they say about the Greatest Buick Ever Built and why they chose it for themselves!

Here is expert opinion on those qualities of vibrationless performance, efficient operation, handling safety and brilliant beauty, which stamp the Greatest Buick Ever Built as the greatest motor car value ever offered.

Peter De Paolo

"They named it correctly when they called it the Greatest Buick Ever Built But they might have added, 'And the greatest value ever offered.' I still think I'm not wasting my money by owning two Buicks."

Bob McDonogh

"I thought I could judge the speed of a car. The smooth, vibrationless operation of my new Buick fools me and I can't tell within 20 miles an hour of its speed unless I watch the gauge. Never have I driven a car that operates with as little effort"

Frank Elliott

"From zero to seventy, there isn't a change in the performance of Buick. I have never driven a car before that was absolutely without a speed where vibration took the joy out of driving. Buick has certainly set a mark for perfect design and workmanship in passenger car construction."

Earl Cooper

"My mechanician expressed my opinion of the 1927 Buick, when he said: 'The smoothness of electricity most nearly expresses the feeling its silent power-flow gives you'."

Dave Lewis

"The new 1927 Buick convinces me that Buick constantly lives up to its promise. 'When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them'."

Cliff Woodbury

"Buick delivers the goods I never worry about getting there and back—and this new car does it so easily and so quietly that you never know there's an engine under the hood."

Fred Comer

"I bought a Buick because I wanted the most automobile I could get for the money spent—most in mechanical perfection—most in style and comfort. Buick gives me all, plus the snappiest passenger job I have ever handled."

(Continued from Page 32)

With head tilted back, eyes almost closed, Dwind merely gazed at her down his nose, from a great distance away.

Grinling leaned on the table, took his head in his hand, and began tracing a pattern with a spoon on the linen. They were expecting him to bring forth a thought, but at that instant, much to the surprise of the whole company, Doctor Rabba made an unhistorical observation, for him very original.

"Why say no to the people?" he sighed. He said "people" always in a petting tone, similar to that with which he cajoled his food. "Why?" he sighed again. "The people will do wrong. Yes, they will make mistakes. Yes—well, and so? They hurt only themselves. They will learn. But we ourselves have this passion to say no for them. We have this passion to rule them. That is why they never learn."

"Bravo, oh, excellent doctor!" Fitzjerald boomed. "The people are themselves the people. Let them alone. Perfect solution."

Doctor Rabba turned red all over his great bald head. He thought Fitzjerald was making fun of him.

"Nevertheless, it is true," he said. "Once—I am not sure, but I think so—once it was so. Once the people were not ruled, and they learned how not to hurt themselves. To say no is God's business." He sighed deeply as he added, "And God says it enough. No?"

Nobody answered him. His sigh for a long time was the last sound. Grinling, instead of answering Jael, began talking to Dwind about Capuchin. These two were opposite at the long board, halfway down. Jael looked at Fitzjerald, who was the nearest guest.

"You have never been to New Freedom, Angus."

"I'm eccentric," said Fitzjerald. "Moreover, I should be the white Egyptian vulture in that country."

"Be not so sure," said Jael. "Your comments might be devastating. They would be, you know. Still, you might have a little look at us. Friendly like."

"I mean to," he said. "My *magnum opus* has broken down. I need to go traveling. Luckily, I've come into funds."

"A death?" Jael asked.

"Yes, though not a bereavement. A very old aunt whom I never saw. The tree is almost extinct. I am the only limb of it left."

De Grouse came in at that moment; then an anæmic woman who had been on trial all day for disseminating birth-control literature and was secretly disappointed at not having been sent to jail; after her a British labor radical and a new communist from Russia. New Freedom had been forgotten entirely for the evening but for a telegram handed to Jael by Miss Lillibridge. It was from Capuchin, to say he was on his way to New York.

XIV

JAEL was at breakfast alone the next day, about noon, when Capuchin arrived. She had the morning paper propped up before her and was just reading the news that Parshal had resigned from the People's Bank and gone to live in California; ground, ill health. No successor had been named. There were rumors of dissension in the Freemen's League, the paper said, and a sense of disillusionment among the people.

Capuchin couldn't remember whether he had eaten his breakfast or should be hungry. First, he said he was not hungry; then he said he was. When food was before him he devoured it angrily in large quantities and gulped his coffee steam first. He had a somewhat soiled appearance, from having traveled in haste without all the necessary things, and was unshaven.

Not at all fastidious as a rule about the way men looked, Jael noticed his unkemptness and did not admire it, perhaps because he was thinking so well of himself. There was no reason why he should not have taken the time to shave and change his linen. It was not that he had not thought of it. He had, and then decided to appear as he was, with the notion that such carelessness was privileged and somehow enhanced his significance as a man of action. He had the vanity to believe it would be admired. But men are not admired by women for the reasons they think, nor ever when and as they fancy themselves; always otherwise for different reasons—reasons they never guess and in moments they are least conscious of. Never before had Capuchin impressed Jael so unfavorably. It occurred to her that she disliked him.

"Mr. Parshal has left you," she said, nodding her head at the news.

"It's out, is it?" said Capuchin, merely glancing at the paper. Jael's wit, alert and critical, instantly penetrated this large and silly make-believe of not having seen the newspapers. He had seen them. "Well, he's gone," he added. "He'd better not talk. He hasn't, so far. I've warned him not to."

"About what?" Jael asked.

"Anything at all," said Capuchin. "That's the understanding."

"Is it serious?" she asked.

"It will be serious for him if he doesn't hold his smoke," said Capuchin. His answers were short, almost rude. This was not as he had meant the conversation to begin. So he changed it forcibly. He wished to talk first about Plaino. That old crater had been gathering heat and wickedness for some time and was now on the point of becoming active. A red-card printer, working in a job office where Plaino was having tons of antileague matter printed, had brought him some examples of it. None of it had yet appeared, but when it did they should have their hands full.

"Did you bring any of it along? I'd like to see it," said Jael.

He had not. She would see enough of it.

"What is it like?" she asked.

"It's only a lot of stuff we all know," he said. "I mean things we know ourselves and don't talk about. Nothing

(Continued on Page 86)

"Mr. Plaino, Do You Know the Condition of the People's Bank?" "I Do," He Said, "and So Do You"

That *extra* cleanliness you want

~*make sure of it with Sunbrite's "double action"*

There's one room in the house for which ordinary cleanliness won't do. Your bathroom must not only shine, but you must feel that it is really sanitary—free from the dangers of dirt you cannot see.

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their crispness

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② *Cardboard carton*
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Post Toasties *Double-Thick* **Corn Flakes** *stay crisp in milk or cream*

Willie Painter Stays on the Levvel

By
FRANK MANN HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY
RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"You Better Try and Forget
All About This Little Party,
and If Everybody Keeps Their Trap Closed
We Will be Able to Do Ourself a Hole Heap of Good Before Long"

HAWTHORNE RACE TRACK.

WELL, here I am in old Chicago, or anyways pretty close to there, because even if this Hawthorne Race Track is situate it in a place by name Cicero, it is really part of Chicago and the 1 runs into the other 1 without no divideing lines, and Andy Morrissey says that the only differents between the 2 places is that in Cicero the law don't compel them to burry you after they shoot you, so they just leave you lay.

But I geuss that is just some more boloney, because all my life I been hearing what a tough place Chicago is, but from what I have saw of it so far it is not no tougher than any other city. I been here 3 days now and nobody hasn't gave me a dirty look even, let alone held me up or merdered me. When the gang around Windsor heard we were shipping here, they all start to kid me and wish me a fond farewell and ast what kind of flowers I would preffer at my funerable and all like that; but I just laughed at them and says that I am a pretty mean guy in a scrape myself and those Chicago eggs had better lay off of me and not start notheing or less they might reggret it, and so they better. Leave me alone and I am 1 of the most peaceavlest fellows that is; but just get my figting blood ruffled oncet and I will figt till the cows go home, I am like that.

But I don't imadgine I will have any trouble, because in all probility all this talk about Chicago being a wicket city is just stuff made up by those newspaper writers which never get anything correck excep by axcident. Like last monht when I get set down for 3 days at Windsor and all the papers come out and say it is on account of mistbehavior and abusive languige at the barrier, when it was notheing of the sort, and what really come off was like this: We are at the gate in a 2-year-old race, and if any of those colts had ever been schooled it must of been at some correspondents college, because they all cut up dog something feirce, and the thing I am on the worst of all.

So we are having a awful time trying to get straitened away, and everybody is sour as a boil; and young Lang, who is next over to me in the line, yells at me, "If you don't keep that hound off of my leg I will bust you 1"; so naturally I hollers back at him, "You go to aitch." Which would of been all right only just then Mr. Cassidy, the starter, has called to me to take my horse back out of the barrier, and when I tell Lang to go to aitch, Mr. Cassidy hears me and thinks it is him I mean. And being kind of quick temper like most starters are, he tells me I am on the ground for the balance of the week; and I bet he would feel pretty ashamed of hisself if he knew what a unjustice he had did me, only I am too proud to tell him, and take my punishment in silents, I am like that.

Well, this Chicago is sure 1 big place and the longer I am here the more buger it seems to get. We come here a week before raceing starts, so I am haveing plenty time to take in all the sites; and me and Jockey Moon has been driveing every day in a little car he has, and it seems like you can drive all day and still find notheing but more city.

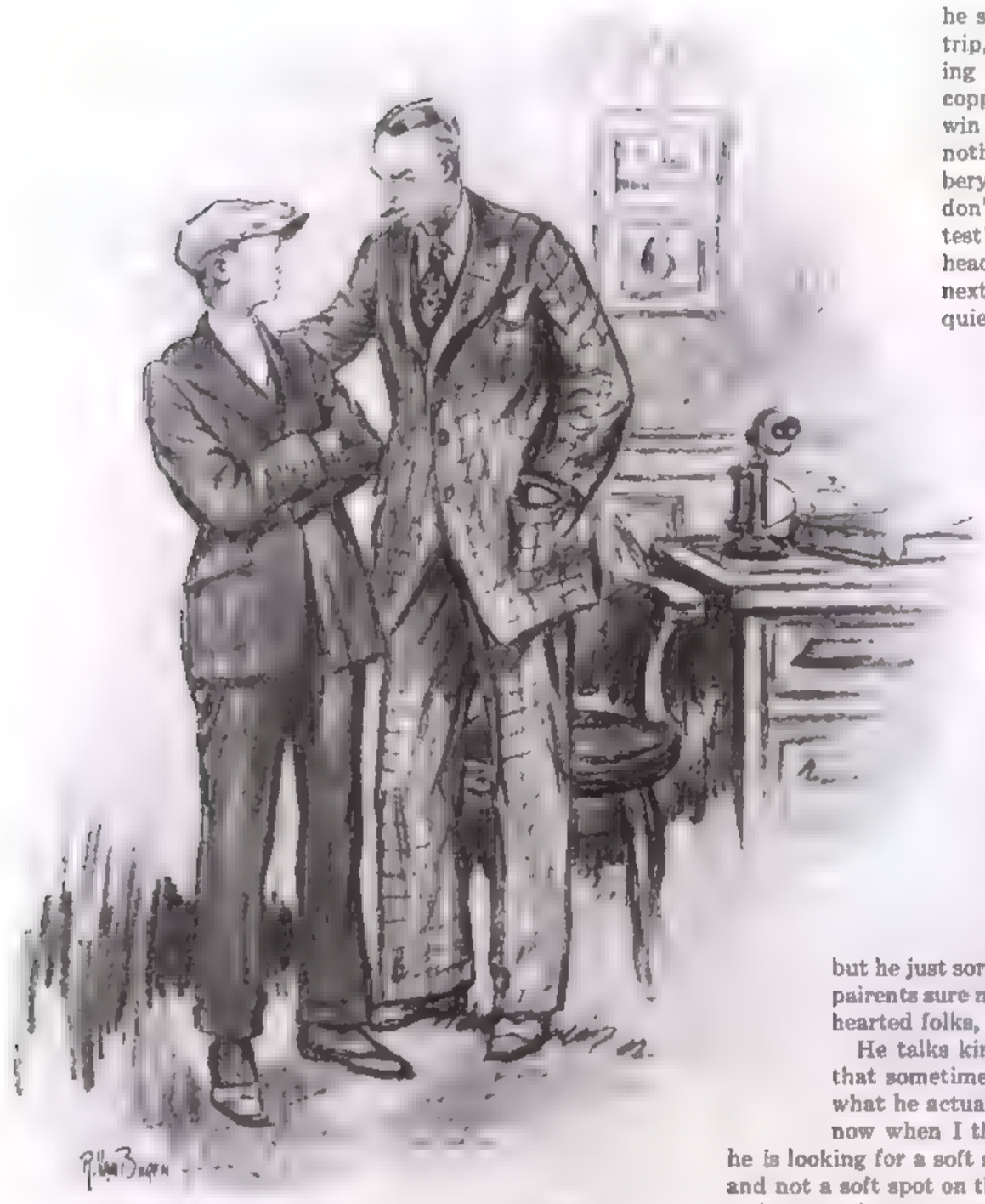
And there is more folks here than I ever thought there is in the hole world, and 1 street by name Michigan Bullvard has got more traffic on it than I ever saw in all my life, so far. It sure is a wonderful site to see, being as wide as 4 ordnary streets and fair suffocated with automobiles from morning till night, and 1 side of it all swell buildings and the other side not no buildings at all, only just the ocean, at lease I suppose it is the ocean, but water anyways as far as you can see. The only thing wrong with it is that 1 place this Bullvard crosses over a river and every time a boat wants to pass they got to open the bridge like a pair of sizzors and all that traffic has to wait till it shuts again; and you would think, in a up-to-date place like this, they wouldn't stand for notheing like that, but would make the boats go round the other way or something.

I certainly like it jake here, althought sometimes it makes me sort of lonesome when I think of all them thousands of people, or maybe it is hundreds of thousands even, all around me and hardly a 1 of them ever heard of me or gives a dam if I am alive or dead; but I geuss it will not be long before they will of heard of me, because 1 race track is pretty much like another, big city or not no big city, and a naturally born race rider is bound to have them talking about me before long, just the same as at every other city I have rode at. Just let me pull 1 or 2 of those hare-raising finishes which I am notoriable for and I will have this Chicago, big as she is, talking about Jockey Willie Painter just like they do in Detroit, and all the newspapers comeing to ast me what I think of their fair city and printing my picture, and so forth.

Well, 1 thing I will tell them puzzles me, and that is why there is not no hills of any kind here, being flat as a board all over except for buildings. I says to Mr. Tom Robbins the other day that the kids here must have a hard time finding places to go sleight-rideing in the winter, and he just laughs and repplies, "That is 1 reason I am so fond of old Chi, Willie, everything is so on the levvel here."

So I says, "Does that inglude the race track too?" And he says, "Well now, Willie, a race track is a exemption to every rule, and even in Heaven, provideing there is a race track there, which I sure hope so, a guy would do well to watch their step and not tell their business not even to the holey angles; because while raceing is the most grandest sport of all, somehow there is something about it seems to attrack more crooks to the square inch than anything else there is. So you better keep a nice steady pull on that tongeu of yours, Willie, and not go blabbing what you know, if anything." So I repplies, "I geuss you know me, Mr. Robbins," and he ansers, "I sure do, that is why I am warning you, Willie."

Well, I think I have wrote enough for just now, because me and Jockey Moon are going down to The Loop which



"Do You Mean to Say You are Asting Me to Pull This Mare?" I Says Indignant

is what they call their downtown here. It sure is a buzy districk, The Loop, and if they ever close it up it must be well after midnight, because I been down there pretty late myself a couple times and it was as wide open then as earley in the evening. It is a grand place for theaters, which suets me fine because I am a great dramatic lover and me and Moon sees 2 big flims near every P.M.

HAWTHORNE RACE TRACK.

WELL, I have had my 1st. days raceing here and while I did not urn no brackets it was not from lacking of abillity, because of the 2 mounts I had this afternoon, 1 of them could not have win if all the rest had fell down, not being able to run fast enough to raise a sweat and laying back his ears and hollering for mersy before we had gone a ¼. And the other 1 win by as far as I can throw a egg, but kept bearing out on me all the way down the stretch in spite of my upmost efforts to keep him strait, so when we get to the wire we are away over by the juge's stand and they place us 3rd. And it is a wonder they even done that because any time a horse finishes anywheres but right on the rail you are lucky if they see you at all, and it is a mistery to me why all the race tracks hire guys for juges which only need a dog and a tin cup to go into business as blind men.

It sure was a awful shock to me when I rode back to the stand and see that they have gipped me out of the race, because I would of bet my life I win by at lease a neck; and when I had to salute the juges I hope to say I give them a darned nasty look and felt like hauling them out good, and would of too, only for not wanting to show them up in front of the crowd. When Mr. Corcoran, the owner of the 1 I rode, sees me afterwards he says, "You sure rode a nice trip, kid, and only for him bearing out I think you would of copped." So I says, "Why, I win by a good nose and it wasn't notheing short of highway robbery not giveing it to us, so why don't you go and make a protest?" But he just shakes his head and says, "Better luck next time; I geuss you didn't quiet get up." So if he is satisfried I suppose I might as well be. Anyways he paid me 25 bucks, which is the price of a winning mount, so that shows what he really thought.

Mr. Robbins has not started notheing as yet and when I ast him when he is going to he says he is going to lay low till he sees which way the track runs. So I says that it runs the same way as every other track and he ansers, "Well, maybe, but we better figure if there ain't a soft spot on it somewheres." So I says there is 1 spot looks kind of soft near the 5-8 pole but it is out in the middle and can be easy devoided; but he just sort of smiles and says, "Your pairents sure must been patient and kind-hearted folks, Willie."

He talks kind of queer and nutty like that sometimes, and it is hard to figure what he actually means ½ the time; but now when I think of it I geuss he means he is looking for a soft spot to enter 1 of our dogs and not a soft spot on the track itself. Well, if he finds any soft spot around here he will need to keep his eyes skinned, because from what I hear a guy sure earns whatever he gets when he gets it at this track. It is the 1st. place I ever rode at where they didn't have no mutuels but all the betting is did with bookies; and the boys tell me that the guys making book are so tight they would make old Skylock look like a spendrift. But I geuss they got to be tight, because betting is illegal and against the law here and every little while the Cicero bulls come on the track and arrest all the bookies; so naturally the books has to get it back by laying the customers short prices.

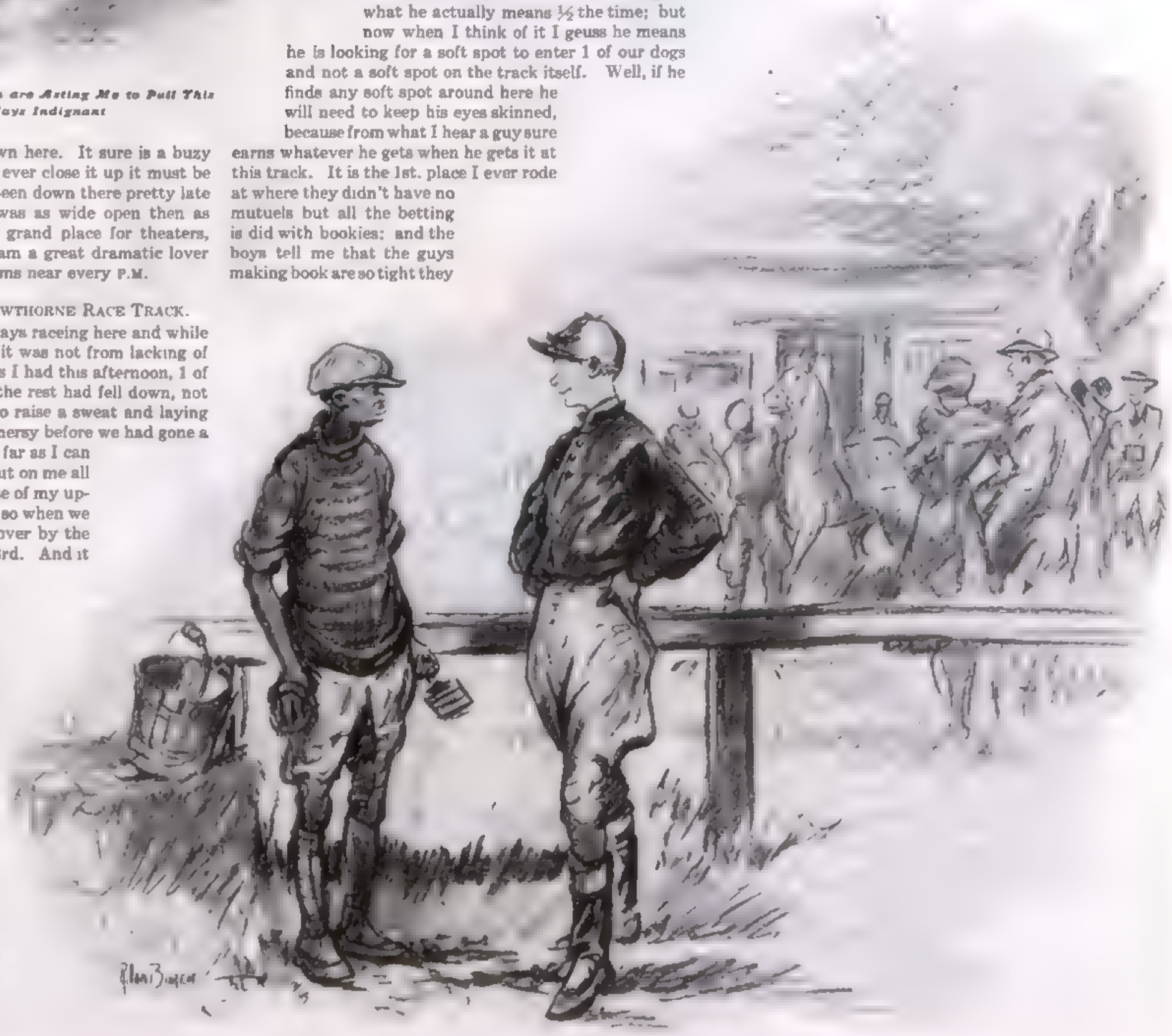
But in spight of that Jockey Moon tells me that there is swell chances for a boy to lay up a little jack here and when I ast him, How? he says that while the books are tight they don't mind loosening up in return for a little inside infomation about a horse that a owner is shooting with. Well, if any of them ever come round trying to brib me they better do it by long-distants telephone, or they are libel to get a bust in the eye; because I got a repitation for honestness which I intend to keep same no matter what heavy dough I am offered. Why, just the other day Mr. Robbins and another owner are talking about me, with me there, and this other owner says, "Well, anyways, Willie looks like he would be a honest little boy, he has such a open face." And Mr. R. ansers, "His looks don't belie him none, then, because Willie is so open that you only got to turn the latch of his front door and you are in his back yard." So with that kind of a repitation amongst horsemen I am not likely to listen to no bribers, No, not if they was to offer me enough to buy me a little car like that 1 of Moon's.

HAWTHORNE RACE TRACK.

THERE is a horse at this track which I been hearing about ever since I bust into the game and I suppose he is 1 of the best-known beagles in the raceing world, althought he never win a race in his life and probly never will. He is a 5-year old maiden and his name is JOHNNY MAGUIRE, but he has changed hands so often that us turfmen call him Homeless Johnny. About every monht some owner takes the notion to try his luck with this horse and buys him and then, after watching him finnish a lovely last every time he starts, he sells him to some other fish

Right now he is stabled right next to us and a owner by name Jim Fallis is paying for his oats; and yesterday

(Continued on Page 118)



All He Can Do to Look at Me Like I am a Ghost or Something and Say, "Yes-suh, Jockey Painter, Yes-suh, Much Oblige"

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

The fact that all the cars equipped with Body by Fisher are noted for their richer beauty, is full of significance. For it indicates Fisher's acknowledged ability to build greater beauty, as well as superior durability and investment value, into a motor car body

BODY by FISHER

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

By George Broadhurst

William Faversham

DURING the years I was regularly employed on the Board of Trade—but which were soon to come to an end, though I was destined to return there intermittently when other things failed me—outside my work, only three matters interested me—the theater, cricket and football, and the theater was chief of these.

The fire which had been kindled on my last night in England glowed steadily, and there was no more regular and persistent theatergoer than myself. During this period I saw Nat Goodwin twice. The first time was in a melodrama called The Black Flag, in which he played a little red-headed Jew. Practically the only thing that I remember definitely about this play was Goodwin's reply to the assertion, "You lie." To this Goodwin answered in his own inimitable way: "Sometimes, most always, but not this time," which never failed to bring a tremendous laugh, followed by a round of applause.

The second play in which I saw him, which I think was his first starring venture, was a broad farce entitled The Skating Rink. In this he was the proprietor of a rink and he was almost all the employes as well. The tickets ordered for the night had failed to come and he had only the one which had been sent as a sample. This he would sell at the box-office window, rush to the door and collect as the purchaser entered, and then rush back to the box office and repeat the proceedings. When, however, a purchaser asked for three tickets he was in a terrible dilemma, and when a man wanted five he simply threw the doors open and let everyone enter without charge.

A Champion Football Player

AS WAS the custom those days, Goodwin had a gag—that is, a line which he repeated frequently during the performance. The gag very often was not humorous in itself, but depended for its value on the way in which it was placed regarding the situations, and on its repetition; for repetition, particularly in farce, is a great laugh builder. Goodwin's gag on this occasion was "A little thing like that annoys me."

The climax of its use came when a tough of Herculean proportions, becoming objectionable, was seized by Goodwin and rushed through the door. This was followed by a noise in the wings as of a terrific struggle; there were shouts of "Don't hurt him," and "Poor little man!" Then came sounds as of a fall down a long flight of stairs, followed by a terrible crash as of breaking glass mingled with screams of "Oh, you big brute!" At which Goodwin reëntered unruffled, immaculate and imperturbable. His appearance was always greeted by a shout of laughter; and when, flicking from his coat an imaginary speck of dust, as only he could do it—for Goodwin was one of the finest actors and undoubtedly the greatest comic genius of his day—he said, "A little thing like that annoys me," the shout developed into a roar. Little did I think when watching him then that he would ever appear in a play which I had written and in another of which I was coauthor.

It seems strange to me that in several instances I can remember a line from a play when all its situations elude me. One of such cases is that of A Brace of Partridges, in which that suave, smooth, ingratiating actor H. Reeves-Smith made his first appearance in New York. Of the play itself I remember nothing except that there were two young men named Partridge, which accounted for the brace.

In it, however, was a sour, dyspeptic old waiter who, having spent all his life in London, had been ordered by his doctor to get out into the open, and who had in consequence, and much to his disgust, taken a place in a restaurant up the river. It was his first morning there and breakfast was being served out-of-doors. One of the patrons gave his order and strolled away. The waiter brought the order and left it standing. The proprietor came in and asked where the patron had gone, and, being told that the waiter did not know, said, "Go and find him; go and find him." To which the rejoinder was, "Find 'im yourself; I'm a waiter, I am, not a blood'ound."

The football which we played was what is called in England association football, and in America soccer. This, in my opinion, is destined to be the international game of the world. It is, in Spain, already a formidable rival of the bullfight. It has taken a great hold in France. In Mexico City there are several clubs. The Olympic championship was won by a team from Uruguay, and in my travels I found that it had become the popular game of Sicily. As regards America, I will point out that more soccer than intercollegiate is played in Central Park, New York, where, on any fine Sunday afternoon, one can hear every European language except English.

On the South Side in Chicago there was at this time a club called the Wanderers, and when a number of young Scotchmen and Englishmen were making up a scrub team in our neighborhood on the West Side to give them a match, Bates and I, who had played together in England for our school, were invited to join. The result of this game, to everyone's surprise, and particularly to the Wanderers, was a win for our catch-as-catch-can side.

Thereupon we immediately formed a club of our own, to which we modestly gave the name of the Chicago Association Football Club. Our playing field was the old Baseball Park on the West Side. For three years we met all comers, including teams from St. Louis and Canada, and we did it without a single defeat. A short time ago I was shown a photograph of our team. Underneath it were the words: "The Chicago Association Football Club, Champions of Northwestern America." The date was 1886.

At the end of the third year the club suddenly and completely disintegrated. Two of the players went to Australia; three or four returned to their homes in Canada; and others, though remaining in the United States, left Chicago.

Among these last was myself, for I was sent by the firm for which I was working to represent them in Minneapolis, then, as now, a most important grain center.

William A. Brady, From a Very Early Photograph

Nat C. Goodwin

While there I met Patrick Harris, who was the first man in the United States to formulate and put in practice the idea of having a chain of legitimate theaters. His headquarters were in Baltimore, and he had come to Minneapolis to close the deal for a house there called the Hennepin Avenue. Soon after he returned to Baltimore he sent me an offer to go as treasurer of his theater in that city and to handle his finances generally, and I accepted it. Thus began my connection with the theater, and, as will be seen, it was on the business side of it.

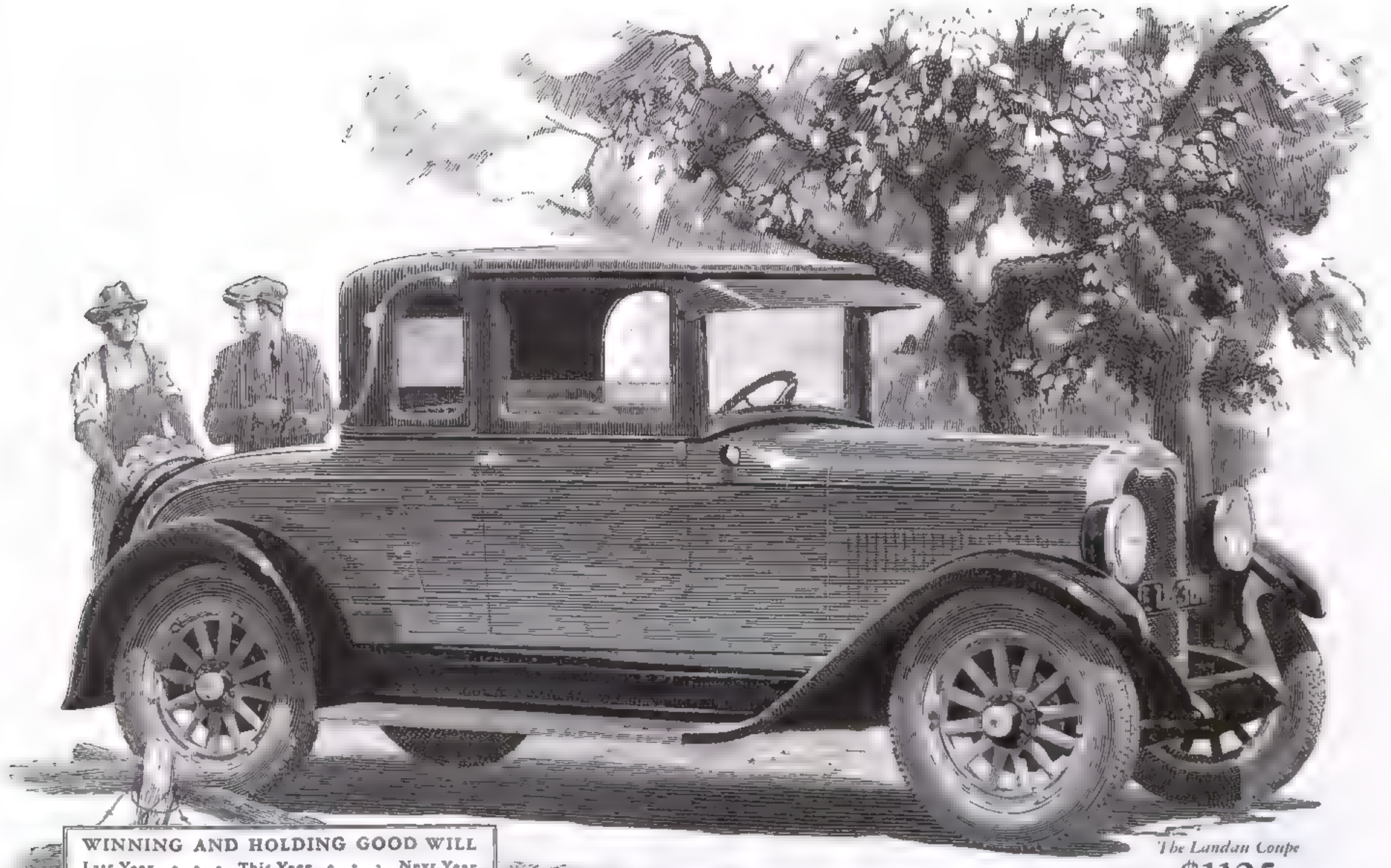
Manager's Magic

HARRIS' theater in Baltimore, of which I went to be treasurer, was called the Academy of Music. My principal recollection of it in the old days centers on the difficulty we had in keeping negroes from obtaining seats for the lower floor. The whites positively refused to sit side by side with the colored.

If a colored person applied for seats in advance, he was told that everything was sold except the gallery and the rear of the balcony, and the big majority of them were perfectly satisfied with these accommodations. There were, however, a few of the I-stand-on-my-rights-as-an-American-citizen type, and the more difficult they found the process of procuring the desired seats, the more persistent they became. They would hire poor whites to buy the tickets for them, and these, on the evening of the performance, they would hand triumphantly to the ticket taker, who would—quite accidentally, of course—tear off the wrong ends and drop the coupons into the box. When this was discovered, the ticket taker, with many apologies, would refer the matter to the house manager, who would agree either to refund the purchase money or give seats in another part of the house.

Having gone through this experience, and again having procured seats on the white-man-purchase plan, the colored

(Continued on Page 42)



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The Greater OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 40

man the next time would tear off the coupons himself and give the stubs only to the ticket taker. When, however, he handed the coupons to the head usher, that individual would look at them inquiringly, call another usher into consultation as though there was a mistake somewhere, finally make up his mind that there was not, and take the ticket holders to the wrong side of the house. That error being discovered, he would escort the colored people to the right side of the theater, where they would find two perfectly respectable and well-dressed whites sitting in the seats for which the coupons called, the whites having been planted there by the second usher, who had carefully noted the row and the number of the seats during the conference with the head usher. Again came the reference to the house manager, who again made his stereotyped proposition.

Rapid Mental Arithmetic

ON THE next occasion the colored purchaser would decline to give his coupons to the head usher and would wish to seat himself. Should he attempt this, he would find his way blocked by two stalwart and ever-ready special policemen, who made it quite clear that he must either obey the rules of the theater or be ejected. Once more would come the visit to the office of the house manager, who would carefully and patiently point out that if one ticket holder was allowed to seat himself, then all ticket holders would have to be given the same privilege, and the result would inevitably be great confusion. For that reason the rule had been made that all ticket holders must give their coupons to the head usher, who would then see that they were properly seated. Of course, if anyone refused to abide by the rules of the theater, and especially such a reasonable, well-founded and general rule, he did it at his own risk, and the manager, very regretful, was unable to change the rule for him or for anyone.

From this position there was no escape; and though the ticket holder would often depart promising swift and dire legal vengeance, not one suit, to my knowledge, was even started.

Events, for me, now began to gallop, and I soon found myself back in Minneapolis as manager of a theater, where less than three months before I had been a grain broker. Every night the amount of the receipts for the day's performance or performances had to be telegraphed to Baltimore in cipher. Our cipher was a very simple one. It was the word:

REPUBLICAN
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

each letter of which represented a figure, as shown above. If the receipts, for instance, were $962 the telegram would read Ant, Leg, Eat, the first letter of each word representing the figure corresponding to the cipher word.

But my instructions were to add, when wiring, $300 to each performance. For instance, if the receipts were $800 I had to wire that they were $1100, and if they were $1100 then the message would read that they were $1400. The home office would, of course, deduct $300 from each of the above and know the correct figures; but any man to whom the telegrams were shown for the purpose of arranging terms would not be possessed of this knowledge and would be influenced accordingly unless he knew the game.

This practice of swelling the receipts, as it is called, persists even today. When it comes to the telling of business being done by a theatrical company, the average manager makes Ananias look like George Washington. He does not tell the truth, and if the listener is another theatrical man he knows that the listener knows he is not telling it. I was once the author of a play and a partner in its production, and when I called up the producer's office to find out what the business was, and the producer himself answered the phone, he would always swell it, in spite of the fact that I should not only get the box-office statements but also a profit-and-loss statement at the end of the week.

When I pointed out to him the absurdity and futility of doing such a thing under the circumstances to me, his answer was: "Can't you take a joke?" So prevalent and well known is this state of affairs that when one manager met another and said, "Guess what we did in Buffalo last week," the second manager answered, "Half."

Della Fox in The Little Trooper

Among the players who appeared at the Hennepin Avenue Theater while I was its manager was Mrs. Fiske, then known as Minnie Maddern. She produced there a play called Featherbrain, and her leading man was a tall, slim, graceful, good-looking young Englishman who had not yet arrived, but who was regarded as a comer. His name was William Faversham.

Another attraction was the Baker Opera Company, an organization which played a repertoire of comic operas at prices ranging from twenty-five cents to a dollar, and gave extraordinarily good presentations for the money. They were especially strong on the comic side, their leading comedian being a very short and thin little man named Frank Deshon, and their principal comedienne a vigorous, upstanding and dominating young woman by the name of Marie Dressler.

Della Fox, in a musical play, The Little Trooper, also was an attraction. Her stage manager was Joseph W. Herbert, who afterward became well known as both a comedian and a librettist. At the end of the first act was a finale which ended with a crash and a bang, but when the bang came the curtain did not descend. The conductor, seeing that there was something wrong, promptly took an encore, but when it was finished the curtain still remained suspended.

Poor Support

WHILE Miss Fox gazed expectantly upward and the conductor hesitated, the leading comedian said, "Well, I've had enough," and walked off the stage, followed by some of the other members of the company.

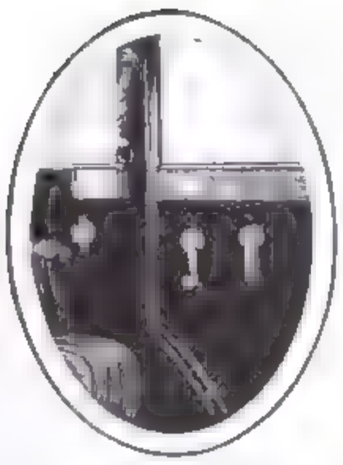
When I rushed back to find out what was the matter, I found the engineer demanding of Herbert what he wanted with him. Instead of ringing the curtain bell, Herbert had pushed the button summoning the engineer.

While in Minneapolis I read the most scathing notice of a play that I have ever seen. It simply said: "Thompson's Uncle Tom's Cabin Company appeared at the Bijou last night. The dogs were not well supported."

Before I had been in Minneapolis a year Mr. Harris died and the theater was closed. While wondering what would be my next move I received a letter from George A. Batchelder, of Grand Forks, North Dakota, asking me to go there and work up the house for the first attraction at their new theater. I had met Batchelder previously. He had come to Minneapolis a few months earlier and had asked permission to look over the theater, as they were building a new one in Grand Forks and wished to have everything, including the stage, up to the very last minute. He was a young man but a few years out of college and overflowing with enthusiasm for the project. I not only permitted him to go over the house but I escorted him, giving him the full benefit of my very limited experience. I also made him

(Continued on Page 167

Irene Worrell. At Left—Minnie Maddern Fiske. At Right—Marie Dressler



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These Paige cars—with all of their smartness and charm and custom-exclusiveness—are yet no costlier than many ordinary cars.

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We want you to see and admire the graceful contours of the new Paige body lines—we want you to feel the luxurious comfort of the deep mohair upholstered cushions, with their nested springs, convenient arm rests, and silken toggle grips—we want you to see with what skill walnut-finish panels have been inlaid throughout the interior—the convenient twin smoking sets—the sheen of beautiful plate glass windows in their curved frames—the corner lights, dome lights—the luxury that is everywhere.

Framed in walnut, a charming cluster of instruments, indirectly lighted, greets your admiring gaze when you first step [illegible] trols—perfect vision—perfect comfort—restful ease

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A side view of this car presents a symphonic of entrancing beauty. Close [illegible] of perfect taste. The windows of plate glass are set in curved panels. The exquisitely molded rear quarter is graced with handsome trunk rails and rack.

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A WAR SECRET

NOTHING was more striking during the Great War than the accuracy of the knowledge gained by the British Naval Intelligence Department at Whitehall of the movements of the German war vessels, their signal codes and the exact locality of each mine field as it was laid. So prompt and accurate was the information gained, from sources which were kept secret even from naval officers themselves, that it was no uncommon thing for a mine field laid by the enemy one day to be destroyed by the Allies the next.

Every officer in the British Navy was puzzled to know how such accurate information was obtained, and how, very soon after the outbreak of war, the Admiralty seemed to be forewarned of the movements of the German fleet. The public, too, began to realize that the government was well acquainted with the enemy's secrets, and the British Secret Service was given the credit. The Admiralty has carefully preserved its secret, until now, with official permission, is disclosed a chapter of secret history as exciting as any piece of sensational fiction. In 1914 there was in the navy a shipwright named E. C. Miller, who had taken a course in diving and had been found to be very proficient, full of cool courage, fearless, indomitable and able to withstand atmospheric pressure at greater depths than most other men. A thin, pale-faced but wiry young man, he had been diving instructor at Whale Island, where divers are trained, and he soon attracted the attention of his officers by reason of his daring and reliability, and was marked out for promotion.

A Discovery

THE sink-at-sight policy of the Germans had begun with the ruthless destruction of the Lusitania, and in consequence the enemy submarines were being hunted mercilessly by destroyers and by the merchant shipping which they were raiding, so that very quickly several were sent to the bottom.

One day it occurred to the Admiralty to send down Diver Miller to a German U-boat which had been sunk off the Kentish coast, in order to see the extent of the damage done, how many officers and men the vessel had on board, and to bring up information concerning certain apparatus and contrivances on board—facts of importance to the naval authorities. Miller made the descent into deep water, remained down in the pitch darkness a considerable time, found the submarine, got in by a great hole in the hull caused by a shell, and with the aid of his electric lamp thoroughly examined the apparatus and took mental notes of many things.

Suddenly the rays of his powerful lamp fell upon a door aft of the officers' quarters. This he forced open, and he found an iron box which was fortunately unlocked. It contained several books and a quantity of loose papers, which floated about him in the water. Some of these he recovered, together with the books, and took them with him to the surface.

Judge the delight of the officer in charge of the diving operations when he realized that the books which Diver Miller had recovered contained two secret codes used in the German Navy, together with the third one used to communicate with the High Seas Fleet, while the loose sheets were part of a plan of a mine field laid only three days before. The papers showed that the submarine had left the German coast only thirty-six hours before she had been trapped and sunk.

The precious papers were rushed in a car to London, where they were at once dried, and very quickly the British fleet knew the secret of the German naval codes. The exact position of the latest mine field had unfortunately been lost among the papers that had floated away.

Miller's exploit, however, at once led to the formation of a special flying squad, complete with diving apparatus, air pumps and accessories, ready to proceed to any point on the British coast near which an enemy submarine was sunk.

A few days elapsed, when one morning information was sent that a U-boat had been sunk off the Yorkshire coast, and thither went the party with all speed. On arrival they found a heavy sea running, rendering a descent impossible. But after three days the weather abated and the trawler upon which Miller embarked began, with another trawler accompanying her, to drag for the vessel. After many hours it was located and a buoy put down to mark the spot.

The Survivors of a Torpedoed Ship Hanging On to Their Overturned Boat, Waiting to be Picked Up by the U-Boat That Sank Them

Next morning Miller put on his diving dress, even though the sea was still far from calm. He knew that a free swell makes itself felt at considerable depth by creating horizontal surges of water, hence he would probably have to cling tightly with arms and legs to the vessel to prevent himself from being swept away by the scend of the seas passing overhead. But he determined to risk it and make a dip; so he went over the side at the end of 500 feet of flexible rubber diving tube. He descended about 100 feet in a minute, when he had an increase in atmospheric pressure of fifty-five pounds a square inch, and in descending he had to force open his Eustachian tubes.

The darkness on the weedy bed of the sea was complete, but with the aid of his lamp he found the submarine lying upon her side. He hauled down thirty feet or so of his air pipe, tied it with a lanyard to a rail near the conning tower and gave his order by telephone: "Haul taut air pipe." Those above pulled it in as nearly a straight line as the tide would allow so that there could be no curve or bight of pipe flowing out to catch in any rock or portion of the wreck. The lanyard prevented any strain, and but for that the diver would have been pulled off his feet. All the conditions for an accident are present in diving and a high standard of attention is needed to prevent one.

Examination of the hull showed only a small hole into which it was impossible to crawl, therefore Miller decided to blast off the top of the conning tower. He had taken down a guncotton charge with him, together with a line called a firing circuit. He attached the charge and, ascending, ordered it to be exploded. Then, on descending again, he found the lid of the conning tower blown off and the body of a German seaman with his head above it, as though peering out. Descending into the vessel, he pushed himself among the imprisoned corpses, which at once crowded around him, attracted probably by the air in his dress, so that he had to use lanyards to tie them up before he could search the interior of the vessel with his light.

At last he found the now-familiar strong box, and with considerable difficulty managed to get it outside the wreck, attach a rope to it and then give the signal to haul up. Then he cut the lanyard holding his air pipe, gave the order "Up pipe," watched the pipe go all clear and then throttled the air-escape valve on his helmet so that in a moment he was ascending to the surface by the shot rope which had been lowered. Thirty feet below it he swung from shot rope to a short hanging rope weighted in readiness for him, to pause for five minutes to swing his arms and legs with the object of increasing the circulation after being at such a depth.

Then, ten feet farther up, he paused for another ten minutes; and at the final stage, ten feet below the surface, he paused for fifteen minutes so as to get himself decompressed and ready to breathe the normal atmosphere again.

Darkness

THE U-boat's strong box quickly yielded to a small charge of guncotton, and in it were found—sodden with water, of course—books containing a set of new codes, a blue print of the plan of the vessel and plans of two complete new mine fields in the North Sea.

The excitement at this further coup both on board the trawler and later at the Admiralty can be imagined.

From that moment Diver Miller descended to every sunken U-boat that could be located in order to obtain possession of the familiar locked black box which was invariably found at the bottom of the conning tower or in the next compartment aft. No fewer than sixty sunken German submarines did Miller explore, so that the aspect of the boxes containing their precious codes—which were so continuously being altered—mine plans and official orders became quite familiar to him.

In relating his exploits recently in his cabin in H. M. S. cruiser Dartmouth, he described the weird horrors of sunken vessels, the mysterious darkness of the deep sea, with its ghostly denizens, the shoals of fish attracted by his electric torch, the giant dogfish so often following him in his lonely struggles amid the forests of submarine vegetation, and the small fish with phosphorescent eyes peering out at him from the impenetrable darkness beyond. Men who do great deeds seldom speak of them. It is so with Diver Miller,

Continued on Page 46

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40 car manufacturers equip with Gabriels
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3200 Gabriel Stations sell Gabriel Snubbers on a 30-day money-back guarantee

Gabriel Snubbers have been the dominant spring control device for more than 15 years. Today, 5,000,000 car owners use them. 10,000 Snubbers per day are produced to satisfy the demand created by 40 car manufacturers, 20,000 motor car dealers and 3200 Gabriel Sales and Service Stations.

The GABRIEL SNUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.
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Gabriel—and Only Gabriel—Is a Snubber

(Continued from Page 44)

now a commissioned shipwright, as he is termed in the navy. Unless one presses him to relate his experiences, he is dumb as an oyster. Indeed, his duty was to be absolutely uncommunicative, and he would relate nothing until shown the authority given by the Admiralty to place some of his experiences on record for the benefit of the public.

His observations on fish were highly interesting: "The worst of all fish we have to encounter is the larger species of dogfish. They are always about and will eat anything. In the mating season they naturally resent any intruder, and on lots of occasions when they chased me I offered them my boot, and they never failed to snap at it. If they only knew how vulnerable we are! People outside the profession never realize that the solidity of the water prevents any rapid motion on our part, so that we cannot use the dagger swiftly, as is popularly supposed that we do. The fish are quick and in their own element, while we are slow and out of it.

"When I use an explosive charge," he went on, "the surface of the sea usually becomes crowded with herring, mackerel, pollack and all sorts of other fish, stunned and often dead, but never a dead dogfish. They seem to lead charmed lives. As soon as the explosion occurs shoals of dogfish arrive and begin tearing at the bodies of the smaller fish, ripping them open and biting off their tails. Fish do not appear to be affected by blasting at a greater distance than 200 or 300 yards, and those without swim bladders do not seem to be affected at all. With the diver it is different. Once a mine was exploded in the sweep of one of our mine sweepers two miles away while I was down in the North Sea, and it gave me a most violent shaking up."

He went on to relate more of his exploits in quest of the enemy's secrets. Sometimes the force of the explosion that sent the U-boat to the bottom depressed the sides of the vessel, causing the cap of the conning tower to fly off, thus leaving it open, ready for his entry. In other cases blasting was necessary.

An Airplane View of a Torpedoed British Ship

A Mystery to the Germans

ON ONE occasion, off the coast of Scotland, he had an extremely narrow escape. He had gone out with a crew at the pumps with whom he had never worked before, and had made a descent right upon the hull of the submarine at about twenty-six fathoms, when he found that the tide had turned and was running at about five knots. Then suddenly, just as he was about to enter and explore the vessel and had already got rid of the body of a German sailor which blocked the entrance, he found to his horror that his pipe line and breast rope had taken a complete turn and had got into the teeth of the apparatus on the submarine for cutting mines adrift.

Not a moment was to be lost. At any second his air pipe might be cut. He gave the order, "Pull up pipe and line," but in pulling they pulled him beneath the sunken vessel. He knew the danger of the foul, so, inch by inch, against the strong tide running, he crept along the hull of the submarine, expecting death at any moment. He succeeded in clearing the pipe and line from the sharp cutters fashioned to sever steel cables, and with the tide increasing in force every moment, he crept back and eventually came to the surface none the worse. Later on, however, he made a second descent, entered the submarine, and after tying up a number of bodies, secured the familiar black box and brought it to the surface.

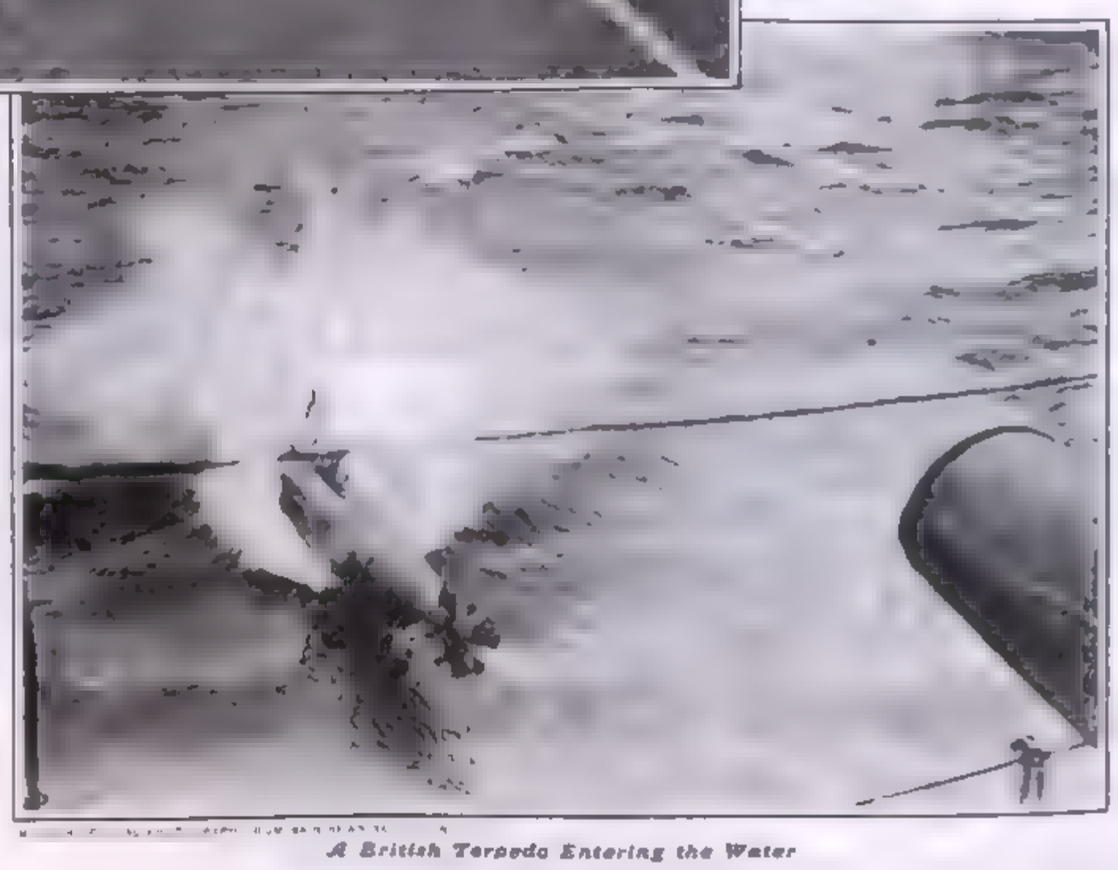
This contained a fresh code, knowledge of which was destined to be of enormous advantage to the Grand Fleet.

On another occasion, also off the Scottish coast, whither he was rushed at a moment's notice from the south of England, he went down, groped his way about the interior of the vessel, and after a long search discovered the box, but it was unlocked and empty. It occurred to him that the Germans had already been down and rescued their own secrets. Each box usually contained about a dozen long books, which were not only codes and decodes but were plans of mine fields and confidential books concerning different matters. In this case all were missing.

Miller went through and through the vessel, but could find nothing of undue interest. No Englishman was more familiar with the interior of U-boats than he. He had noticed and reported details of construction, the working of secret apparatus and other such matters in which the British Admiralty was naturally highly interested, and that search was rendered particularly gruesome by the fact that many of the bodies in the vessel had been shattered out of recognition by the depth charge which had destroyed them.

Presently, in disappointment and chagrin, he left the vessel by the great hole blown in the side, when, to his surprise, he found the body of an officer lying on the sea bed beneath the hull. In his dead hands was grasped the principal code book, bound round with strong iron wire.

The secrets yielded by certain of the sink-at-sight pirates of the sea, by which the Germans hoped to establish a complete blockade of the British ports, were most interesting to the Allies. In one case the intrepid explorer beneath the sea found most ingenious apparatus for moving in safety through mine fields, while in the black box were complete details of no fewer than six enemy mine fields recently laid around the British coast. In another Miller found frames which proved to be filters for going through fog. So, by pluck and daring, the navy's chief diver unearthed all the latest German submarine devices, arrangements and rendezvous, thus giving to the navy the latest information concerning the enemy's operations around British shores and beyond.



A British Torpedo Entering the Water

One German submarine, in the course of its dash to the English Channel, and in spite of various devices with which it had been fitted, got caught in the mine barrage near the Straits of Dover. She became entangled between two mines, and the wire wrapping round her propeller drew one of the mines to her and she was blown up and sunk. This being observed by a destroyer, a buoy was placed there as a mark and Miller was called from near Land's End to go down and investigate. Three days later he descended upon a sandy bottom—which always reflects light from above, while a bottom of seaweed is always dark—and began to investigate. In doing so he discovered that the second mine was only a few feet away, swaying to and fro with the tide, and might at any moment hit the hull of the sunken U-boat.

Before he could get to work inside the sunken vessel he had cautiously to seize the wire, grasp the mine and with great care remove the detonator—an action which required the greatest skill in diving craft, as well as courage. A few minutes later he managed to creep into the conning tower, and after the usual tying up of the bodies, made a survey of the boat. She proved to be a brand-new one, containing the very latest gadgets. The explosion, however, had wrecked the compartment where the black box was usually kept, and he found no trace of it. But the information he brought up and the sketches he afterward made were most useful to the authorities at Whitehall.

So closely was the secret of Diver Miller's daring exploits kept that the enemy were absolutely mystified as to the channel by which the British were able to gain knowledge of their signal codes, even though they were being constantly changed; while if their mine layers, submarine or otherwise, laid their mines in a certain secret area one day, next day British mine sweepers came accurately to the spot and swept the area clear of danger.

Miller is a lithe, active man who never allows the grass to grow beneath his feet. As an instance of his rapid movements, he went down one evening to a U-boat which had been sunk off Dover by an auxiliary cruiser coming up Channel, and, having blown off the conning tower with a charge of gelignite, entered and found the bodies of the crew still warm.

Forwarding the Crew's Letters

"THE scene in that confined space within the submarine was terrible," he remarked in describing the conditions—a rough sea which nearly swept him off his feet. "The machinery had been put out of order by the shell, and, almost uninjured, the boat had sunk, but could not rise again to the surface. The reserve of fresh air had gradually given out, and the fifty officers and crew, realizing they were entrapped, had apparently been seized with panic and many had apparently murdered others by shooting and afterward committed suicide. The scene was terrible. Some had written letters to their families, and the papers and envelopes were washing about the narrow mess room. Some of these I managed to get, and I believe they were afterward sent to Germany and delivered to the relatives. I shall never forget the expression of horror upon some of their faces, or the mutilated heads of those who had blown out their brains. On the bow of that submarine I found painted a large design—a human eye."

I asked him if he found many fish feeding inside the wrecked U-boats.

"Oh, yes," he said. "There were pretty weird scenes inside the boats. I often disturbed big crabs, some of them a foot across the body and twenty-eight inches from pincher to pincher, and lobsters four to five inches in thickness and twenty-six inches or so long. I found scores of conger eels, some of them seven to eight feet long and five inches or so thick, all busily feeding. They give one a bit of a shock. Upon the bodies of the officers and men I found jewelry, such as rings, watches—often valuable ones—rosaries, sacred hearts, and, of course, nearly every other man wore an iron cross."

He found no evidence of either passengers or crew of sunken merchant vessels having been on board.

Information came one morning that a U-boat had been sunk by a destroyer on the Doggerbank, in the North Sea, and at once Miller went to the spot and found the marking buoy left there by the destroyer. The weather was too bad to go down that day, so they decided to lay to, and next day he resolved to make the attempt. He got down all right, but made a curious discovery. The submarine was lying across the wreck of a British trawler

(Continued on Page 74)

No Air Can Escape at mouth of tire valve

This improved valve cap is guaranteed air-tight up to **250** *lbs.*

Guarantee to Motorists

WE guarantee that the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap (sold in the red metal box) is air-tight at any pressure up to 250 pounds when screwed down tight by hand.

If the No. 880 Valve Caps are not air-tight when subjected to the test explained in this advertisement, the dealer from whom they were purchased is authorized to replace them free of charge.

Five in the red metal box cost but 30¢

HERE'S a test that every car owner is urged to make. It shows you the importance of using the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap on every tire valve.

First—buy a new box of Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps at any accessory store. Next—inflate a tire to its proper pressure. Unscrew valve inside until you hear the air escaping. Then—attach a new Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap firmly by hand (do not use pliers). Hold a glass of water over valve. You will find the valve absolutely air-tight. After above test, screw inside down tight and replace cap.

Should the valve inside become worn out or damaged, the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap will prevent escape of air at mouth of valve until you can reach an air line and insert a new Schrader Valve Inside. Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

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Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

THE TRAGEDY OF AMARDIS

"Li'l' Girl," Said He, "Sit Down and Le's Hear the Tale o' Woe." Amardis Told Her Story Plainly and Without Color

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

IT WAS one of those exciting days with blue slumberous shadows and overhead great clouds that rolled and romped and pillow-fought across a bowl of leaping blue. It was the sort of day that pushed its way through open casements and whispered mischievous promises to young sleepers.

It whispered to Amardis, and Amardis sat up in bed and said "Oo-e-e" to the bright morning and played a kind of improvised hopscotch with a lump of sugar and her forefinger on a gold chessboard which was made by the sunlight sweeping through the panes of the diamond window and settling in yellow splashes upon her coverlet.

It whispered to Sally, who was Amardis' liver-and-white spaniel and the mother of many families, and Sally screwed her body into the curve of a green caterpillar and did a sort of Charleston on the square of grass before her kennel, and gave a series of yelps with a K in them.

"Kipe! Kipe!"

Sally said "Kipe" only on special days. Ordinarily she was dumb. And Charlie Hands and Michael Greville, who were the two boys—or should one say growing lads?—who lived one on each side of Amardis, and who were the greatest friends or enemies in the world, being early abroad, smelled the day and heard the kipe and recognized that something would have to be done.

"There's a fair at Lindfield," said Charlie. "How about that? We could go over on my bike—one on the step—riding in turns."

"Fairs are no good without funds, and I'm destitute."

"Me too," said Charlie, revealing empty-of-cash pockets. "'Sides, one can go to fairs on rotten days. Let's think of something with a kick in it."

Michael's brow fretted itself with the processes of thought. At last he said, "How about a bit of poaching?"

"Good egg," was the answer. "Any particular place?"

"There's that warren beyond the old sand pits. It's stiff with bunnies."

Charlie's eyebrows went soaring.

"But that's on old Tighe's estate."

"I know; but his keepers will be messing about with the young pheasants this time of the year. And the pens are miles off."

"It's a bit risky. He's a hot 'un—old Tighe."

"'Course, if you funk it."

"Funk it, my eye. 'Tisn't funk to be prepared."

Michael generously withdrew the imputation.

"Keep your fluff on," said he, and began to discuss ways and means. "We can get ferrets, but we can't get nets. That means we'll want a dog. What about that yellow tike up at the Barley Mow?"

"Ginger? But he kicks up such a shindy. Be heard miles off."

Michael's next suggestion was tentative:

"Old Sally then?"

Charlie looked grave.

Both boys knew that Amardis' love for Sally was beyond human understanding.

"Amardis'd never lend Sally if she knew where we were going."

"Needn't say," said Michael speciously.

"She'd ask."

"Needn't answer."

"She'd make us."

Michael pondered, for what his friend had said was true. Although Amardis was only a little girl, she possessed power and authority.

"Best thing to do," said he, "is to fix it up with Sally herself."

Charlie mused. "We might do that," he agreed, "but it's a dirty trick. Amardis is cracked about the old dog."

"Nothing could happen, and it's only for the morning."

From the other side of the hedge Sally remarked, "Kipe."

Michael Greville pursed his lips and whistled, and in response to the invitation Sally came through a private right of way in the blackthorn hedge and signaled a general greeting with the small white ensign at the end of her stumpy tail.

"Coming out for a walk, Sally?" said Charlie insidiously.

Sally sat down, smiled, lolled a coral tongue, and tipped her head toward the window of Amardis' room.

"Oh, come on," said Charlie, setting off at a half run, then stopping to pat his knee and make kissing noises.

Sally did not budge. She yawned, and the little noises she made when yawning sounded like "Whose dog do you think I am?"

Now in the ordinary way the two boys would have respected Sally's refusal to accompany them without her mistress. Loyalty was a virtue they held in high esteem, but on this occasion eagerness overran principle. In a traitor's whisper Michael Greville framed the one word: "Rabbits." Which done, he took Charlie by the arm and walked unconcernedly away.

All who were acquainted with Sally knew her as an honest, law-abiding dog, a lover of her mistress, devoted to her many families and sentimental to a fault. All spaniels are sentimental to a fault, but they are also sporting to a fault, and in becoming the confidante and companion of Amardis, Sally had, perforce, subdued the elemental huntress which was her second nature. In her youth she had been trained for service in the field, and but for the untimely death of her master would have spent her life in the pleasant company of guns. But though the fates had decreed that she should follow domestic rather than sporting paths, the lessons of infancy had never been forgotten.

(Continued on Page 50)

CHRYSLER

Model Numbers Mean Miles per Hour

"50" "60" "70" "80"

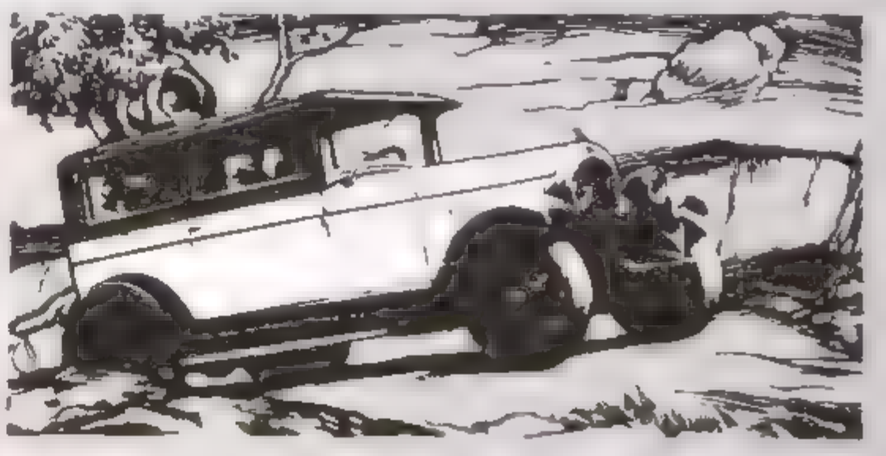
CHRYSLER "50"

With only four other cars of large production in the four-cylinder field, it is exceedingly easy to recognize the outstanding values of the Chrysler "50" and decide which car to buy.

In point of full size and ample seating room; beauty of design and finish; power, speed and economy, the Chrysler "50" stands out so unmistakably that you recognize the price at once as far and away the greatest offering ever made in four-cylinder cars.

$750 Coupe $780 Coach $830 Sedan

All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Subject to current Federal excise tax.



Sensational Six-Cylinder Value

Chrysler performance, long life and quality. Roomy, luxurious bodies with beautiful mohair upholstery in enclosed models. Attractive new color harmonies. Sixty miles, and more, per hour. Lightning acceleration. Amazing economy of 22 miles to the gallon. Characteristic Chrysler smartness and beauty. Phenomenal riding ease. Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes. Oil-filter and air-cleaner. Full pressure lubrication. Seven-bearing crankshaft. Impulse neutralizer. Manifold heat control. Road levelizers, front and rear. The new lighter six Chrysler "60" is the lowest-priced Six ever built which combines all these fine car features.

Five body types—Priced from $1075 to $1295, f. o. b. Detroit. Subject to current Federal excise tax.

CHRYSLER "60"

CHRYSLER STANDARDIZED QUALITY

Means the Maximum of Precision and Excellence

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.

Thus "purchaser's risk" is eliminated. The purchaser is assured of absolute safety. He knows that every Chrysler—from the lowest-priced to the highest-priced—is the supreme value in its class. That the value of each is unquestionable.

(Continued from Page 48)

Sally would still drop if a motorcycle back-fired noisily in the neighborhood, and would no more think of running in until given the signal than a sentry of the Brigade of Guards would think of deserting his post.

Charlie and Michael had reached the wicket gate leading to the high road before Sally, yielding to the irresistible appeal of a morning's sport, came pattering in pursuit.

Being wise in the ways of dogs, the two boys ignored her presence, but to insure that she should still follow they kept up a running conversation about the pleasures of the chase, embellished with such sporting colloquialisms as "Hi in," "Sock him," and the like.

Presently they took a path across fields to the cottage of a laborer named Barstow, who, in exchange for one of Mr. Hands' special cigars, gladly obliged with the loan of a bag of ferrets.

Thereafter they became part of the landscape in the broad and undetectable sense.

When Amardis came down for breakfast, in pursuance of her usual habit she went out in the garden to say good morning to Sally. But though the kennel straw was still warm, and though she whistled and called, there was no Sally. Amardis went to the front of the house and looked in the road, but Sally was not there. Then Amardis called to Charlie and to Michael, but they were not there either.

A puzzled line creased her forehead as she bent over the kitchen stove to fry the bacon, and the puzzled line was still there when she and her grandmother opposed each other in the front parlor, where the shadows of the window sill geraniums dappled the coarse linen cloth with changing patterns.

Amardis' grandmother, whose name was Mrs. Mead, saw the puzzled line and quickly divined its cause.

She said, "Sally'll be back soon, I'm sure. It's the sort of day people and dogs do run off. It isn't as if she's the kind of dog to be lost or stolen."

Amardis nodded, but there was a fear in her eyes.

"Suppose she's been led astray."

"Who would?" said Mrs. Mead.

Amardis bit her lip.

"Charlie and Michael are out," she said, and leaving her breakfast untouched, she went and sat on the wooden step by the road gate and waited.

Michael and Charlie and Sally were having a first-rate time at the expense of Colonel Tighe's rabbits, and already had harvested three, when vengeance in the person of the colonel himself descended upon them with a threatening stick and loud hoorouching cries.

A mischievous combination of circumstances had conspired that morning to produce in the gallant officer an unusual choler. The seeds had been sown at the breakfast table, where, inspired by the spirit of the jocund day, he thrust aside his egg and bacon and coffee "just as he liked it" and called loudly for beef and beer.

His wife, the Lady Honoria Tighe, a woman of delicate sensibilities, especially in the early morning, informed him that there was no beef, but if he wanted mutton it could be arranged.

Colonel Tighe "woofed" threateningly.

"Don't be an idiot, my poor love. Who ever heard of eating mutton for breakfast?"

"No one," she replied, "and I imagined that only savages ate beef at this hour."

"Go on! You talk like a foreigner," said the colonel. "Beef at breakfast has made British boys the best in the world."

The Lady Honoria shuddered.

"I hate jingoism almost as much as I hate alliterations," she said. "If you must express these violent sentiments at breakfast, in future I shall take mine in my own room."

"A man ought to be allowed to have beef in his own home. On what do you suppose Wellington won the battle of Waterloo?"

"Chickens," replied the Lady Honoria.

"Ignorant woman!" cried the colonel. "That was Napoleon—and he lost it."

"The chicken, his appetite or the battle?" she questioned frigidly.

The colonel drove his fork through an unprotected egg.

"Don't fiddle-faddle me," he cried. "I'm in no mood for it." Then added, "This bacon is muck."

"It's Wiltshire bacon," said the Lady Honoria, "from the best end of the back."

"I don't care which end of the back it comes from," he retorted with spirit, and casting his napkin into a corner he stamped out of the room, seized a hat and a stick, and set off across the park to take it out of the keepers.

And the mischievous morning lent vigor to his determination.

He found Durrant, the head keeper, engaged in the delicate ritual of cooking a midday meal for the pheasants. The meal was in the nature of a table-d'hôte, at which all courses were served simultaneously. It was compounded of many precious ingredients—minced rabbits, eggs, grain, biscuit meal, shell gravel and other mysterious substances. Durrant stirred it with an air of preoccupation proper to so important a function.

Colonel Tighe dug at the broth with the point of his stick, thus introducing a small quantity of Sussex loam.

He said, "The young birds make a very poor show. They're backward and puny, and aren't much bigger than thrushes."

Durrant, who was conversationally circuitous, expressed the view that the weather might turn to rain or might not, but that whether it did or didn't would depend upon circumstances beyond and outside his control.

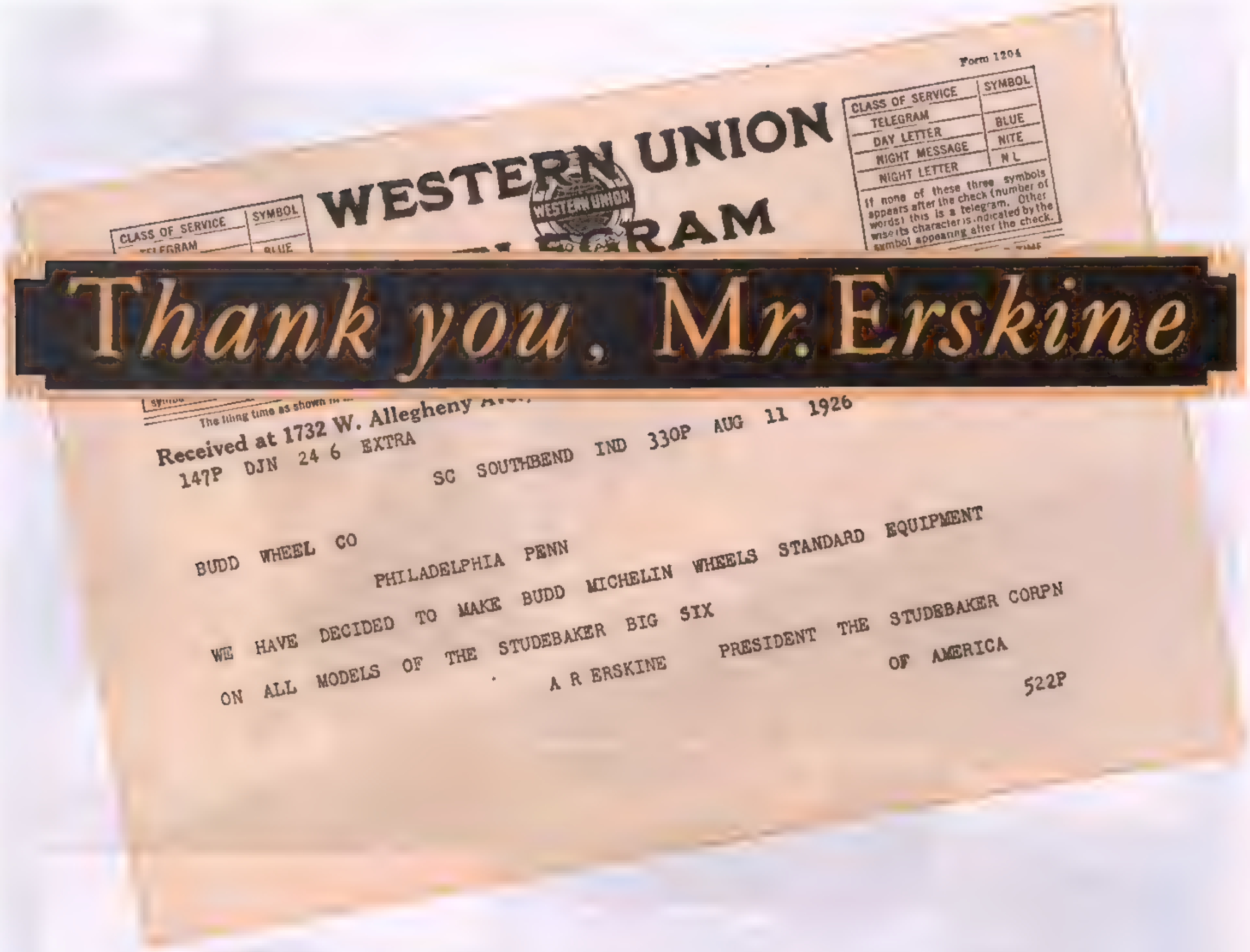
"Yes, sir, if all comes to all, it doesn't make so many odds much one way or the other, if you can understand me."

"Understand you be damned!" said Colonel Tighe. "It's your job to get the birds forward. They ain't much bigger than sparrows."

Said Durrant philosophically, "Well, sir. Well, sir, it's the insides of the eggs I always says counts more than the shells, though hard shells don't chip so easily, by way of nature being harder to chip. As I said to Lee, sir, the underkeeper, sir, when I puts the eggs down, sir, they're good but small, though it isn't always the biggest eggs that hatch the best chicks, as I needn't tell you, sir."

(Continued on Page 68)

"Never Breathed a Word of It," the Colonel Contradicted, and Slapped a Great Dollop of Black-Current Jam on a Thick Slab of Bread and Butter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STUDEBAKER BUYERS, *congratulations!*

When you see the Big Six on Budd-Michelin Wheels, we believe you will join us in thanking Mr. Erskine.

And when you have driven one of these cars a few thousand miles, we *know* you'll feel the way we do about it.

For by that time you'll realize that Budd-Michelin superiority isn't solely a matter of distinguished appearance. . . . You may (we hope not) but you *may* have had occasion to thank your lucky stars for the added safety of All-Steel Wheels.

You'll know how much easier it is to keep these wheels spick and span.

Budd-Michelin Wheels hide your brakes from sight, and give them added protection from mud, water, and dust. Your tires will always run without a wobble, for the rim is permanently attached to the disc of the wheel—there's no chance of putting it on crooked. Another reason your tires will last longer: The steel discs help get rid of the destructive friction heat that takes the life out of rubber.

Another famous automobile adopts Budd-Michelin Wheels. That makes half a dozen in recent months—and every one a leader.

Thank you, Mr. Erskine!

BUDD
WHEEL COMPANY
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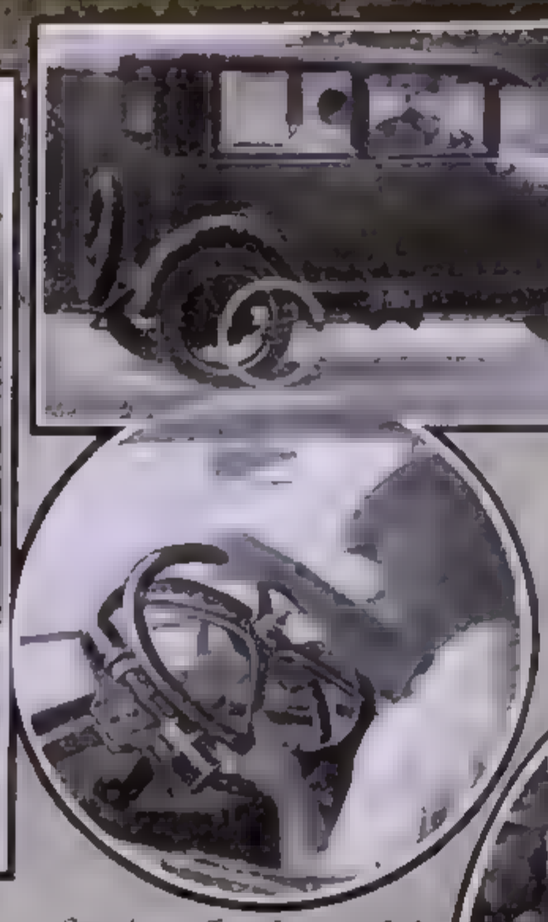
Also makers of the Budd Interchangeable Wire Wheel, which fits the same hub as the Budd All-Steel Wheel.

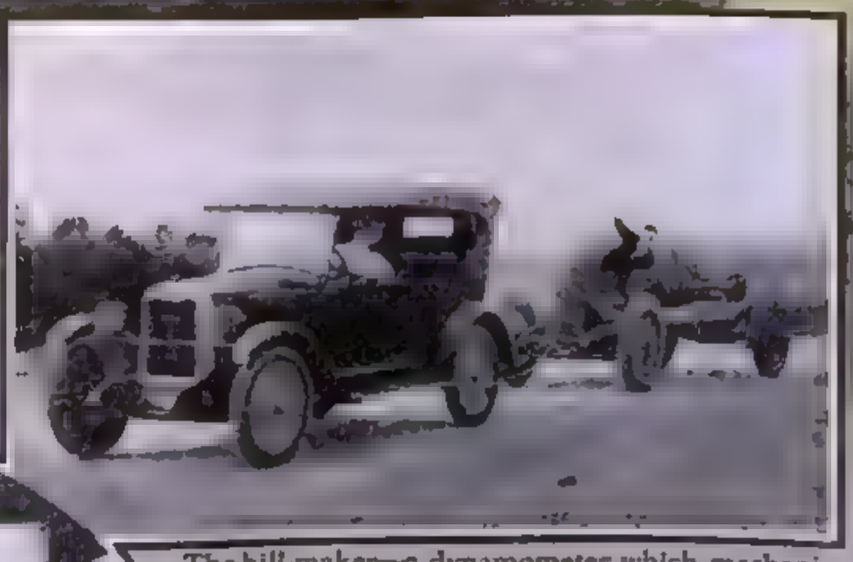
The "Bathtub" test that proves Chevrolet's supremacy over conditions encountered in excessively wet weather and on flooded roadways.

Recording by scientific means, the foot pressure pounds necessary to depress the Chevrolet clutch.



Steering effort is recorded by this special apparatus.

An electric "fifth wheel" records slow and high speeds to the fraction of a mile.



The hill-maker—a dynamometer which mechanically reproduces the effect of hills, longer and steeper than any in existence.

This instrument determines the general efficiency of Chevrolet brakes.

Brake pedal pressure and degree of "slowing down" are measured by this intricate device.

To prove Chevrolet fuel economy, an apparatus like a huge graduated "bottle," measures the gasoline, drop by drop.

Testing 24 hours a day to prove Chevrolet's sterling quality

Forty miles northwest of Detroit lies the 1125-acre tract, known as the General Motors Proving Ground.

Patterned with roads of concrete, clay and gravel and crowned with hills of various lengths and steepness, it is the finest automotive testing laboratory ever created by man.

Here the collective experience and skill of Chevrolet and General Motors engineers (a research staff unequalled in the industry) are brought to bear on the problem of keeping Chevrolet the most modern and most dependable car of its class in the world.

Here, night and day, the testers drive until the speedometers register 20-30-40,000 miles and more!

Here, on curves and straightaways, over rough and rutted roads, through blistering heat and bitter cold, through mud and slush and rain and snow—the pitiless grind goes on!

Years of service—years of miles—are put on cars in a single month.

And during the long, relentless tests, *every mile of which is driven under constant observation*, materials and designs are analyzed and checked; wear and repairs are tabulated; stamina, endurance, and all phases of performance are recorded—

—not only to prove "what stuff the car is made of" but to pave the way for the constant improvement which is the cardinal principle of Chevrolet engineering.

Here are costly, intricate machines, superhumanly accurate and specially designed to reveal full knowledge of some fact which will contribute to a greater measure of power, acceleration, durability, comfort or economy.

Here are fascinating examples of inventive ingenuity such as—devices which accurately determine brake, clutch, and steering wheel effort, making possible the utmost ease of handling; electric torque speedometers; and a "hill making" dynamometer, which gives owners the benefits of all that could be learned by testing on an actual hill of any steepness 1,000 miles or more long.

Here, in short, are testing facilities available to the maker of no other low-priced car—and for the want of which it would be impossible to produce a car of Chevrolet's modern design and quality construction, at Chevrolet's low prices!

Today's Chevrolet is the smoothest in Chevrolet history. Its flawless operation at every speed borders on the sensational—*and this was brought into existence by continuous testing at the Proving Ground!*

Today's Chevrolet enjoys a world-wide reputation for long life and inexpensive maintenance—*both of which valued qualities were developed at the Proving Ground!*

It is literally true that in every part and feature and in every phase of its performance today's Chevrolet reveals the results of testing twenty-four hours a day—

—and that is what you will instantly note from the moment you start the motor and begin to drive the car!

There is a Chevrolet dealer near you to serve you. See him now! Arrange to drive the smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history. Learn for yourself the new order of value, beauty, comfort and multiple cylinder performance which it brings into existence and which is winning new buyers at a rate that is making Chevrolet, more than ever before, the world's largest builder of gearshift cars!

Touring $510, Roadster $510, Coupe $645, Coach $645, Sedan $735, Landau $765, ½ Ton Truck $375 and 1 Ton Truck $495 (*Chassis Only*). *All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

QUALITY AT LOW COST

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Secretarial Specialists

STENOGRAPHERS come and go, but the demand for the trained secretary goes on forever," said the director of one of the largest employment bureaus in the country recently to the writer. "Stenography is the short cut to business opportunity for young women; but secretarial work is the direct route to the executive job, for it puts a girl in a strategic position to learn the business.

"Stenography and typewriting do not make a secretary," she went on. "The average girl who intends to enter business life learns shorthand and typewriting, either as a part of her high-school course or as a part of the public-school commercial course, or attends one of the business colleges to be found in almost every city. She masters these rudiments, as they may properly be called, in from three to six months, according to her ability and her capacity for work. The majority of these are content with routine positions; but I am convinced, as the result of my experience with hundreds of young women from all parts of the country who come to us seeking positions, that no other calling offers so many opportunities. The contacts alone, in a high-class business or professional office, are a liberal education to a young woman.

"The typical stenographer, the girl who does her work with reasonable efficiency but who consciously or unconsciously rejects increased responsibility, never rises much above the thirty or thirty-five dollar a week position, even after years of employment. Varying according to the locality in which she lives, she begins at fifteen or twenty dollars, manages to secure a small raise each year and finally reaches, in five or ten years, her highest mark and stays there. In this country we have more than eight million women gainfully employed, of whom approximately one million and a half are doing stenographic work and performing secretarial and general office duties. If we could gather up the experience of all these workers and get a fairly accurate estimate of the general situation in this field, we should find that, more than any other, it gives girls the greatest opportunity to capitalize on what they have already got—that is, in the way of education and social background. For those who regard each position as a stepping-stone to something better, secretarial work is the surest and quickest road to the worthwhile job."

The writer found this to be the consensus of opinion of other vocational bureaus in widely different localities regarding the chances for young women in the field of secretarial specialization.

It is Hard for an Empty Bag to Stand upright
POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

The Well-Rounded Training

IF YOU are satisfied to be simply a good average stenographer, taking dictation accurately and quickly, turning out letters and copy with typographical correctness, but with no thought of the content of the material you are transcribing, doing your work as a daily routine, with no desire to enlarge its scope, then you have definitely fixed the limit of your business career almost as soon as you start. If, for instance, you are employed in a special department of a commercial organization or an editorial office, or by a publishing house or an advertising concern—in all of which the opportunities for advancement are unusually good and promotion is the rule rather than the exception for ambitious workers—you will be a stenographer to the end of your business life notwithstanding, if you allow your vision to be limited to the point of your pencil and you keep your audition, as the radio operator would say, attuned only to the sound of your typewriter and the vocalization of the dictating machine. But if you take up stenography with a definite purpose, with a willingness at all times to do more than your employer literally expects of you, and you possess the ability to see beyond the limitations of your present job, you will succeed in the secretarial field in spite of every obstacle.

Reports from several bureaus throughout the country show that the special secretary frequently reaches an executive position. Some of the positions which are now being filled from the secretarial ranks are office and sales managers, department-store supervisors, personnel directors in industrial and philanthropic organizations, disbursing officers, heads of women's departments in banking firms, editors of trade journals and house organs, assistant editors of magazines, executive secretaries, a large number of whom are in social-service organizations, and secretaries and treasurers of large commercial firms.

"Recently we sent out questionnaires to bureaus of occupation throughout the country, asking for their reports on secretarial work as a field for young women and girls of eighteen years and over," said the director of a large school which gives specialized training to prospective secretaries in cities of three different states. "The questions covered salaries and training, also the type of girl who should take up this work. We received a great number of replies. All the answers agreed in one particular: That the girl's success depends largely upon herself, her initiative and training, and willingness to work hard. Several Western bureaus," she went on, "expressed the opinion that girls should prepare for secretarial work as a profession in itself, and then make the most of their opportunities. Many of the vocational bureaus stated that they considered secretarial specialization one of the best avenues now open to young women, not only as a field in itself but also frequently leading to many important and interesting possibilities in business life.

"The work of a private secretary," she continued, "involves much more than taking dictation and transcribing notes. Frequently she is called upon to compose letters for her employer, not in her own style but in his; to correct errors and smooth out discrepancies. Often she does research work and compiles important reports, keeps records, files correspondence, and in many offices is practically the head of the filing department and also general utility man and buffer between her employer and those who would waste his time. Such a position, either business or professional, requires trained intelligence, tact and diplomacy, and this is the reason why the world of business demands, more and more, what I should call 'educated ability.'

"Special secretarial equipment is legal tender everywhere in the United States. You can use it anywhere if you really want work. Among our graduates a great many remain permanently in secretarial positions and do not seek the higher executive places. Oftentimes they are employed by business or professional firms where women do not serve as executives, and so they are content to be special or private secretaries to men of large affairs or high professional standing. They are treated with consideration and receive excellent salaries. They do not fear competition, secure in the knowledge that good secretaries are indispensable cogs in a business machine."

Girls Who Make Good

"WHEN I talk with an applicant I generally ask her what kind of secretary she would like to be," said the director of a secretarial school which graduates its students from a four months' intensive course, covering shorthand, typewriting, filing, secretarial accountancy, and includes lectures and practice classes on social amenities, parliamentary law, extemporaneous speaking, and general secretarial duties. "In this way we are usually able to find out what the things are that interest her most," she went on. "Thus she reveals her social and educational background. One girl who is now an editorial assistant on a large city newspaper was determined to enter journalism; and she is typical of many others interested in the various professions, I might add. Unable to secure a job as a reporter, she took a special course in secretarial work, became private secretary to one of the editors on a daily paper. In a year she was doing editorial work. Three years ago one of our girls entered an advertising agency at a salary of forty dollars, as secretary to one of the copywriters. Now she writes copy at a salary of $100 a week. Another young woman, who had taken an advertising writer's course in one of the city colleges, could not find an opening in any advertising concern in the city where she wished to live. She took a course in secretarial work and secured a position in an advertising firm as secretary to one of the officials, at thirty-five dollars. In three months she went into the copy-writing department at a salary of fifty dollars, and is rising steadily to a still higher position. Secretarial assistants to heads of merchandising departments in wholesale or retail firms also stand a good chance of promotion. In these days the field of secretarial work," she continued, "like every other profession or business, has become highly specialized; although I have found that if a girl, upon deciding to become a secretary, will supplement what education she has—whether it is high school or college—with a thorough training in secretarial and office technic, she will be able to adapt herself to any secretarial position. She will be useful to lawyers, physicians, engineers, scientists, writers, publishers, editors, musicians, bankers, and also to officials in the great commercial organizations and essential industries, like steel, rubber, paper, pulp, foodstuffs, exporting and importing firms, and so on—to name only a few of the avenues open to the secretarial specialist.

"We find from our own experience in our training classes and employment department and the reports we receive from general employment bureaus that an experienced secretary who has been employed for a year or more will prove satisfactory in almost any business or profession. I could cite case after case where young women, after some experience in professional offices—law, medicine, publishing, editorial and similar lines—as special secretaries, have changed and made good immediately, with the aid of a dictionary and some textbooks, on the new subject they took up. Trained legal secretaries and those employed by medical specialists—X-ray physicians, neurologists and surgeons—start at an average salary of thirty to forty dollars, their rise generally depending upon the scope of their employer's practice. The salaries average about the same in the specialized industries.

"We always take into consideration the background of the girl both during her period of study with us and upon

(Continued on Page 198)

Studebaker Big Six Victoria

—*a new triumph of custom beauty*

BIG SIX speed and stamina, plus custom beauty of line and color, and custom luxury of equipment, are doubling last year's sales records. And last year the Studebaker Big Six outsold every other car in the world of equal or greater rated horsepower.

Almost overnight The President has become the most popular 7-passenger car in America. Similar leadership in its field awaits this stunning Big Six Custom Victoria.

The graceful sweep of its long, low lines suggests the surging, silent power of its L-head motor which recently smashed all previous records by crossing the continent in 86 hours, 20 minutes.

In the richness and good taste of its interior, this Studebaker Custom Victoria rivals cars which cost more than twice its price. Its ventilating system (exclusively Studebaker) is unequaled by any car in the world, either for summer or winter driving. Watch this new triumph of custom beauty on the boulevard—watch its sales record, too.

Equipment No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker; front and rear bumpers; engine thermometer and gasoline gauge on the dash; concealed lock, oil filter and air purifier; automatic windshield cleaner; rear-vision mirror, toggle grip, traffic signal light, 4-wheel brakes, full-size balloon tires; and two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel.

STUDEBAKER BIG SIX CUSTOM VICTORIA **$1735**

Other Big Six Models: Club Coupe, $1480; Duplex-Roadster, $1530; Sport Phaeton, $1610; Sport Roadster, $1680; *Custom Brougham, $1785,* Duplex-Phaeton (7-pass.), $1810; Brougham (5-pass.), $2130; *The President, $2245.*

Above prices f. o. b. factory, including disc wheels and 4-wheel brakes.

STUDEBAKER

"When it comes to rubber heels, I put my foot down — on Seiberlings."

Posed by MARY ASTOR
First National Star appearing in "Forever After."

FIRST—comfort, second—good looks. Third, and from there on—long wear. That's what quality means when applied to heels—what Seiberling Heels mean when applied to your shoes.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
AKRON OHIO

SEIBERLING RUBBER HEELS

For gentlemen too, of course.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Pelicans at Pyramid Lake, Nevada

Shall I Roll My Home?

ONE of the questions that many campers ask in various forms, often with a wistful tone clearly discernible, centers about the feasibility of pulling a camping trailer. Apparently there must be thousands of motor campers who are sorely tempted to do away with most of the usual routine of pitching a tent camp and get into the class of vacationist who rolls his home on two wheels hitched behind his automobile.

Last year one out of every twenty-five campers was pulling a complete camping trailer with its two double spring beds, mattresses and pillows; its kitchenette, including a gasoline stove and ice chest; its folding furniture and electric lights, all built into one compact unit; and, from all indications, about ten others would have liked to own a trailer if they had dared. That more do not quite have the nerve is due to other deterrent factors than the relatively high cost of the outfit.

Lest misunderstanding arise, let it be said here that this is not a brief for the camping trailer as against the tent outfit. Both have their places, and the camping paraphernalia carried on the car will likely always be more popular than the one pulled behind the automobile. Still it is a fact that more and more campers of a certain class are going to use the special trailer outfit.

In a way there is a close analogy between the somewhat slow discovery of the closed model of automobile and the tardy acceptance of the camping trailer. The rough resemblance can be carried a bit further by stating that the motorist who prefers the open car usually selects a tent outfit, while the closed-automobile user more frequently desires the trailer. Less and less does the consideration of economy enter into the choice between one type of outfit and the other. Service and trail comfort are looming up as much greater considerations.

Whether or not one should elect to pull a camping trailer depends not so much on the trailer itself, nor upon the make of automobile if it is in good condition, as it does upon the driver himself. Some maintain that road conditions may be the determining factor, that trailers are all right on pavements and hard-surfaced roads, but never in sand, chuck-hole and mountain highways. This, again, is not true. For five years I have pulled various forms of the two-wheel trailer over sand and through soft going easier than I could have pulled through the same country with the camping outfit carried on the car, for the six wheels distribute the load over a greater surface. Trailers, as now hitched, do not wrench the car frame in rough going, nor are mountain grades a barrier; provided, and here comes the real test, a good driver is at the wheel.

A friend of mine recently pulled one of the heaviest camping trailers from Estes Park to the Continental Divide on the Fall River road in Colorado, the highest continuous highway in the world, and he did it in the rain when the roads were "slick," as the Western driver defines the slippery surface induced by rain. I know others who have easily pulled their outfits over every main transcontinental and intersectional route in the country, as well as almost every road where one would care to drive his car.

With a light three-speed-ahead automobile I pulled my trailer over thirty-mile sand detours in Michigan last summer along the new building operations on the Michigan West Pike road, better known now to motorists as M-11. On one shorter detour near Charlevoix, I made a very steep, but fortunately short, hill where three cars ahead of me were stuck, one of them sliding back down. With conditions equal, one has less trouble driving detours with his load distributed upon six wheels than a similar load carried on four.

There is one feature about the trailer that is rather troublesome at infrequent intervals, and that is its nonbacking idiosyncrasy. Here again a great deal depends upon the driver. If one remembers that the rear wheels steer the backward course of the trailer, he may do all the reversing usually found necessary with perfect ease. Handling one's front wheels to make the rear ones guide the backing trailer is almost automatic to a good driver.

On a narrow country road, with deep New York State ditches on either side, a camping trailer was backed down the dirt road, out around my car and into the road behind by the most expert driver I ever saw manipulate his six wheels. In Clare, Michigan, without any warning, I drove to the end of a barricaded street. With care the trailer was backed over the sidewalk and into an alley, the turnabout in the narrow street being made almost as easily as without the unpowered vehicle behind. However, caught in a similar place in Kenosha, Wisconsin, but with no alley available, I had to unhitch the trailer and reverse it by hand—the only time I ever have had to do this—and a very feasible way to get out of difficulty in narrow places

One of the pet arguments in almost any motor camp is waged around the trailer, and usually the nonuser is the fellow who talks loudest. In the Traverse City, Michigan, camp, a neighbor came to my wife to sympathize with us because he told her that we could not pull this outfit over a city boulevard. Just at that moment I returned to camp in company with a trailer user of eight years' standing, who had roamed about the entire country, pulling his outfit over the finest boulevard systems in the large cities. Furthermore, we had done the same thing ourselves many times. It seems to be human nature for the blind to want to lead the blind, which is one reason why so many have not quite had the nerve to pull a trailer and find out.

Where a trailer user complains that he does not like his outfit, which is exceptional, for the majority of owners are fervent boosters, I invariably find a driver who is actually afraid of his car. Often the seventeen or eighteen year old son in the party swears that the trailer never gives him any trouble, though the parent complains. One is a good driver, the other is afraid of his machine. The difference in the degree of automobile drivers' skill is remarkable. Some day, in place of bathing-beauty contests, and the like, we are going to see great national perfect-driver contests held all over the country. When this day comes, the camping trailer will become more popular.

—FRANK E. BRIMMER.

What to Plant

IN CONSIDERING this subject it occurs to me that the title should really be reversed to read Where to Plant What. For it is a fact that the location governs the

Continued on Page 76

Rooms that are alive with charm

....Days that are free from drudgery

THERE'S no need to let a slender purse bar you from having charming, inviting rooms. Women are getting delightful results by using unpretentious furnishings to carry out interesting color-schemes. Even old rooms are being modernized by simple changes that any woman can plan and afford.

Many suggestions along these lines are given in "*Color Magic in the Home*," by Anne Lewis Pierce—the free booklet offered in the coupon below. Its many illustrations are so helpful that you need no schooling in interior decoration to make use of it.

In working out new color-schemes—or changing old ones—nothing plays a more telling part than floor-covering. Yet, whatever type of design, whatever color-combinations you may require—you can secure them very economically in Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs.

The "Ladik" pattern shown above was derived from a famous Hindu carpet. It's Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 592.

Rest and Leisure —instead of work and fatigue

THOSE toilsome, dusty hours spent in sweeping and beating old-fashioned floor-coverings! Turn them into leisure. Devote them to the children—or to other pleasant duties.

A few short minutes is all it takes to clean a Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rug. You just run a damp mop over the brightly patterned surface. Every speck of dust and dirt vanishes. The rug is spotless and sanitary—and with practically no effort on your part.

Is it any wonder that thousands of women have turned to Congoleum Rugs for freedom from the hardest part of room cleaning? To say nothing of securing the attractiveness, the durability, the all-round satisfaction of these rugs that lie flat without any kind of fastening.

Take advantage of the low prices of Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs to have fresh, new floor-covering where it's needed. All sizes, from 9x15 foot rugs to small mats.

And be sure to look for the Gold Seal that's pasted on Congoleum Rugs. It shows you are getting *genuine* Congoleum.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Kansas City
Chicago Atlanta San Francisco Cleveland Dallas
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In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Blue and white Dutch tiles with a quaint border of windmills and landscapes. Just the thing to make kitchens pretty and cheerful. It's the "Holland" design—Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 594.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

Look for the Gold Seal on the rugs you buy!

FREE

Valuable Illustrated Handbook.

There's a treat in store for women who haven't read Color Magic in the Home, *by Anne Lewis Pierce. And its many suggestions for making rooms charming at little expense will prove a real help. Just fill in this coupon, and mail it to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.—for a free copy.*

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

FINGER PRINTS

(Continued from Page 17)

vacation. He would live well and comfortably, be amused by the best of professional entertainers; there would be a certain amount of discipline and instruction and work for the good of his body and soul—this latter would be irksome, of course, but at the same time he would meet fellows that he never could get to meet in any other way. They came from all over the world and one made lasting friendships. College and travel were akin to jail in this way. There was even danger of having his stay cut too short. That had happened last time, just when he had won his position of shortstop on the ball team. He had been sent up for four years, and had made some friendships that would count later, when a psychologist got hold of him and took his I. Q.—or intelligence coefficient—away from him before he had a chance to protect himself. It was an operation called being psyked and consisted chiefly in following instructions like this:

"If the comma in this sentence is in the wrong place, put a mark in the circle at the edge of this page that is nearest the top; if none is nearer the top than the others, put the mark at the bottom of the page, as near the center as possible."

There was a whole pageful of similar problems. And Willie's examination showed him to have the intelligence of a ten-year-old boy, with no knowledge of right and wrong. Under the circumstances, a penal institution was no place for him. After a long talk with Solly Dow, one of the professional rescue squad—known to the inmates as jail-door johnnies—Willie agreed he was sorry for his wicked life, and he was released on parole. His parole had expired only recently.

"Well, do we walk, or do we ride, Willie?" asked Eddie Oleson, outside.

"We ride," said Willie plaintively, feeling of his throat. "I've been up all night."

When they were comfortably under way in a taxi, with Willie paying for it, Willie turned to his friend Eddie in question. "How much will I get this time, Eddie?" he asked.

Eddie screwed up his face ruefully. "You'll go up for life this time, Willie," he said.

"How do you get that way, Eddie?" scoffed Willie, kicking at the flimsy bundle of first-run gowns that lay on the floor.

"That's the new law—the new Baumes Commission Act," said Eddie. "You come under the habitual-criminal classification now, Willie. Mind what I tell you!"

But Willie was skeptical. All his experience had been to the contrary.

II

"I'D DO almost anything to prevent those models being exposed in court," said Estrelle. She was talking about her first-run gowns.

Sneed, the lawyer recommended by her landlord, turned and looked at her with a sudden renewal of interest. He chewed gum violently and used a spittoon; he was otherwise and in every way offensive to her finer sensibilities; she was used to dealing only with the best people and this interview was proving hard to bear.

"Why?" he demanded fiercely.

She hesitated; but he hypnotized her—forced the answer.

"They are not yet released for the trade," she said timidly.

He stopped chewing. "Then you resell the designs?" he asked.

"Not I; no ——" she began.

"Oh, didn't you design these for your exclusive clientele?" he asked. She shook her head dully. "You did not?" he pressed her closer.

She turned red, dropped her eyes. "No," she murmured.

"But you sold them as exclusive designs?" he pursued. His smile was a volume.

"Yes," she confessed, like a prisoner at the bar.

"And they come from where—the garment center—the factories down on the West Side?" he asked. She nodded.

"I see! I see! You can't afford to have your wealthy customers know that they are wearing advance models of sweatshop garments instead of the highly specialized creations you charge them for." Sneed made the statement with a dreadful precision. He resumed chewing again. "That's better," he said, rubbing his hands. "Now we are getting candid. We cannot do anything in this business without candor. You say you are willing to do anything," he said, eying her sharply again. "What?" he demanded, with horrible directness. When she delayed, searching her mind for some way of escape, he said, "I suppose you mean you are willing to forgo the insurance claim?"

Wetting her lips, she nodded for the third time.

He chuckled. "I expect you have already played that card," he said. "Some of these insurance adjusters are born bald, but none of them blind. You'll have to dig deeper than that," he said tartly. "What is it going to be?"

"You feel sure they will bring up the point that these are factory models?" she begged again, clutching at her bare throat.

"The defense? Well, unless they are deaf and dumb, yes!" He rolled forward in his chair, gesturing with his pencil; he instructed her in the ways of the court room. "It is always an extenuating circumstance," he said, "to show the jury the complaining witness is a crook. Then the jury says it's fifty-fifty, and they let the prisoner go."

He paused, watching the effect of his words on her. But she was dumb from blows and could do nothing but close her eyes and moan. He rolled his fat bulk back in his chair and let the clock tick off a full minute before he spoke again. He stopped chewing his gum. "We might defend him ourselves," he said idly.

"The burglar?" she gasped incredulously.

"Who else?" he demanded, round eyed.

She fairly gasped for breath as the idea broke on her with its full significance

"Would—would—would he let us?" she cried convulsively.

"Would a drowning man grab at a straw?" snorted Sneed. "Sure, girlie!" he said soothingly. "Why shouldn't he, if we get him off?"

"Get him off! But that would be impossible! You can't promise that!" she cried desperately. "He is a habitual criminal! They found his finger prints, and they found the stolen goods in his possession!"

Sneed laughed easily. She didn't know the law. "Finger prints aren't evidence," he told her. Then he looked at his watch. "You go back home," he instructed her. "Everything is all right now." She arose with alacrity. "Say, have you got five hundred with you?" he asked.

"Ye-yes," she said, breathing quickly, "I thought maybe ——"

"You thought correctly," said Sneed, putting her new fold of bills into a vest pocket. "Now let me tell you something, with a kick to it: When you see me in court you don't know me from Adam—get that?"

"But what—what am I to say?" she asked, pleading. She was so desperately grateful, now that this uncouth creature seemed to have found a way out, that she would say anything he told her.

"You are the prosecutor's witness," he replied. "Say anything he tells you to. Only be careful not to answer any question that he doesn't ask you."

III

THE commissioner of jurors had just been fishing for jury dodgers and came up with a full panel. The district attorney had been working night and day to clear the calendar, and some upstate judges had come down to sit in some vacant rooms in the old county courthouse, that crumbling monument to boodle erected by the Tweed Ring. Even the State Legislature had offered some amendments to the code so that a culprit like Willie could be put away for life now, instead of being rescued by the jail-door johnnies and paroled on his word of honor every time he was sent up the river. And even public opinion, tired of being stuck up in hallways on its way home with its pay envelopes, was beginning to think that maybe a bandit caught in the act wasn't so innocent as the obsolete criminal code presumed him to be. All in all, life didn't look so bright for Willie as in the recent days of the drawing-room Samaritans like Solly Dow. However, as Sneed the lawyer said, there was still elbow room for a criminal lawyer who knew his way around.

Estrelle made inquiries and found the basement entrance. There was an overworked elevator, but she refused to risk her gown in that crush, even if she would risk herself. The gown was a subdued creation that she hoped might be remarked by some of the distinguished trial lawyers as worthy of their wives. As a matter of fact, it developed that none of the really distinguished trial lawyers turned out this morning. She walked up a flight to a rotunda, where a great crowd milled for their breakfasts about a lunch counter, and she walked up another flight to another rotunda, where witnesses and principals were being coached in whispers, and in all languages and dialects except English and American, for their coming acts.

She found where Judge Blank was sitting and entered just as the crier was announcing him, causing all the occupants of the room to stand up and remain standing until His Honor sat down. His Honor had a fine, benevolent old head and an eager eye undimmed by thirty years of listening to veracious perjury. There were some whispered conferences at the corner of the austere bench. Then the judge read his Law Journal, and the clerk began to call names, and jury dodgers one by one filed into the box. During this process young Braxton, the handsome young assistant district attorney, who was to prosecute, found Estrelle in the audience and invited her inside the rail. He was a Harvard man, and it had always been a great pleasure for her to talk to him on the occasions when she was called downtown for the grand jury.

"This is a factory case," said a familiar voice behind her, "where the complaining witness will endeavor to establish robbery as a basis of a claim for insurance." It was Sneed, chewing gum and chatting with the jury box. "Are any of you gentlemen in the insurance business, or engaged in clothing manufacture?" he asked. There were none. He looked at the chart, with the name and occupations of the jurymen.

"Number 3," he said, lifting his eyes to that gentleman and examining him through his glasses. "You are an author. I expect you are an expert criminologist?" he asked, and he was pleased with the laugh that followed. The shrinking author denied the allegation. Sneed, chewing violently, rose and fell on tiptoe once or twice, beaming on the jury box the while. "Well, we won't challenge you," he said good-naturedly. "I believe we can use an expert criminologist in this case." He handed the chart to the prosecuting officer, who nodded—the jury was perfectly satisfactory.

Someone coughed. The judge laid aside the Law Journal. The stenographer laid out a bundle of pencils in a neat row. Braxton arose and walked over to the rail of the jury box, resting there idly for a moment, waiting for the rustle to cease. Finally he motioned with his head over his shoulder, and to make the gesture more specific he thrust out a long arm and pointed a pencil at Willie Heffner, cowering behind a long table. Willie was a miserable specimen of humanity at best; he was always at his worst when facing a jury. One of his eyes had a trick of turning when he was nervous.

The prosecuting attorney leaned over the rail and said confidentially: "Do you gentlemen want to see what a regular burglar looks like? There is one, sitting right in front of you."

He indicated the wretched Willie again with his pencil, who, at the words and with that battery of eyes suddenly turned on him, cringed like a rat in the back of its cage. That moment convicted him in the eyes of everyone who looked at him. It was the first time Estrelle had come face to face with Willie, and the sight of him in his shrinking guilt gave her a violent shock. Something seemed to clutch at her heart; the actuality of it all came home to her in that moment; this was the creature, so low in her eyes he seemed less than human, whom she was plotting to turn loose again so the fine ladies who wore her gowns would not be annoyed and withdraw their custom. She hardly heard what Braxton was saying to the jury, but when Sneed arose, raising and lowering his great bulk on his toes, she was all horror. Her fears were groundless. He was harmless. He outlined tersely what he proposed to do. Principally, he adjured the jury not to be carried away by the hysteria now abroad in the land. Then he sat down.

"Mary Blodgett!" bawled the clerk, and Braxton had to nudge her arm before she recollected that it was she being summoned. She took the witness stand conscious, behind her fright, that she caused a flutter. She was a beautiful woman, beautifully dressed, and she read friendliness in every eye. Braxton, as he took his place before her, had the air of apologizing for everyone present for dragging her here to soil her skirts in tawdry details.

Yes, Estrelle was her trade name. It was registered in the Patent Office; she had carried it for six years now. She recited briefly, if tremulously, the events of that memorable morning, being very, very careful to answer categorically. The important thing seemed to be to establish the fact that on the previous Saturday, at noon, her place had been closed and locked as usual and that the hole was not in the ceiling at that time. That was all, to her amazement. She wasn't asked about the police or the finger prints, how they had made good their boast of arresting the burglar before he could get out of bed.

Sneed took her. She froze, tried to wet her lips, but found even her tongue was dry. "You design gowns, madame?" he asked.

She nodded, murmuring a yes. She was wondering if this loathsome creature would play her false; he seemed so smug and sneering as he rocked in front of her.

"Your customers are of the well-to-do class?"

"Yes."

"You employ help? About how many?"

"From ten to twenty, according to the season."

"And you open at eight in the morning? Isn't this a little early for an élite specialty shop in the Fifties, madame?" The lawyer was smiling at the ceiling.

"I—I was a little early that morning—about an hour," she said.

Mr. Sneed turned on the jury, scowling. "Why?" he demanded, in exactly the tone he had used to her in his own office. He still scowled at the jury. She drew a deep breath, wondering what pit she was digging for herself. "Why?" prodded Mr. Sneed, still scowling at the jury.

"I—I had a curious premonition," she faltered. Her eyes fell and she gazed at her folded hands in her lap.

Sneed stopped chewing gum. He turned and looked at her curiously. He paused,

(Continued on Page 63)

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office

When the Man at the Door says "Realsilk" ... by all means have him come in

WOMEN are always busy, it's true—but the well-informed woman is never too busy to say *"Come In"* to the Realsilk Service Man when he calls.

For where else can such exquisite hosiery and lingerie be found at anywhere near the Realsilk price? And, too—you are spared all the annoyance of "shopping around," since the needs of the entire family can be supplied with one-half hour's visit of the Realsilk Service Representative.

Sheerest hosiery in all the smartest Parisienne shades (and don't color vogues change rapidly these days!) . . . dainty lingerie in a wide range of styles and fabrics . . . all are offered for your selection. You merely sit back in the comfort of your own home and choose whatever strikes your fancy.

And then it occurs to you that other members of the family also may share in this wonderfully convenient, money-saving service. There are stockings for the children—unduplicated values—made with sturdy reinforcements that resist the hardest wear . . . There are socks for the men of the house in a wide variety of fabrics and patterns—Realsilk *Super-Service* Socks—famous everywhere for their good looks and long wear.

You'll find that every item is offered at substantial savings. No matter what one's station in life may be, Realsilk savings can hardly fail to be appreciated . . . For Realsilk offers a real chance to cut living expenses at a place where you probably never suspected that economies were possible.

If you have neglected to find out how Realsilk Service can help you with your problems, you'll find it a mighty good investment to say *"Come In"* to the Realsilk Service Representative next time he calls.

One of our 10,000 Bonded men is assigned regularly to your neighborhood . . . you'll find him courteous, dependable and efficient . . . a home town business man representing the largest institution of its kind in the world.

And remember—you buy Realsilk products *direct from the manufacturer* . . . the money-saving and convenient way. The hosiery is of pure, *fresh* silk—only 24 days from filature to foot. The lingerie you get is new-made and unhandled—coming direct from our mills to you.

If you do not care to wait until the next regular visit of the Realsilk Service Representative before availing yourself of our money-saving service, just fill in the coupon below and we will have him call at any time you may appoint.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie
250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

There's just ONE WAY

REALSILK
HOSIERY AND LINGERIE
CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS *and* MEN'S SOCKS

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, *Indianapolis, Indiana* A-5

I fear that I have been overlooking a big opportunity to make substantial savings in the purchase of hosiery and lingerie both for myself and other members of my family, and would like to have your Service Representative call

Signed _____ *'Phone* _____

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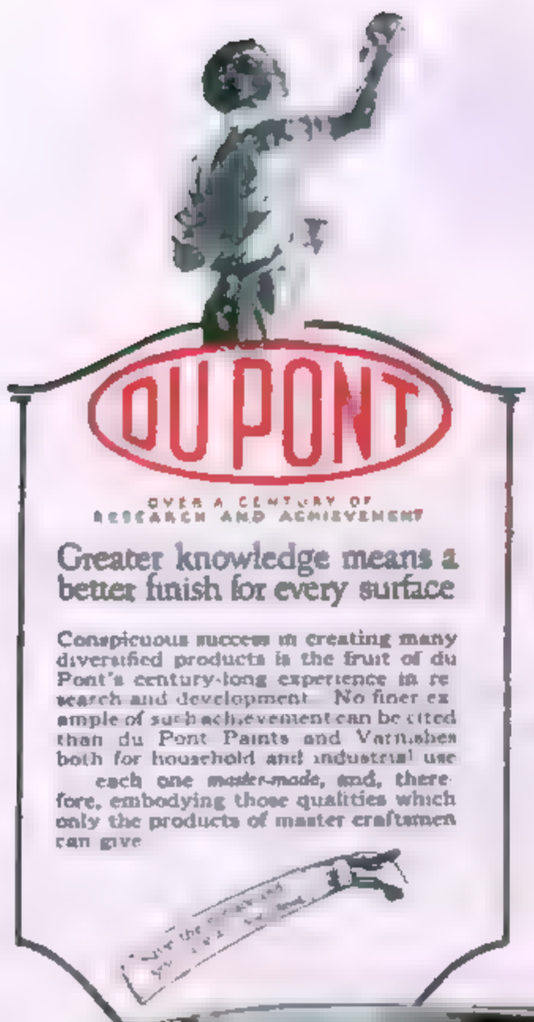
Depend on this merchant

THE merchant who sells du Pont products —and this merchant is everywhere in the country—you probably know him and deal with him—sells *one important thing—results.* Whatever the surface you want to cover, this merchant has exactly the right du Pont paint, or varnish, or enamel, or Duco, to give that surface beauty and protection. Depend on him.

If the job you contemplate demands a professional hand, consult your painter, who will recommend the right product for the work.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A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 58)

seemed to weigh his next shot. But there was none. He said, "That is all, thank you, madame."

The patrolman was called, corroborating her in detail. Sneed raised no question. Brannigan the detective, on the stand, admitted that he was the policeman of record in the case and that he had made the arrest.

"Oh, indeed! Where, and when?" demanded Braxton.

"I arrested him—me and me side kick, Eddie Oleson—at ten o'clock on the morning of the robbery, at his home in Attorney Street."

"Did you find anything there?"

"I found them dresses," said Brannigan, indicating the pile of first-run gowns on the table. Braxton daintily disentangled one of these gossamer creations and was lifting it up to pass to the jury. Estrelle shuddered and closed her eyes. Sneed sprang up.

"We don't have to waste the time of the court and jury on that, Mr. District Attorney," he said suavely. "We admit the witness arrested our client and that the stolen dresses were found in his possession. We are not at all contentious this morning," he said as he sat down. "We are engaged in expediting justice."

"Had you ever seen this prisoner before you arrested him on that occasion?" asked the prosecutor, of the detective.

Sneed was on his feet with an amazing alacrity for a fat man. "I am sorry," he said, holding up a hand to silence the witness. "I am sorry," he said apologetically, "but we are not interested in the recital of the history of any Damon-and-Pythias friendship that may have existed between these two very estimable persons. I object to that question as irrelevant."

"Sustained," said the venerable court wearily, looking up from writing a letter home. Every prosecutor always asked that question of a policeman, the defendant's lawyer always objected and the court always sustained the objection. It was none of the jury's business if that detective had arrested that prisoner in a dozen previous cases. They were not trying the previous cases; they were trying this one.

"Your witness," said Braxton, sitting down.

"Don't want him," said Sneed. Brannigan was crawling out of the witness chair with that feline stealth he used in the practice of his profession, when there came an unexpected interruption from the jury box. It was Juror Number 3, the author. Everybody smiled.

"I beg your pardon. May it please the court," said the author, standing up—"may I ask the witness a question?"

His Honor shifted his glasses, the better to see. "Proceed," he muttered testily.

"The testimony is to the effect that the robbery itself was discovered at eight in the morning, and that it occurred at Fifth Avenue and Fifty—— Street. This witness has just testified to the effect that at ten o'clock, only two hours later, in Attorney Street, a good five miles ——"

Sneed arose. "He is summing up," he said, and even the author joined in the laugh.

"Ask your question," commanded the court severely.

Sneed remained standing, idly, but alert.

"What led you to arrest this particular man?" asked Juror Number 3 of Brannigan.

The machinery of justice stopped with a clang. Brannigan, who knew something of the rules of evidence himself, did not answer.

He looked at Sneed. Sneed looked up to the bench, entreating the venerable court, with a fine smile, to be patient.

"Humbly," said Mr. Sneed, "and without rancor, I object to the juror's question. There is no contention before the court as to the evidence. We admit the facts as presented by the witnesses."

"Objection sustained," said the judge. "Proceed, Mr. District Attorney."

Eddie Oleson was called. He repeated the tale. Did he by any chance have any previous acquaintance with the prisoner? Objection! Sustained. Braxton shrugged.

"That is the state's case," said he.

Estrelle, not believing her ears, seized him by the arm, whispered convulsively:

"The finger prints! The finger prints!" she repeated. "You've forgotten them!"

In her moment of amazement, she had forgotten she was paying the retainer of Willie's lawyer. Braxton started back at her words as if struck by a snake.

"Hush!" he commanded in a harsh whisper. Evidently she had ignorantly defiled some sacred icon in the Temple of Justice. Then there came still another amateur interruption. Juror Number 10 arose. Sneed shook his head, sighing.

"May it please the court ——" began Juror Number 10 huskily.

"Proceed," said the court, from habit.

"Your Honor," said he, "I share with Juror Number 3 what I think is a very natural curiosity as to what caused the police to arrest the accused. Is it permissible to ask the court to explain to the jury why this question is not allowed?"

Sneed got up and leaned his bulk against the rail. The court rearranged some papers on his high bench before replying. He regarded the juror, the jury box, the court room, with his finest, most benevolent smile.

"It is dangerous," he said crisply, and hung fire for a moment. The jurors stared at one another, thunderstruck. "Proceed," commanded the court.

"Dangerous to whom, Your Honor?" asked Juror Number 10, frightened at his own temerity.

"Proceed!" commanded the court. Juror Number 10 sat down.

The defense was simple and frank. Willie's wife took the stand. She was pretty, and she wore her little frock well, and she had in addition something Estrelle did not have—a winsome youth. While she waited for her ordeal she smiled reassuringly at an aged couple of orthodox cut who sat in the front row, clutching each other by the hand.

The dresses were hers. She had bought them from a pushcart peddler that Sunday morning. Yes, one of the usual pushcarts—one can buy anything from a pushcart in that part of the city. They were cheap, yes -slightly soiled. She thought probably they were discarded models from some manufacturer.

Robbie, the taxi driver who took her back and forth from her parents' every morning, was called to corroborate her testimony. He had seen her buy the gowns from a street peddler. That was all there was to it.

"A very natural question has come up in the minds of two of the jurors," said Sneed, rising and falling on his tiptoes as he summed up. "How did the police happen to locate the stolen goods in a remote part of the city in so short a time? A very natural question. It could be answered in a number of ways. Probably the police inquired among peddlers if such gowns had appeared, and chanced on this one who sold them to the accused's wife. Such things happen every day in an efficient police department. And may I ask the court," he said, turning to the bench, "to instruct the jury as to the law when the defendant does not take the stand in his own behalf?"

Braxton, the prosecutor, in his summing up, had pointed out Willie again as a particularly fine specimen of the regular burglar now terrorizing the city. "There is the burglar! There is the loot! Remember, when you go into that jury room upstairs, there are no rules of evidence there to hem you in, as we are hemmed in down here."

"You are instructed," said the court blandly, "that the law forbids, in arriving at a verdict, that the jury give any weight to the fact that the defendant does not take the stand in his own behalf."

The jury retired. It returned very shortly, apparently in vile humor. The verdict was not guilty. As professional jury dodgers until caught in the net in this day of the recrudescence on the part of the public, of the desire to cure crime with the good old-fashioned remedy of punishment, they had seen enough, in this case, to sour their blood. During the recess they crowded about the prosecutor before he could escape.

"Have you got his record?" demanded the foreman savagely.

Braxton produced a ledger sheet, which, single-spaced, just held Willie's record of crime and imprisonment.

"Will you tell me why this was not put in evidence?" demanded the foreman.

"My dear sir," said Braxton, smiling easily, "it is dangerous!" He let that sink in. "This variegated record would prejudice your mind against this poor defenseless criminal. It is a crime to let a juror know a criminal has a record. It isn't done, sir!"

The author came forward. "Were his finger prints found at the scene of the crime?" he asked. "Is that the way they caught him?"

"Certainly. How else?" shrugged Braxton.

"Will you tell me why the jury was not permitted to know that?" roared Juror Number 10.

"It is dangerous!" replied Braxton. "Finger prints are not evidence, except in fiction. I believe you fellows bring them to court, regardless. We are not permitted to do so here."

The jurors would be damned, and said so violently.

"If the police admit they caught Willie through his finger prints they would be admitting that he had a criminal record," said Braxton, "and the jury is not permitted to know such a fact. It is not considered pertinent to the issue."

"In this twentieth century of our Lord, is this true?" demanded the foreman.

"It is true," said Braxton solemnly. "If the prisoner takes the stand in his own behalf, the prosecutor can bring out his record and get the facts before the jury. But the prisoner has the right to refuse to take the stand, and the law requires the judge to instruct you jurors to disregard that fact in coming to a verdict. Here is a man who is making a very good living out of it, keeping pertinent facts from jurors—and the law backs him up in it!" He pointed at Sneed, who was passing.

Sneed chuckled. He patted Braxton on a shoulder. "You are young yet. You'll get over it, my boy," he said soothingly, and passed out.

"But the legislature—it can be appealed to!" cried the foreman, drawing on his coat.

"It was, last winter," said Braxton, "and refused to remove the restriction. The poor crook has got to be coddled. If you don't know it, it is high time you found it out, while you are losing your pay rolls."

As Braxton gathered up his papers a vision in black lace and floating silk passed down the aisle. He hurried forward.

"Will you lunch with me?" he asked Estrelle. He had conceived a great admiration for this woman. Her instinct was so good and her intuition so fine. She was to him that rarest of creatures, a real lady, for whom no one anywhere need offer an apology. He was scheming to see more of her.

Willie, an expression of incredulous vacuity on his countenance, wandered among the corridors of the courts, telling his friends, whom he found there in great numbers, the fairy tale. Nothing Solly Dow, the jail-door johnnie, had ever told him approached this as a miracle.

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PATENTS PENDING

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

Film on Teeth and Your Smile

The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic properties, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

RUN your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. That film is largely charged by dental authorities with many tooth and gum disorders.

It is said to foster decay. To make otherwise clear teeth look dull and lustreless. To invite gum disorders, including pyorrhea.

Many methods of cleansing have failed to combat it. That is why, largely on dental advice, thinking people are widely adopting a new way in tooth and gum care, a way embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

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For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay.

Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in the film-removing tooth paste called Pepsodent.

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It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. And thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids. No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

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Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

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2209

The Great Oyster Conspiracy

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

1. I Am Not Crazy Yet

I WENT to New York to be awfully gay
And banish my workaday cares,
To feed like Lucullus and dance like the Mullahs
And take in the Vanity Fairs.
But the first thing I knew I was caught in a jam,
Crushed in a long, indefinite throng.
Jumbled in Broadway like logs in a dam;
Millions and millions of people like me,
Eagerly searching for something to see;
People who stepped on me,
Sat on me, kept on me;
Strangers so weary they tottered and slept on me—
Simply a picture to sadden the eyes
Of a town that is always too full for its size.

At last I was hungry; and so I applied
At a restaurant gilded with sybarite pride.
A man at the door
Said, "Can't hold no more!
Better go home, for there's no room inside.
You can't get a look at a table, they say,
Till next summer's booking—the Second of May."

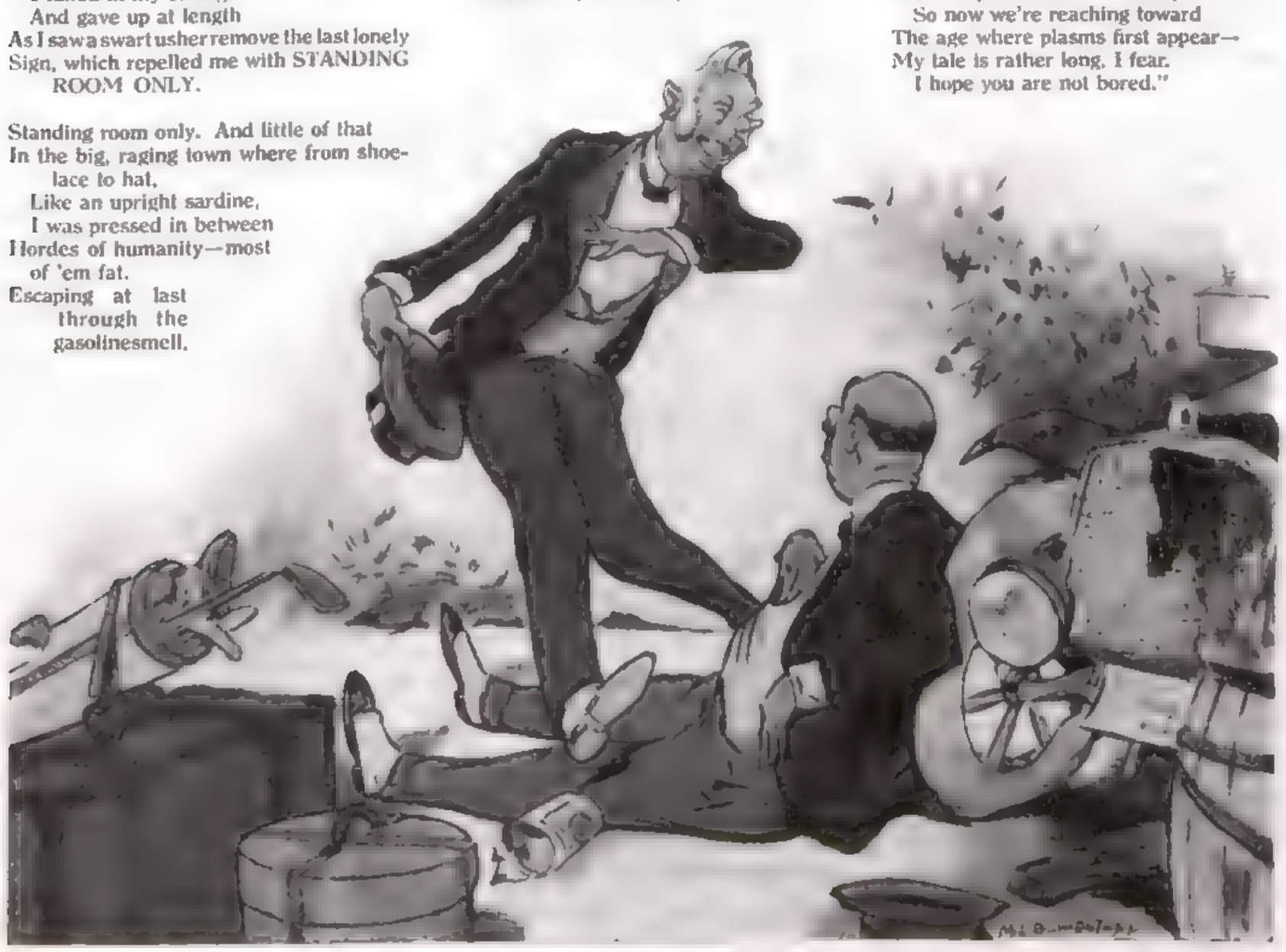
I thought I would go to a popular show,
So I sought out the booth of a scalper I know.
His eyes were like lead as he scornfully said,
"Everything sold, sir, for six months ahead.
Gallery seats for next Fourth of July
Sell for nine dollars. Don't want 'em? Good-by."
So I followed the crowd along Roof Garden Row,
Shaking my bill roll and longing to blow
Seventeen dollars and thirty-three cents
For an eyeful of girlies—and hang the expense.
Midst rib-gouging elbows and loud-honking horns,
With black-and-blue muscles and pains in my corns,
I failed in my strength
And gave up at length
As I saw a swart usher remove the last lonely
Sign, which repelled me with STANDING ROOM ONLY.

Standing room only. And little of that
In the big, raging town where from shoelace to hat,
Like an upright sardine,
I was pressed in between
Hordes of humanity—most of 'em fat.
Escaping at last through the gasolinesmell,
I floundered my way to the Jumbo Hotel,
Where a room I'd engaged;
But I sputtered and raged
When the room clerk, an awfully world-weary swell,
Smiled, "Sorry we've nothing tonight."
With a yell
I threatened to strike,
But the case-hardened tike,
Being used to hysterical scenes and the like,
Just faced the long bread line of applicants meek,
Explaining, "So sorry. Come back in a week."

"Oh, well," I observed, "in New York, it is said,
There are over two thousand hotels; so a bed
Can be somewhere obtained."
At that moment it rained;
I signaled a taxi. I signaled most twenty.
They all scuttled by
With a gas-laden sigh,
Although any moron could see there were plenty;
But the ones I remarked were quite jammed to the doors
With joy-riding passengers—probably bores.

So I walked and I walked from hotel to hotel,
Trudging with thousands as homeless as I,
Outcasts evicted like old Ishmael,
Seeking some cactus bed whereon to lie.
Gay pleasure seekers who'd come to enjoy
The bright metropolitan flavor—oh, boy!

And thus, as some hunter who's lost in the fog
Rambles in circles from hilltop to bog,
Lamely I legged it,
Patiently pegged it,
Round the great Babel whose giant inanity,
Relished by few men,
Makes it inhuman
Merely because it's too full of humanity.



I Was Frankly Amazed to See an Old Gent in a Dinner Suit Dingy

As morning approached with a slow-dragging pace
I staggered at last to a quaint resting place,
Back of a little garage, poor but neat,
Hard by a Hundred and Ninety-sixth Street.
Throwing myself on the ground, all a-shiver,
My head on the tank of a broken-down flivver,
I gratefully dozed in the qualified dark—
When, hark!
Came such a laugh as you'll hear from a snark,
Addressing the boa
When old Mr. Noah
Sleeps at his post on the deck of the Ark.
Through half light I gazed
And was frankly amazed
To see an old gent in a dinner suit dingy,
Shirt rather gray and the cuffs rather fringy,
Taking me in
With a wee, elfin grin,
As he stroked the thin bristles that sprang from his chin.

"Who are you?" I cried.
With a curious pride
He pulled down his vest and distinctly replied,
"I'm a Siamese Prince and the King of the Mystics,
The heir to a throne,
But most commonly known
As The Man Who Invented the Vital Statistics."

2. My Distinguished Friend Explains Himself

"About a billion years ago,"
My new-found friend explained,
"The Earth was nothing but a mass
Of overheated laughing gas;
And then, they say, it rained.
We'll skip a hundred million years;
So now we're reaching toward
The age where plasms first appear—
My tale is rather long, I fear.
I hope you are not bored."

Watch This Column

LAURA LA PLANTE in "HER BIG NIGHT"

This has been a mighty busy, and rather wonderful, year for LAURA LA PLANTE. Her every picture released within the past six months has been successful, and I am confident that her newest effort, *"HER BIG NIGHT,"* will add materially to her record of triumphs.

"HER BIG NIGHT" is adapted from Peggy Gaddis' clever and popular story, "Doubling for Lora." MISS LA PLANTE plays the part of a shop-girl who is offered $1,000 to impersonate a prominent screen star whom she closely resembles. She agrees and it leads to all sorts of complications which create a riot of mirth.

The transformation from a plain, insignificant shop-girl to a gloriously beautiful being, with beautiful gowns and jewels, newspaper interviews, lime-light and glitter, gives MISS LA PLANTE an opportunity in which she has fairly reveled. You'll like the play beyond the shadow of a doubt. I'd like to have your opinion of it.

The supporting cast is unusually strong and includes such excellent players as TULLY MARSHALL, ZAZU PITTS, CISSY FITZGERALD, MACK SWAIN, LEE MORAN, EINAR HANSEN, the new Swedish star, and others. There is some new twist in every scene and you will be kept busy following the countless surprises.

Again I must advise you to see *"The Midnight Sun,"* the brilliant spectacular romance featuring LAURA LA PLANTE and PAT O'MALLEY; *"Take It From Me,"* featuring that tremendously popular comedian, REGINALD DENNY; *"The Old Soak,"* featuring JEAN HERSHOLT; *"The Marriage Clause,"* featuring FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and BILLIE DOVE. Please write me your conclusions concerning all of these.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photograph of Laura La Plante Reginald Denny and Jean Hersholt

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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Players and Hands for Week of October 25th

Wilbur C. Whitehead, N. Y., dealer, South—
Spades ..... J, 3, 2
Hearts ..... A, J, 4
Diamonds ..... Q, 3
Clubs ..... A, 9, 8, 4, 2

E. E. Denison, Portland, Me., West—
Spades ..... K, Q, 4
Hearts ..... K, 10, 9, 3
Diamonds ..... K, 8, 6
Clubs 10, 7, 6

Maj. R. J. Herman, Boston, North—
Spades ..... A, 10, 7, 6
Hearts 8, 7, 6, 2
Diamonds ..... A, 10, 4
Clubs ..... K, 5

Milton C. Work, N. Y., East—
Spades 9, 8, 5
Hearts ..... Q, 5
Diamonds ..... J, 9, 7, 5, 2
Clubs ..... Q, J, 3

Suppose you are Major Herman and have won the bid at one no-trump. Mr. Work leads the 5 of diamonds. Which diamond would you play from Dummy? How many diamond tricks are sure? Listen in and hear how the experts do it.

Tues., Oct. 26, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WEAR, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WRC, WTAG, WWJ.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KGO	General Electric Co.	Oakland
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Seattle Times	Seattle
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
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"I've read so many books," I said,
"Which start like that. Please go ahead."

"At seven million years B.C.,
By records of the past,
The world was faced with famine, for
That wonder, the hen dinosaur,
Was laying eggs so fast
The rooster dinosaur must needs
Scratch hard to feed his chicks.
At last he gave it up and died.
So this experiment was tried
And simply went for nix."

"That listens well," I said in turn.
"It's by our failures that we learn."

"The study of biology—
It's very stylish now—
Convinces us that protoplasms,
Through many million years of spasms,
At last produced the cow,
The gnat, the bullfinch and the gnu,
The dik-dik and the ghlee;
Then came gorillas from their dens
And gave us Homo Sapiens—
I hope you follow me."

"Quite easily," I said with bells.
"You take less time than H. G. Wells."

"Biology informs us that
Most any species can
Just breed and breed for all it's worth
Until it populates the earth,
Exterminating man.
A pair of elephants, they say,
In seven hundred years
Could breed some nineteen million els
To fill the world with circus smells
And trunks and flapping ears."

"Though fond of elephants," I cried,
"With two or three I'm satisfied."

"Regard the oyster, if you please!
In one short year she lays,
Without the aid of arms or legs,
Some sixty million oyster eggs
To hatch in quiet bays.
Her progeny in seven years
Would roundly figure thus:
60,000,000,000,000,-
000,000,000,000,000—
Ain't she the cute li'l' cuss?"

I said, "'Twould make me rather cross
To serve them all with cocktail sauce."

"Now this is what I'm getting at,
If anything at all;
It's obvious the human race
Is growing at a frightful pace,
And yet the world is small.
In fifty years the U. S. A.
With people will o'erflow.
The Rocky Mountains will be jammed,
The Mississippi Valley crammed—
And then where will they go?"

I said, to please the little man,
"Let's take up farming in Japan."

"So Sorry. Come Back in a Week"

"Look at New York! Since '96
She's doubled population.
In fifty years she'll hold a few
More people than are in Peru.
By careful computation
I find that her inhabitants,
In order to make room,
Must stand upon each other's heads
And sleep on hatracks 'stead o' beds—
Huzzat, says I, for gloom?"

I answered, "Though it might look strange,
It won't be such an awful change."

"Now listen!" Here my new-found friend
Raised a triumphant shout.
"I have a plan that's deep and vile
To pacify Manhattan Isle
And keep the people out.
No cannonade or quarantine,
No poison gas absurd,
But just some plain biology—
I offer, sans apology,
The oyster. She's the bird!"

I asked, though nervously inclined,
"You mean, perhaps, the ptomaine kind?"

"No. Healthy, juicy, large Cape Cods—
A dozen I'll select.
Between them all, now let us say,
They'll lay a billion eggs a day—
Then what can we expect?
Invading oysters soon will show
Grim heads along the shore;
Over the frightened streets they'll pile,
Cover the buildings, mile on mile,
Strangle the Subway roar ——"
"Not that!" I shrieked. "Oh, fiend of hate!
Not oysters! Spare us such a fate!"

"Ha-ha! The worst I've yet to tell—
Gosh, how you blanch and wince. . . ."
Just then a man in uniform
Came striding toward him through the storm,
And growled, "Come on, old quince. . . .
He just escaped this afternoon."
The keeper did explain.
"We have to watch him close, you bet.
This kind of case we often get—
Manhattan on the brain."

I watched my boon companion whilom
March grandly toward the old asylum,
And said, "His madness may be deep—
At least he's found a place to sleep."

TIME IS AN INVESTMENT

SO MUCH is being constantly said and written of the more spectacular elements of American business achievement that I often think young men are being led to overlook the chief ingredient, which is time. Doubtless our leaders of industry take this for granted.

Some time ago I became so much interested in this thought that I took the trouble to look up records of a random list of noted American business, industrial and commercial figures. I was rather astonished to find that the length of time investment—the period between first employment and the attainment of national standing in any one field—was remarkably uniform for all of them. It ran so close to twenty years in each of the records I examined that it resembles a natural law.

Since then I have noted many others without finding any variation in the rule. There are exceptions, of course; scores of them will spring to the mind of any reader who follows the careers of our leading business men. But when the number of these exceptions is measured against the total number of national business figures, it will be evident that in this field, too, the exception serves only to prove the rule.

I think it will be found, also, on further analysis of the apparent exceptions, that many men who seem to have located a short cut to achievement in some new enterprise might have made greater progress in the old. There is no way of proving this, it is true. But if their records are examined it will be found that the length of time between first employment and what we call arrival is actually longer than the usual twenty-year average.

To my way of thinking, this is a perfect proof of the old rolling-stone adage. To put it in other words, it shows that nothing is to be gained by changing jobs, ninety-nine out of a hundred times. In our business we try to avoid changes by going to unusual lengths to explain the character of the work to young men entering the company.

I have often thought a recognition and acceptance of this twenty-year law, or fact, by young men and by their employers would be of vast influence in stabilizing business, and consequently would go a long way toward the reduction of commercial failures. A failure, after all, reduces itself in most instances to a lack of definite information. Though I have not analyzed the statistics in detail, I believe it is generally accepted that most of the causes given for failures are based on inexperience—lack of knowledge concerning finances, credits, markets, trade customs and the like. This in turn may be traced often to unwise changes.

A young man holding a salaried position hears of the profits being made by a friend in business for himself. He does not realize that years of struggle may have preceded the profit taking; that present returns are the yield of past experience and labor. Gathering together all his resources, he plunges into the same line. Then, being without this experience, all too often he fails.

It would be futile to deny that changes are sometimes necessary. But I do not believe a change is ever desirable until the man planning it has done everything in his power to visualize and develop the opportunities at his hand. The assertion that opportunity does not exist is generally wrong—it is always wrong if we are willing to look far enough ahead. The truth, as a rule, is that one who is discontented cannot see it, or is too impatient to look ahead.

One rule I have followed is always to train another man to take my place after I have mastered a particular position. Promotion, I have noted, generally goes to the man who is most readily available for it. Likewise, the man with a trained assistant has a mind free to develop more opportunity for himself, if one does not immediately present itself. The man who trains himself to keep an open mind always sees more things than he can possibly do.

VICTOR M. CUTTER.

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Record Breaking Sales!

SEPTEMBER! Greatest September sales and production in Nash history—

—and if it had been possible to build all the cars ordered September would have smashed all Nash records for a single month's business.

OCTOBER! At this writing it is a practical certainty that October sales and production will surpass by more than 50% the largest previous October on our books.

Announcement of new models—*all powered with 7-bearing crankshaft motors, the world's smoothest type*—sent Nash demand racing toward new heights.

September clicked the 25th consecutive month and October will register the 26th—*with three exceptions*—that Nash sales have exceeded the record set by the same month of the previous year.

The three months noted above as exceptions were months when production was deliberately restricted to enable bringing new models into manufacture.

* * * *

The three new Nash series—Light Six, Special Six and Advanced Six—include sixteen models distinguished with important new engineering attractions and dressed in colorful new body finishes. The price range is from $865 to $2090 f. o. b. factory.

(4316)

Ice Cream is just as healthful—just as delicious in winter as it is in summer. Dixies will prove it to you!

WHENEVER—and wherever you get a 5c Ice Cream DIXIE, you can always be sure of finding it filled with high-standard ice cream! The DIXIE Franchise is granted exclusively to manufacturers of such high-standard ice cream. In that sense the DIXIE Franchise is your protection. And the word "DIXIE" woven into the blue design, which identifies the original and only genuine DIXIE, becomes your guarantee of delicious, healthful and clean ice cream of an established standard.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
Easton, Pa.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

What is a DIXIE?

A dainty, inviting individual container for good things to eat and drink. In addition to Dixies for ice cream, Individual Dixies for drinks are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants at the better soda fountains. And at most drug, stationery and department stores you can get Dixies in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.

THE TRAGEDY OF AMARDIS

Continued from Page 50

"No, dammit, you needn't, but when I finds my coverts full of larks instead of pheasants I want to know what's what."

"As it's only proper you should, sir, or any other gentleman."

Colonel Tighe waited for no more.

"Durant," he said, "I think you're a fool."

Colonel Tighe came upon Lee, the underkeeper, leaning against a gate that led to Kilnhouse Spinney. Lee was a Sussex man, simple, direct and unmoved by circumstances.

"I don't know what the devil you think you're doing," said Colonel Tighe.

"I be watching peewits fer foxes," said Lee. "'Tis better'n anything for mobbing a fox is peewits." He added, "The pigeons is fair tarrifying Farmer Louden's beans. He be fair tormented by 'em. Might hide yourself up and shoot a few."

Colonel Tighe was in no mood for advice and indicated that if ever he stood in need of it he would not be afraid to ask. To this Lee replied with genuine innocence that he need not hesitate to do so, as it was always a pleasure to serve by word or deed.

"Seems to me," said the colonel acidly, "you'd be better employed ranging round keeping gypsies and poachers off the estate."

Lee seemed quite surprised.

"They don't never give no trouble by day," said he. "And 'tis what I do do by night."

Feeling he had had the worse of the encounter the colonel clumped off across the field, and half a mile away he came upon Michael and Charlie intent upon their nefarious business.

If Colonel Tighe had controlled his temper and used his wits he might have stalked the two boys and captured them red-handed. There was a fair amount of natural cover which it was reasonable to expect, with his military training, the colonel might have used to advantage. But here was a case where anger overshadowed judgment. Instead of approaching stealthily, he made a frontal attack embellished with loud cavalry cries.

Although Charlie and Michael were boys of more than average courage, they did not, in the military phrase, feel themselves prepared to receive cavalry. To avoid recognition they had taken the precaution of wearing their jackets inside out and covering the lower halves of their faces with handkerchiefs. It was obvious then that, granted an opportunity to escape, the subsequent risks of identification were small.

As luck would have it, at the very second the colonel disclosed his presence Michael had caught up the ferret. In the flash of an eye Charlie snatched from the ground the graft, or ferreting spade, also lent by Barstow, and the two boys beat it downhill in a manner suggestive of Abrahams on the sprint. Their bag of rabbits they surrendered to the emergency of the moment, as also, although not until a quarter of a mile away did they realize it, they had surrendered Sally. Sally was pursuing to its destruction a rabbit which only a few minutes before had been half winded by a clod of earth thrown by Michael. Colonel Tighe, snorting like a bull, occupied the invaded territory at the moment that she found and killed.

With pride proper to the occasion Sally picked up the limp, lifeless body in her gentle mouth and emerged from the sheltering gorse.

At first she was astonished by the absence of Charlie and Michael and the apparition of a scarlet-faced individual who stood in the center of the warren and brandished an ash plant. But since Sally was a sportsman's dog and not a poacher's dog, and since her association with sport had been of an upright and honorable kind, she did not suspect harm, or assume there was any need for concealment or flight.

Flagging her white ensign and emitting a pleasant grumbling noise suggestive of water on the boil, she paddled up to Colonel Tighe and deposited the rabbit at his feet.

In the usual way a piece of clean retrieving is rewarded by a pat and a kind word, and Sally's surprise was intense when the colonel, with a snarl of anger, seized her by the collar and raised the ash plant as though to administer a thrashing.

Sally did not flinch, which explains perhaps why the blow did not fall, for although a man both splenetic and rash, Colonel Tighe was always ready to admire courage in others. Instead of beating her, he swiveled the collar round to read the brass plate:

Sally,
Amardis Mead,
Cooden,
Little Dole-Keynes.

"Ha!" said he. "That tells me just what I want to know."

Slipping the crook of his stick through the collar, he proceeded to drag off Sally in the direction of the village. But Sally had been trained to walk at heel, and anything in the way of a lead was repugnant to her nature and an insult to her pride. A hiding she was prepared to accept without question, on the assumption that in the matter of punishment men know better than dogs what is right; but to allow this stranger to haul her along on the end of a stick was something she would not endure.

With an expression of sullen resolve Sally sat down in the sand and dug in her feet.

The colonel lugged and Sally scotched and so began a battle of obstinate wills, resulting after ten minutes' struggle in a gain for the man of twenty yards.

It was perspiration in the palm of the colonel's hand that gave to Sally the victory. The stick slipped and Sally streaked homeward with it bumping along beside her in the dust.

When Colonel Tighe arrived at the village ten minutes later he found Amardis sitting on the wooden step at the garden gate. Across her knees lay his stick, and across her brow was stretched another straight line. Sally lay in the dust at her feet, panting.

As the colonel approached, Amardis rose and held the stick out to him.

"I think this must be yours," she said.

Colonel Tighe seized it and pointed.

"Whose dog is that?" he demanded in a voice of thunder.

"She's mine," replied Amardis steadily.

"Yours, eh? Now listen to me, young woman. I found that dog poaching on my estate."

Amardis colored.

"Sally isn't a poacher," she said. "If she was really there it—it wasn't her fault."

"Don't argue with me. You and your 'really theres'!"

"Sally is a respectable dog," Amardis persisted, and tears were pricking at the back of her eyes. "Her father was Brown Boy of Kent."

"She was poaching, I tell you," and Colonel Tighe pounded the point of his stick upon the gravel. "Poaching in company with two young scalawags that I mean to get my hands on. Didn't I find her with a rabbit in her mouth?"

"If you did," said Amardis, "she didn't know she was doing wrong. If you'd asked her, she'd have retrieved it to you."

"H'm!" said the colonel. "I'm not talking about that."

"And if you hadn't tried to drag her she'd have followed you at heel properly."

The colonel started.

"How do you know I tried to drag her?"

Amardis pointed at the stick.

"She's a very obedient dog, and doesn't do wrong. Her mother was Suivi. She'd walk at your heel now if I told her."

"All that is very fine and large," said the colonel; "but facts are facts, young woman, and there's no room for sentiment where facts are concerned."

He stared indignantly at the small creeper-clad cottage. "I dare say you find a few rabbits make a very pleasant change of diet—but ——"

"Stop!" cried Amardis, and her cheeks were scarlet. "Oh, how dare you say that! As if we'd ever. Oh!"

"You can drop all that heroic stuff, my dear, because it doesn't wash. When you lent the dog to those lads no doubt there was a *quid pro quo*—a little bargaining beforehand. Let this be a lesson to you that that sort of game doesn't pay."

Amardis said nothing—nothing at all.

She scorned to cry before a man like that. With Sally at her heels, she turned toward the cottage.

"Not in such a hurry, please," said the colonel, following her inside the gate. "I want the names of those two boys."

Amardis spun round.

"I don't know them, and if I did I wouldn't tell you."

"Then I know where I stand, don't I? And perhaps it'd be as well if you knew where you'll stand. I shall give orders to my keepers if that dog is found again in my preserves to shoot her at sight."

Amardis turned deathly pale.

"And if ever you come inside this gate again," said she, "I shall give orders for Sally to bite you—hard."

As Colonel Tighe walked up the lane he said to himself, "She'd some pluck, that youngster. A first-rate kid."

But he kept his promise and instructed his keepers to strike and spare not.

That afternoon Charlie and Michael presented themselves at half-mast.

"Would it do any good if we went and owned up?" said Michael ruefully.

"We will, like a shot, if you say so," Charlie indorsed.

But Amardis' eyes were resting upon Sally, who lay asleep in the sun, dreaming of rabbits.

"Kipe! Kipe!" she uttered, and her paws flickered in imagination of the chase.

"No good," said Amardis.

From Michael came, "We were frightful silly asses to do it."

"I expect you to be silly," said Amardis. "Boys always are, and thoughtless too. But—but this is much more 'portant than that."

And then she left them in that sudden, unexpected and rather alarming way that girls and women have.

"I don't feel safe about Sally," she told grandmother. "I don't, you know, I don't. She's been demoralized. Oh, I don't feel safe."

"Nonsense, darling," said Mrs. Mead. "It isn't as if Sally is the sort of dog to go off on her own."

"Suppose she did, though," said Amardis with a quick upward inflection that had a note of panic.

That night Mrs. Mead gave Amardis a cup of warm milk with just a dessertspoonful of sherry in it—than which there is no finer panacea for the nerves or any other unsettlement.

When next morning Amardis ran down to the garden, to her horror and dismay the kennel was empty.

Impossible to say what mischievous inspiration had whispered in Sally's ear during the hours of the night. The excitements of the preceding day had proved so great that she could not resist the temptation to repeat them. Thus, with the crack of dawn, she had set forth upon her first marauding expedition, and choosing a route circuitous and unknown, had appeared at the warren at that hour when all good rabbits, after a night spent in the woods and fields, are contemplating a return home.

(Continued on Page 70)

"I HAD STOMACH TROUBLE which caused a breaking out on my face. Finally my doctor suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. After about two months the Yeast had improved my stomach condition so that my face had cleared up wonderfully. I felt in much better general health too after taking the Yeast."

ADELAIDE GREY, Denver, Colo.

"I WAS CONTINUALLY BOTHERED WITH ERUPTIONS on my neck, arms and legs for a period of at least four years. Finally my doctor recommended that I eat Fleischmann's Yeast. After a few weeks my blood cleared up and the eruptions disappeared. I am very glad to say that since then I have never been troubled with any eruptions of the skin."

PETE GERHARDT,
San Francisco, Calif.

Health Ahead!

Now sufferers from clogged intestines, from stomach and skin disorders— can find the road to health *through a simple food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water, or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-22, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York

"I FELT RUN DOWN and overworked. Hearing so many people praise Fleischmann's Yeast I decided to try it. I've been taking it for some time, and I am feeling wonderful. My nerves are strong, and I can play a much better game of billiards. I take a cake of Yeast in water before each meal, and advise the same to anyone who desires to build up his system."

CARL A. VAUGHAN, New York City

"I USED VARIOUS 'DOPES' AND PHYSICS to produce proper elimination, but without success. I always had that 'down and out' feeling, felt run down and nervous, took no interest in things and could not sleep properly. Then I decided upon Fleischmann's Yeast. I took it three times a day, before meals. In a surprisingly short time, I began having proper elimination and regained my 'pep.' Today my health is excellent—I no longer get that tired feeling."

MARGARET F. BIEDERMANN, Chicago, Ill

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Two favorite Milk Chocolate flavors

THERE are two distinct tastes for milk chocolate. One is for the full chocolate flavor, the other for the milder, creamier blend.

Peter's—richest in chocolate—gives the full chocolate taste. It is the original milk chocolate, invented over fifty years ago in Switzerland.

Nestle's—richest in cream—is a milder, smoother blend.

Both are made by the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., the world's oldest makers of milk chocolate.

Both come in 5¢ and 10¢ bars—plain and almond or the new 5¢ croquettes
NESTLE'S
SWEET MILK CHOCOLATE
RICHEST IN CREAM
"Richest in CREAM"

Continued from Page 68

Finding that her worst fears had been realized, Amardis wasted no time in passionate despair. Clutching her short skirt, she ran and ran. From Michael's and Charlie's confession she knew exactly where to go. Her terror was whether she would arrive in time. She fled down the village street, across the twenty-acre field, and crashing through the blackthorn hedge at its southern end, half jumped, half rolled down the steep slope of the sunken road where a few months earlier young Talbot-Chesser of The Mannerings had taken a toss from his mare and broken his collar bone. Scrambling up the embankment on the far side, Amardis entered the Tighe estate and attacked the long rising slope beyond which lay the warren. But that she needed her breath for the exertion of the climb, she would have begun to call to Sally at this point. To have done so would of course have increased the danger of detection, but in the emergency of the moment desperate measures were justified. She had seen no one, but beyond the brow of the hill a flight of starlings and of rooks had risen into the air as though startled, and somewhere a peewit sounded a mewing note of warning.

Amardis struggled on breathlessly.

Accustomed to country ways and indications of the wild, this sudden disturbance of birds had an ominous significance.

While still two hundred yards from the brow Amardis had a brief vision of Sally silhouetted against the sky line. Only for a second was Sally to be seen ere she vanished on the farther side. A brown fleeting shape—nose down—tail straight—there, then gone.

"Sally. Sally."

The name rattled from Amardis' dry throat in little more than a whisper. It was answered by a sharp, stinging report from beyond the hill.

Amardis clapped a hand over her mouth and stood as though turned to stone. And while she stood, once more Sally appeared—brown against blue—poised on the sky line in an attitude of canine bewilderment.

"Sally!"

This time there was no mistake. It was a cry—a scream almost. Sally heard and slowly turned toward the sound as another shot was fired.

The spent pellets curving over the hill brow prickled Amardis' legs and started tiny puffs of dust at her feet.

Doubt changed to certainty. Sally waited no longer, but careered downhill toward her mistress as fast as four short legs could carry her. As she ran she tossed her head sideways as though to rid her ears of a bramble.

Amardis did not wait. She knew her speed to be something less than half Sally's, and her energies were bent on getting into cover before the keeper had time to reload and overtake them. Together they jumped the hedge at the hill foot and rolled into the sunken road before the slow-moving Lee had covered half the distance.

But even so, Amardis did not abate her speed, and it was not until she had put a mile between herself and the frontiers of the Tighe estate that she flung herself down in the grass and, pressing Sally's head to her cheek, gave way to a torrent of tears.

"Sally, Sally," she moaned. "You might have been killed. You might."

And then for the first time she saw that her companion was wounded. As a fact the wounds were not serious—a pricked ear and forepaw and a small groove cut in the lower lip. Lee had made the mistake of firing at too long a range. But the significance of the wounds was not to be denied. A deliberate, if unsuccessful, attempt had been made to kill Sally—an attempt which, on another occasion, might very well prove fatal.

Amardis might have argued that there would never be another occasion; that Sally, after the lesson she had learned, would go forth and sin no more; but Amardis knew Sally, and knew that she was a dog of gallant and obstinate spirit. If Sally were determined on a certain line of conduct, neither threat nor entreaty would dissuade her. *Vide* her insistence to foster her last litter of puppies in an old disused rain tub rather than the nice warm bed Amardis had prepared in the tool shed; *vide* her insistence upon lying in the middle of the road before the cottage, undeterred by abuse and violence from riders of motorcycles and from carters. Once set in a given direction, she would not deviate. What had happened that morning might prove no more than one of those moments of rashness and intoxication to which even the most sober and reliable are sometimes susceptible, but it would not be safe to assume that this was so. As long as Sally lived at Cooden and there were rabbits in Colonel Tighe's warren there would be a horrible risk; and then, who knew? The next time it might be Durrant. And Durrant never missed. Amardis shut her eyes and hugged her knees and thought. Overhead a lark was caroling carefree. Insects mumbled pleasantly, and the good warm earth gave up its odors.

Amardis thought and thought.

There were not a very great many things in life that she loved—not, that is to say, such things as might be written down on a list and repeated. She was too young to have a husband and children of her own, which meant that there was a great big site suitable for future development to be let in her affections. She loved her grandmother, Mrs. Mead; but in its relations with old people youth is more given to take love than to bestow it. One cannot feel that a grandmother is one's very own, to be done with as one likes. Save in exceptional circumstances, one cannot give one's grandmother a bath, which, in the beaten way of love, is a pleasant and endearing service to perform for child or dog. However great an asset she may prove, a grandmother cannot be regarded as a possession. One feels, and rightly, that her immunity from instruction in the matter of sucking eggs places her in a position a little apart and remote.

Amardis was very fond of Charlie and of Michael, fond to the extent of fussing sometimes over their follies and wishing they would be otherwise. She was fond of flowers, open spaces, dew on grass, yellow butter, wood fires, the feel of cold water on her skin and the scratch of firm bristles when she brushed her hair. Also, she was very fond of early mornings, and the smiles of old people, and high winds, and speaking the truth, and very sour apples, and not being afraid.

But best of all, she was fond of Sally.

In Sally was centered and crystallized her sense of possession and of responsibility, the which, when mixed one with the other, produces that feeling which we call love.

From the first duty of protecting to the more abstract performances of entertainment, there was nothing in the way of labor and of service Amardis was unprepared to do for Sally's sake.

And out of the present emergency she found herself confronted with the supreme test of love—sacrifice.

Amardis was not a girl to blind herself with false hopes. She had trained herself to look problems squarely between the eyes. A very real danger had arisen, a danger impossible to underestimate. She knew Sally, she knew Sally's instinct, she knew, moreover, the patient ruthlessness of keepers during that season of the year when young pheasants are about. It remained to determine whether she could in fairness keep Sally at Cooden and expose her to the hazard of annihilation, or whether something else would have to be done. And to that problem there was only one answer: Sally would have to be sent away to a place of safety.

It sounded simple enough in words, but in practice it meant robbing her heart of its dearest possession.

"But I mustn't be weak about it," she told herself, "and I must do it now at once—or—or ——"

With Amardis determination was the first step toward action. She jumped to her feet, and with a white, set face she started off across the fields, with Sally at her heels, in the direction of The Mannerings.

Young Talbot-Chesser of The Mannerings was indulging in a solitary game of clock golf on the lawn before the house.

He looked up in mild surprise when Amardis addressed him from a gravel path near by.

Young Talbot-Chesser did not recognize even his brothers and sisters very quickly, so it was natural he should have blinked a good deal and stared vaguely before saying:

"Yes, I know who you are, 'course I do, and vat old lady's your dog. She's got sumfin ve matter wiv her ear."

Amardis, whose throat was sticky and dry, replied, "She's been shot."

"Goo' lor', goo' lor', tha's bad," said Talbot-Chesser.

"I came to you, because a year ago, when Sally had her puppies, you were very kind."

"It was nuffin'—gave you a lift, tha's all, in my li'l' ole two-seater."

"Please," said Amardis, "I want you to have Sally."

Talbot-Chesser was utterly bewildered. He could see from Amardis' face that she was under the influence of a great emotion, and great emotions made him extremely uncomfortable.

"You aren't serious?" said he.

Amardis took fire.

"You don't imagine I'd say it if I didn't mean it—you don't imagine I'd give away what I love best in the world—you don't imagine I'd joke about 'anything so—awful."

Talbot-Chesser pointed at a stone seat.

"Li'l' girl," said he, "sit down and le's hear the tale o' woe."

Amardis told her story plainly and without color.

"With you she'd be safe. And please, she's a very good shooting dog and really would earn her keep. She'll retrieve anything, and her father was Brown Boy of Kent and her mother was Suivi. If you would like to have her pedigree—you must, of course, only—only I would like to have kept it and had it framed, and if you've got a camera perhaps you'd take a snapshot of Sally, and—and ——"

How often the grief in one's own voice is the source of one's tears! Amardis' head pitched forward into her hands and her shoulders shook. With fierce determination she pulled herself together.

"No, no. I'm not going to cry. It's what I want to have happen—and it's cowardly to cry about it."

Young Talbot-Chesser was so upset that he took a cigarette and struck it against the side of a match box.

"'Course, my dear," said he, "'course I'll dowhat you ask—but of all rotten shames!"

Amardis took a piece of string from her pocket, tied one end through the ring in Sally's collar and handed the other to the young man. Then without another word she fled and was lost to view behind the huge rolling banks of rhododendrons.

By the gate of the cottage garden Lee, the under keeper, was waiting, gun on arm.

"See here, missy," said he, "'tis about that dog o' yourn."

"I have no dog," said Amardis, and passed him by like a thing of stone.

Then Amardis nailed a piece of wood across the little front door of Sally's kennel, so that no other canine foot should desecrate that holy ground.

On a fine frosty morning toward the end of November a distinguished company of guns was ranged before the coverts of Colonel Tighe's estate. The colonel was at the top of his form, and achieved an even greater altitude of amiability by virtue of his successful practice at the pheasants. Despite his gloomy prognostications, Durrant had brought on the birds very well, and was flushing them well back so that they came over the guns high and

(Continued on Page 72)

CLEAN CUT STYLE

IMPROVED STAR FOUR

Com. Chassis . .	$470	Coupe .	$675
Convertible Roadster	550	Couch .	695
Touring . . .	550	Sedan	795

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

THE NEW STAR SIX

Chassis	$650	Sedan . . .	$975
Touring	725	Sport Coupe . .	995
Coupe	820	Landau . .	995
Coach .	880	COMPOUND FLEETRUCK	
De Luxe Sport Roadster	910	Ton Chassis	975

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

HAYES-HUNT BODIES

"See the Star Car exhibit at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia"

DURANT MOTORS, INC., 250 West 57th Street, New York City. General Sales Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

Plants:

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Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico

Conquering Power—High-priced car quality and high-priced car performance at Low-Cost. Examine every detail—Try before you buy, and buy by results.

NEW STAR SIX
COACH
$880 *f. o. b. Lansing*

Low-cost Transportation

MORE POWER

Star Cars

SUPERIOR QUALITY

Young Bill's Friend *Wins!*

SKIN BALM *is all he says it is... and then some!*

Step up, Gentlemen (and Ladies, too) and meet Edmund J. Wrigley, 4546 N. 18th St., Philadelphia. Mr. Wrigley carries off the prize in the Mennen Bag Contest No. 3. If he's going away on Navy Observance Day (Oct. 27) he can give the new bag its first taste of travel. Here's his letter.

"Old Bill used to shave me. After he died, young Bill did...until the war.

"Young Bill went across and came back with four medals but no right arm. Now he works in a pharmacy and I have taken to shaving myself.

"Some time ago Bill said to me 'Here's something I use after shaving. Feels cool—heals little nicks—soothes and sort of tingles—mild and pleasant smell—not a bit greasy.'

"I bought a tube and now I'm passing Bill's words along and adding my O. K.

"P. S. The name on the tube was Mennen Skin Balm."

I like that letter. I hereby thank Mr. Wrigley for writing it and Bill gets special thanks for recommending Mennen Skin Balm so highly.

Every storekeeper recommends Skin Balm just as Bill does. And every man who uses it sings its praises highly. It tones up the skin, gives a cool, fresh feeling that lasts all day. Makes your face look as a man's face should—healthy—vigorous—well groomed. Women like it, too, as a powder base and instead of liquid lotions for hands.

Skin Balm is non-greasy and quickly absorbed. Easy to use. Quick to give results. It comes in a tube. Large size 50c.

• • •

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MENNEN
SKIN BALM

(Continued from Page 70)

fast. The colonel was taking them well forward and dropping them clean. Couched at his feet, with an air of eager expectation, was Bernard, the golden Labrador for which, only a few weeks before, he had paid no less than one hundred and twenty guineas.

"Surprised at your coming out with an old tub like that," said he, addressing young Talbot-Chesser, and tilting his head toward a fat spaniel who waddled thoughtfully in that gentleman's wake.

"Don't you worry," was the answer. "She's a good workin' ole soul."

"Working, perhaps," replied the colonel, "but not much good at picking up."

A dozen birds rocketed by. Talbot-Chesser took a right and left. Sally marked the spots where they fell, soberly. A hare streaked out of cover. The colonel fired—too far behind. The hare doubled back into cover and then Bernard, the hundred-and-twenty-guinea Labrador, ran in.

"Damnation take the dog!" roared his master. "Hi! Sit! Hi! hi!"

But Bernard heeded not. His beautiful golden form vanished among the trees, to be followed by a terrified "Cawk-cawk."

There was a flurry and a whirl of wings. A hundred or more pheasants, driven forward against the flushing wires, rose in a cloud as Bernard swept into their midst, wheeled, scattered and went back over the heads of the line of beaters without a shot being fired.

What should have been the finest shooting moment of the day was turned to utter fiasco.

Durrant, a white handkerchief in one hand, a stick in the other, pushed through the hazel screen that fringed the covert and approached with a face scarlet with anguish.

"That dog, sir—dog, sir—spoiled the whole thing, sir, ruined everything, no matter how."

The colonel's indignation was so great that he could find no answer.

"Pick up the birds and get on," said he.

Talbot-Chesser made a gesture with his hand, and Sally went forth and did her duty, retrieving to hand with exemplary tenderness and accuracy.

He and the colonel walked side by side to the next covert with barely a word exchanged. Bernard, conscious of evil doing, followed at a respectful distance, from which, in an endeavor to distract attention from himself, he passed rude remarks about Sally's appearance.

"I'll send that damned dog back to Harris' tomorrow and collect my check," said the colonel. "If necessary, with violence. 'Pon my soul, that old spaniel of yours is a better proposition."

"All ve time," said young Talbot-Chesser, and smiled cryptically.

The next cover was a wedge of woodland flanked on one side by a reedy mere.

Scarcely had the beat entered at the far end when a woodcock fork-lightninged through the upper branches of a cluster of tall trees and flickered down the line of guns, three oaks high.

There is something about a woodcock which produces nervous excitement among sportsmen disastrous to accurate shooting. Especially was this the case in the neighborhood of Little Dole-Keynes, where the brown-eyed visitor from the south was rarely seen.

The vicar, at best a poor shot, missed it with both barrels, as also—and this was more surprising—did Captain Greville, who was the father of Michael. Lord Grantleigh happened to be unloaded, and only succeeded in getting off one cartridge, and that too late. Paul Warrington, the clay-pigeon expert, was unable afterward to explain how he missed it, and young Talbot-Chesser made a practice of never attempting to explain anything. There remained only Colonel Tighe, who added laurels to his distinguished record with a clean kill at a range of not less than sixty-five yards.

The ball of bouncing brown feathers, checked on high, pitched at an acute slant into the reeds of the lake.

"Bernard, you fool," said the colonel, "here's a chance to redeem. Hi in. Find dead."

And while the rest of the covert was beaten up Bernard ranged and splashed among the reeds in search of a dead woodcock and a lost reputation.

It was not until the beat was over that he reappeared, bearing in his mouth a hen pheasant.

Now if the dog had emerged with nothing the colonel might have been disposed toward leniency, for often it is a difficult matter to retrieve from reeds and water, but Bernard's manifest endeavor to conceal his failure by the performance of a duty which he had not been called upon to undertake so outraged the colonel's sense of military discipline that he gave orders that the dog instantly was to be taken back to kennels.

"A thing like that makes me mad," he said; "specially on top of losing what may be the only woodcock we'll see this season. The creature ain't worth a bag of hound meal."

"Tell you what, colonel," said Talbot-Chesser brightly. "I'll put ve old lady in. She's a good ole workin' soul."

"Rubbish! What a first-class Labrador can't find, an old tub like that ain't going to."

But the young man persisted.

"Please yerself, but it's waste o' time. Let's go and get lunch."

"Sally," said Talbot-Chesser. "Vere's a woodcock in vere. Out vere—see! Seek find dead cock and stick vere until you do."

Sally nodded gravely, and as Talbot-Chesser strode off to join the guns she slipped with scarcely a ripple into the water.

Despite the excellent fare provided by the Lady Honoria, it cannot be said that the lunch in the woods was a success. To suffer the inconvenience of a picnic Colonel Tighe's nature demanded a condition of mental ease and serenity with which the morning's misfortunes had failed to provide him. Deprived of serenity he was unable to preserve the equilibrium either of his temper or the cardboard plate of victuals he was called upon to balance upon his knee.

The light-hearted banter of his guests, the accident of sitting upon a piece of wet moss which percolated through his Bedford-cord breeches, and the disastrous explosion of a bottle of Guinness did little to create a more benign atmosphere.

Lord Grantleigh did not improve matters with, "Surprised at you, Tighe, bein' taken in by a dawg of that description. A hundred and twenty guineas, eh? Damme, it's funny!"

Colonel Tighe colored dangerously and pointed at him with the drumstick of a chicken.

"I imagine the thought of paying for anything strikes you as funny," said he.

In ordinary circumstances he would not have said such a thing, for, as everyone was aware, his lordship had been county-courted only a few weeks before to show cause or reason why his laundry bill should not be settled.

Paul Warrington hastened to the rescue.

"'T any rate it was a first-class shot of yours, colonel."

But praise did not placate. The colonel said, "For all the use it was I might as well have missed the damn bird—like the rest of you."

In the indignant silence that followed, a wet and muddy spaniel pushed her way through the undergrowth and deposited at the feet of Colonel Tighe the dripping body of a woodcock.

"Good gad!" he exclaimed; and again, "Good gad!"

Sally sat down on her haunches and smiled.

Said young Talbot-Chesser of The Manneringa, "Didn't I say she was a good ole workin' soul?"

Colonel Tighe picked up the dead bird, extracted the pin feather and stuck it in the ribbon of his hat. Then leaning forward, he took Sally by the ears and shook them roughly, as a man will shake the hand of his best friend.

"Look here, you men," he said, "I've been damn bad-tempered, and let it be put on record that I've apologized." He looked at Talbot-Chesser. "This little spaniel is a first-rater and when your foreign service takes you abroad I'll take her off you at any price you like to name."

But Talbot-Chesser shook his head.

"Not on your life, colonel!" said he. "Could hardly expect me to hand ve old lady over to a fellow who'd ordered her to be shot."

"Shot—what do you mean?"

"'Sides," the young man proceeded, "she ain't mine to sell. I'm in ve position of her protector."

"Protector from whom?"

"From you."

"If this is a joke ——" the colonel began. "Here, explain yourself."

Which Talbot-Chesser did, winding up with:

"And since vat day, alvo it mus've broken her heart, ve li'l' girl has never been near ve ole lady."

There is between spaniels and loud-voiced fire-eating Anglo-Indians one thing in common—both are sentimental to a fault, and although the colonel punctuated Talbot-Chesser's narrative with such interjections as "Rot!" "All Gubbins" and "My eye," yet at the close of the day's sport he took the young man aside and talked with him long and earnestly, and had the story repeated, and developed in the act of listening what appeared to be a severe cold in the head.

And later in the evening—with Sally waddling at his heels—this time he did not attempt to use a lead—he marched across the cinder track that led to the village and thence to the cottage where Amardis and her grandmother lived. He presented himself at the moment they were about to begin supper.

To Amardis he said in a voice that detached flakes of whitewash from the ceiling:

"I think, young woman, you must be the biggest fool that ever lived; and here's a brace of pheasants if they are any good to you."

But Amardis did not hear. She was sprawling on the floor with Sally in her arms, and a more snuffly, slavering reunion of friends or lovers had never been beheld before.

Perhaps because anything in the nature of emotion was abhorrent to the martial spirit of the colonel, he plumped himself down at the table and attacked a Sussex pasty and a cup of cocoa—a beverage which he detested above all others—without any manner of invitation and quite irrespective of the fact that he was due to dine in his own home half an hour later.

"And if," he declared, "from this day forward, any keeper of mine raises hand or voice or gun to that spaniel of yours, I'll wring his neck with my own two hands, and sling what's left of him into a pond. I tell you, young woman, that Sally is a dog in a thousand—though why the blazes you didn't tell me so at the time defeats my understanding."

"I thought I did mention that her mother was Suivi and her father was Brown Boy of Kent," said Amardis apologetically.

"Never breathed a word of it," the colonel contradicted, and slapped a great dollop of black-currant jam on a thick slab of bread and butter.

The stars were out when Amardis, with the back of a hammer, levered the wooden slat from the front door of Sally's kennel.

But she could not understand why, with the feel of Sally's wet nose against her cheek, she should have cried herself to sleep that night.

Philosophically she reflected that after all there are many kinds of tears, and some are shed for reasons too lovely to be expressed in words.

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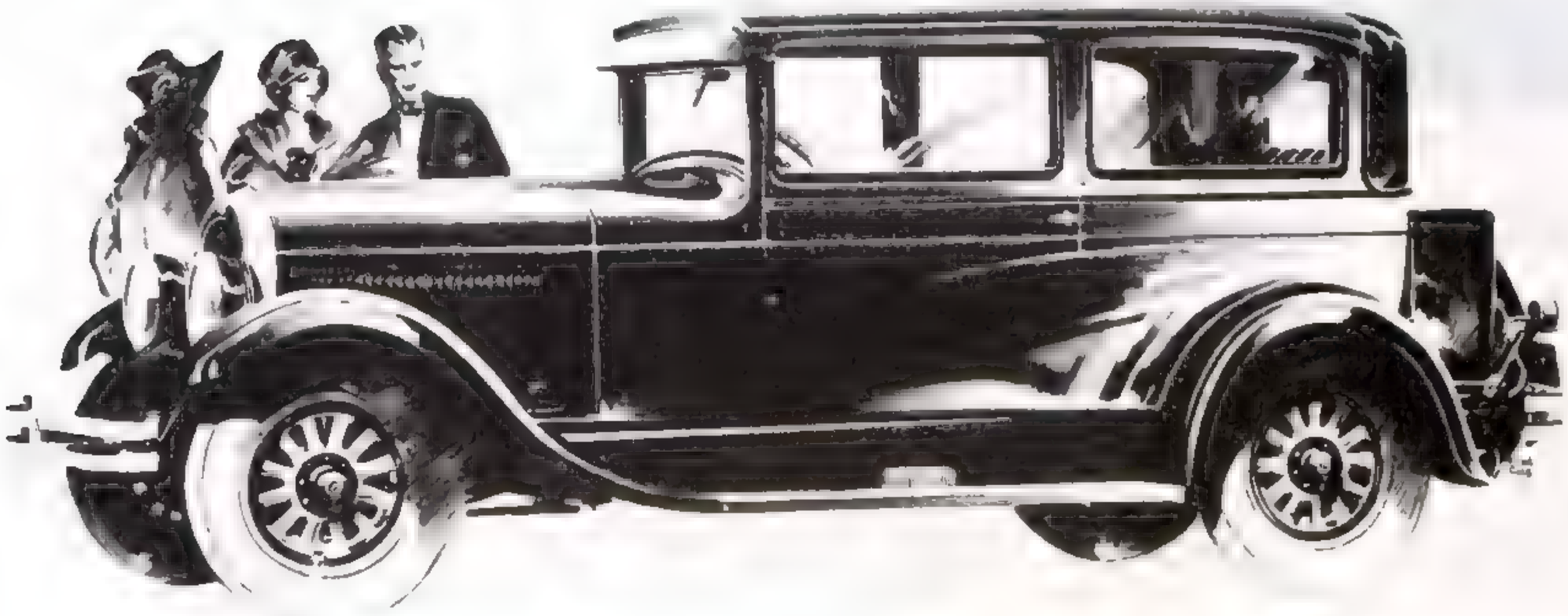

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Again, in the *new finer* Chrysler "70", Chrysler creates a new school of design and a new measure of value for an industry to follow.

Not until the coming of the first Chrysler "70" three years ago did any popular-priced six give 70 miles per hour, pick-up of 5 to 25 miles in 7¼ seconds, combined with an economy of 20 miles to the gallon.

Not until the Chrysler "70" were there 7 bearing crankshaft, oil-filter, air cleaner, thermostatic heat control, hydraulic four-wheel brakes, balanced wheels and tires, tubular front axle, etc., etc., in this price class.

And now the *new finer* Chrysler "70" excels the charm and smartness of its older self, just as that older self relegated earlier conceptions of motor car beauty and performance to oblivion.

New Lower Prices As Significant As Its New Beauty

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Roadster	$1495	$1525	$30
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Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—newer, more distinctive silhouette—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer, finer hardware—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color blendings far in advance of current harmonies.

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Trim Waistline

"Why is your waistline so trim?"

"Because I've that wonderful new friction-fabric waistband, SNUGTEX, in my trousers. It 'keeps shirts smooth and trousers snug' all the time. You ought to use it!"

Every man who uses SNUGTEX is delighted with it. Good for business, sports or evening clothes. Great for boys' wear, too, as thousands of grateful mothers will testify.

SNUGTEX is so soft and pliable you never know it is there, except for the greater comfort and neater appearance it gives. Ask your tailor or dealer for the SNUGTEX waistband in your new clothes, and have him sew it into the trousers you already have in service

Look for this SNUGTEX display

SNUGTEX can be obtained from most Department, Haberdashery and Clothing Stores in packaged lengths sufficient for one pair of boys' or men's trousers. Anyone handy with a needle can sew it in, in a jiffy—using a simple over-hand stitch. If your dealer hasn't yet stocked SNUGTEX, send the coupon and 50c for a trial package (standard 40 in. length). More if you wish.

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SNUGTEX Actual Size, 1¼" Wide

SNUGTEX

Send this coupon

Everlastik Inc. 1107 Broadway, New York
Enclosed find 50c for one package SNUGTEX

Name

Street

City State

Dealer's Name

A WAR SECRET

Continued from Page 46

sunk by the Russians in the exciting Dogger-bank incident during the Russo-Japanese war. He explored both vessels. The trawler was in a fair state of preservation, but covered with huge barnacles and was the home of giant lobsters and other big shellfish.

The greatest depth to which Miller went to reach submarines was 210 feet, and his descriptions of crawling on hands and knees in a mine field in the pitch darkness in search of a sunken vessel are more thrilling than any imagined by any writer of adventure stories. Creeping among all sorts of shellfish, flatfish, huge conger eels and other denizens of the sea bottom, sometimes across sands and at others breast-deep in swirling sea plants, was surely a thrilling experience of loneliness and danger.

A Crew of Officers

One submarine sank into a bed of growth—"almost like an African jungle," as he described it—and was nearly hidden in it. In another case a terrific explosion was reported beneath the sea off Harwich, and Miller at once went out on a trawler to the spot. On going down he could find nothing, but after several descents, and walking some distance on the bed of the sea, he found a few buckled plates and débris of what was afterward proved to be a German submarine mine layer which had evidently been blown up by one of its own mines, all the mines within being set off at the same time.

Having blasted open the conning tower of a U-boat sunk on the Varne Shoal, between Dover and Calais, he entered, and while engaged in the tying-up process he was startled to feel heavy vibrations, as though the engines were still running. He felt the hull. Yes, they were running! It was dark and ghostly with the bodies all crowding around him. Was he losing his senses? No; it was not imagination. He managed to get into the engine room, but it was flooded, and the engines were, of course, motionless. Further examination of the mystery, however, revealed that a torpedo was sticking halfway out of the tube, and that the explosion whereby the conning tower had been opened had set the mechanism of the torpedo to work and its propeller was running. He seized his precious box and ascended hurriedly. Besides containing the signal books, the box was found also to contain a blue print of the plan of the vessel, which was of the very latest type and of great interest to the Admiralty.

That mutiny sometimes occurred on board the U-boats was indicated by the fact that on Miller entering the conning tower of one submarine he found that the commander, hanging onto a handle, had been shot three times with a revolver from below, while he was apparently attempting to make his escape at the moment the vessel was hit and sunk. From an inscription upon a ring taken from the hand of another dead U-boat commander, it was discovered that his wife, an Englishwoman, was living in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the ring was returned to her, just as were other objects which Miller brought up returned to relatives.

One of the most mysterious discoveries, however, was made by Miller during a descent to a sunken submarine off the Orkneys. It was bad weather and great difficulty was as usual experienced in locating the vessel. The electric instrument for locating metal at the bottom of the sea gave no result for some unaccountable reason. Therefore the next day two trawlers, working together, began to sweep the sea bottom in figures of eight, until at last they came upon the sunken craft, and Miller went down to explore.

What he found puzzled him greatly, and his report puzzled the British Admiralty the more; for on blasting open the conning tower and descending into the pitch blackness, with bodies following him and bumping against him, the rays of his torch throwing a weird light only a few feet, he suddenly realized that the whole crew was composed of officers. On searching around he found a quantity of neat leather suitcases. Several of these he prized open, finding to his surprise that each case contained a couple of suits of smart civilian clothes, shirts, collars, cravats and shoes, together with sums of money and other things. It was evidently the intention of that mysterious crew to land somewhere on the British coast and abandon their vessel, but with what motive still remains a mystery. Was it some great attempted coup of espionage which failed?

The submarine in question, however, contained other things in which the Admiralty was greatly interested, and once more Miller was complimented upon his services.

A Submarine Gold Mine

Diver Miller continued his visits to the bottom of the sea to explore the enemy sink-at-sight vessels until the Armistice. But while engaged in this most important work for the navy, Miller was also working under the instructions of Capt. G. C. C. Damant on board the salvage vessel Racer, which was sent to recover the ingots of gold worth £5,000,000 on board the White Star steamer Laurentic. This liner, bound from Liverpool for Halifax, was sunk with great loss of life by the enemy near the entrance to Lough Swilly, off the Irish Coast. That, however, is another wonderful story. Suffice it to say that Miller and his fellow divers worked at intervals over a period of three years—at one time while the enemy were continually laying mines in the close vicinity—and recovered more than £4,000,000 worth of bullion from the wreck.

In conclusion it is interesting to note that by command of the King, Commissioned Shipwright Miller went with his wife one morning to Buckingham Palace, and at His Majesty's request related to him the exciting story of his exploits, much as he has told it to me, to which His Majesty listened with great interest. He bestowed upon him two decorations, and shaking hands with him, complimented him upon his keen initiative and unfailing bravery.

PHOTO. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

After a Rain in the Vicinity of Mount LeConte, Tennessee

IN CONWAY YARD, the Pennsylvania's great classification center just west of Pittsburgh, loaded freight cars weighing 50 tons and more are sorted much as a postal clerk would toss parcels into chutes. Days of shipping time are saved to the business men of the country in this and the Pennsylvania's other great classification yards.

Where trains of a hundred cars *are sorted like stacks of mail*

THESE NEW SAVINGS in shipping time enable every retailer, wholesaler and manufacturer to operate more economically . . .

"During the last four years the railways have spent 2,849 million dollars for new equipment and improvements, and it is estimated that the rapidity of freight transportation has increased at least 35 per cent. The greatly increased efficiency of the railways has, by facilitating the rapid distribution of goods, released large financial resources which formerly were tied up in stocks . . .

"There is no doubt that this is a factor which has contributed to no small extent to the present trade development."

From "Report on Visit to the United States" by leading members of the Federation of British Industries.

TODAY American business men are completing the most important change in the principles of distribution and merchandising which has occurred during the past decade.

For now there has been found a safe, practicable method of reducing by many per cent the old unprofitable inventories of idle goods—of releasing millions of dollars formerly tied up in reserve stocks.

Each manufacturer and distributor has met this new development in his own way; each has evolved his own methods of timing individual consignments, regulating them, so that they will arrive at the point of use just when they are required in the current manufacturing or selling schedules.

This change has imposed a big, new burden on the railroads, and they, in spite of their urgent post-war problems of reconstruction, have been able to respond.

In four years they have successfully handled the greatest volume of goods in the history of the country; and at the same time they have increased by over 35% the rapidity of their delivery of freight.

This cooperation between the shippers of the country and the railroads has resulted in a sound solution of the greatest business problem of recent years.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is playing a very considerable part in the adjustment of this new business situation.

Now 6700 trains each day move over the Pennsylvania

AN average of 6700 trains each day move over its lines, the largest railroad operation in America. 3800 of these are passenger trains, carrying an average of 17 out of every 100 persons transported by rail in the nation. From 2500 to 3000 are freight trains. The vast majority of these operate on fast, regular schedules which business men have learned to depend on just as they do on passenger service.

Thus many days of transportation time have been saved the shipper and the receiver of goods over the Pennsylvania, enabling them to meet the intense competition of the new business order, and often to release great sums of capital formerly held in surplus stocks.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

CARRIES MORE PASSENGERS, HAULS MORE FREIGHT THAN ANY OTHER RAILROAD IN AMERICA

—straight talk

I don't wholly believe the old saying, "clothes make the man," but I am convinced that clothes help a lot.

There's something psychological about good clothes. They give one a feeling of confidence. Even though a man be out of a job, he can always hold up his head if he is properly dressed.

But they must be *good* clothes. By good clothes, I mean clothes good from the ground up. That takes in cut, workmanship, fit and fabric. And of these four essentials, fabric is vitally important.

Specifically, I refer to fabrics of virgin wool—wool right from the sheep's back. Up here in Oregon City, we have been carding, spinning and weaving woolens for sixty-two years. These are the very fabrics you find in every Jacobs Oregon City suit or overcoat Virgin wool, fresh from the looms.

There's body to virgin wool It gives garments the right hang—the right look—the right feel. Nothing can really take the place of virgin wool.

I am mighty proud of the suits and overcoats we turn out at Oregon City Not alone for their unusual quality—but for their styling and tailoring as well. Our head designer is in constant touch with the leading American and foreign style centers

Virgin wool for long lasting wear. Correct style and fit—more value for the money—a combination you can appreciate!

A R Jacobs

P. S. If you're fond of fishing I shall be glad to send you a little folder telling about those 30 and 40-pound Royal Chinook salmon we land right below the Falls, not 100 yards from the mills. Address me personally, A R Jacobs, President—

OREGON CITY WOOLEN MILLS
Founded in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs
Oregon City, Oregon

Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

OUT-OF-DOORS

Continued from Page 56

planting. The need for certain effects in certain spots is what decides the types of plant, shrub and tree. We look at our house from the front and say, "How bare this is. We must mask those angles a little, we must let a good creeper clothe part of that bare wall; we must have some sort of balanced planting to emphasize the lines of that pretty doorway and frame it in as it deserves."

And then, after finding out why we need planting in a given spot, we proceed to the choosing of those plant subjects which will best carry out our pictures. We turn to the shrub and plant lists, we consult our friends, we look with a critical eye upon other people's planting arrangements as we pass them by.

For the part of the suburban lot which is upon the street, it has always been my idea that rich green, and not too much flowering green, either, is best. The approach to a house should partake of the importance, the dignity, of the main entrance door, always a door with a little more design about it than any of the other outer doors. The common use of evergreens now flanking entrance doorways has a good deal to commend it. These are beautiful in winter. They are lovely under snow. But the evergreen planting for the small house has been, I think, a little overdone. There are too many mixtures of golden-leaved types, too many shades of blue green such as the blue spruce, introduced among the dark greens of the cedars and other spruces. This is usually the fault of a nurseryman who thinks it good planting. But it is not really good. It gives the look of a collection, not of a well-considered planting.

To get variety, then, deciduous shrubs may well be occasionally used beside an entrance door. And here, since perhaps white-flowering shrubs are less apt to clash with house color than those whose flowers are of a bright hue, I might suggest the use of certain white-flowering shrubs which bloom one after another and make a perpetual beauty of white bloom before a certain house that I know, from early May to late July.

On either side of the entrance door are Philadelphus avalanche and that wonderful shrub from Korea, viburnum carlesii. A tree of mock orange is near by against the house, forming a splendid screen of green against an open porch, a little spiræa vanhouttei is below that and a long low group of the white flowering hydrangea, known as arborescens. Bloodroot from the woods carpets the ground below these; in earlier spring and at Christmas a fine plant of the Lent hellebore or Christmas rose opens its white flowers there. But for most of the year the effect is cool and agreeable; and in summer heat there is a certain refreshing quality in the white flowers.

If the house is picturesque a climbing rose over the doorway or tiny porch will give charm; if not I should not introduce ramblers or climbers of any sort. Keep the gayety as a surprise for the friend who goes through the house to the garden in the rear. Let there be at the back of the house, in your own private part of your ground, the picture, brilliant or quiet, which will spring upon the view in a delightful way.

Around the three sides of the area into the rear, unless the outer view is to be interesting and not interrupted by anything disagreeable, there should stand good bands and groups of tall shrubs and small trees or, if preferred, high-clipped hedges, with young trees again to break the straight line a little. Mrs. Brewster in her fine small book, suggests for the back or end planting of the small lot a thicket of wild crab—malus.

"Perhaps if you live in a country where these are indigenous you can buy some from a farmer's woodlot, dig them and plant them yourself. They will cost very little and you will find among them a variety of forms and blooms. They are certainly our most beautiful small trees and no matter how tiny the place there should be one in it."

Farther south, a dogwood should surely appear somewhere in the small place; wistaria should be somewhere near and a few Japanese cherries, or one at least, would give three lovely colors of bloom in the spring, pink, lavender and white. The gardens in the suburbs of Philadelphia in spring all show these enchanting effects, so easy to obtain if one only begins with the right things in the right relation to one another and to what is about them.

For the hedges or boundary plantings of shrubs there are many hardy handsome things to choose from. The easiest and quickest to grow is bush honeysuckle—lonicera—which takes clipping well, or, grown naturally and kept pruned back a little, makes a thick and sturdy screen. One or two Japanese quinces and a little forsythia, also a specimen or so of the newer mock oranges, such as virginale or avalanche, should not be left out of the small place. Also a new French lilac or two, perhaps Danton and President Fallières for contrast between pinkish and deep-purple flowers. Macrostachya is also a lovely pink-flowered lilac. The mock orange and the lilac will do well in half shade, in case there is tree shadow which has to be taken into account. One good tree is worth everything to the small garden for many reasons. The farther toward the back line it is the better, so as to give background to the picture before it, and also to do as little harm as possible with its roots and shade.

—Mrs. Francis King.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

up his own shrinking hopes, the candidate spent the night in a series of conferences with his political henchmen. He seemed tired and discouraged after receiving disquieting news from his lieutenants in the western part of the state.

Like the boy who whistles in the graveyard, this political adventurer continued to issue extravagant claims of big majorities in counties which he has already secretly conceded as lost.

—Dewey M. Owens.

One of Our Menaces

HO HUM, ho hum,
I've a happy life;
I've a little sonny,
A nice little wife;
I've a little money
From a nice little store—
Ho hum, ho hum,
I wish there was a war.

Life is very pleasant
And always
just the same;
I can call the
mayor
By his first
name;
As a golf player
I've a low
score—
Ho hum ho hum,
I wish there was
a war.

My wife gives a
party,
It's really very
nice;
We have a little
salad,
Coffee and an ice;
I sing a funny ballad,
The folks yell for more—
Ho hum, ho hum,
I wish there was a war.

I'd like to loot cathedrals
And hang men to trees;
I'd like to have a try at
A few atrocities;
I'd like a world-wide riot;
I don't care what it's for—
Ho hum, ho hum,
Let's have a war!

—*Morris Bishop.*

In the Good Old Summertime

A GUY we know—
With more money than brains—
With a credulous mind—
With a guileless heart—
With more sentiment than sense—
With a high-powered motor—
With a weakness for the fair sex—
Picked up a damsel in distress—

She had blue eyes—
She had a nose retroussé—
She was petite—
She was demure—

She told him—
She never rode with strange men—
She was always introduced—
She was always proper—
She was always circumspect—
She was always discreet—

BUT he looked so kind—
BUT he looked so honest—
BUT he looked so trustful—

He had an open face—
He had a frank face—
He had a noble face—

She knew he was a gent—
She knew she could trust him—
She knew he wasn't the kind—
That annoyed girls—
That insulted girls—
That pestered girls—
That petted girls
That made girls walk home—
That murdered girls—

(So she took a chance)

(And he believed every word she said)

—*Alva Spira.*

Well-Known Magician's Collar Button Disappears!

In Kohler Village

The visitor to this beautiful "town-planned" community asks no further proof of the excellence of Kohler products—plumbing fixtures and private electric plants

NOT all the comic tragedies are in the "funnies." Some of them happen every day in the best-regulated families—*if there aren't enough bathrooms to go round.* . . . Don't assume that you haven't room for that needed extra bathroom. Don't "guess" that the cost will be too high. Put the problem up to your plumbing dealer. And ask him about Kohler Plumbing Fixtures (always signed with the name "Kohler" fused in whitest enamel) if you want the best—at no higher cost. . . . Let us send you Booklet E.

KOHLER CO., *Founded* 1873, KOHLER, WIS.
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis. · *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

THE MAD LOVER

(Continued from Page 5)

An elevator skyrocketed Gerald to the twentieth floor, where the firm of Shannon & Son had its extensive offices. The gantlet of clerks and minor officials through which he smilingly passed greeted Gerald with pleasure and with surprise. From the expressions on their faces it might be deduced that the Son of the firm of Shannon & Son was a welcome but infrequent visitor at the offices. Before the closed door of a large office he paused. On the door, in gold letters, was his own name:

GERALD SHANNON
VICE PRESIDENT

He laid a hand on the knob of the door and partly opened it; then he stopped and closed it with the firm gesture of a resolute man who feels himself on the brink of forming a bad habit.

He walked on to the end of the corridor and opened a door marked:

KEVIN SHANNON
PRESIDENT

Although it was the luncheon hour, when the higher officials of the company were lunching elaborately at the Hotel Mortimore, and the lesser employes were lunching less elaborately in sundry cafeterias, Gerald knew he would find his father in, and he did. Although Kevin Shannon's income-tax statement had grown complicated, his habits had remained simple. They had been formed in the days when there were no big hotels or cafeterias in Branton, and when, even if there had been, Kevin Shannon had neither the time nor the money to patronize them. So he was sitting at a desk the size of a billiard table eating his usual noonday meal—a cheese sandwich, a piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee. His eyes lit up when he saw Gerald, and he sprang to his feet, and, coming from behind his desk, he shook his son's hand with a hearty vigor.

"Well, Jerry, how are you?"

"Great, dad. How are you?"

"Never better, thank the Lord."

"You're looking immense."

"And feeling the same. Sit down and let's have a look at you. Your mother and I don't see much of you these days."

"I called mother up this morning."

"That's a good lad."

"I wanted to thank her and you for that birthday check. Really, dad, you shouldn't have made it such a big one."

"And why not? I've only got one son and he has only one birthday a year."

Gerald laughed. "I certainly picked the right kind of father," he said. "Well, I won't take any more of your time. You were busy when I came in." Gerald rose.

"Sit down, lad," said Kevin Shannon, pushing Gerald back into his seat. "The work can wait."

Kevin Shannon dropped his own great frame into his chair and sat for a moment silently regarding his son.

They had begun to call him Old Kevin Shannon around Branton. The years had taken the black from his hair and replaced it with white; but they had not dimmed his eyes, those bright, keen eyes, that looked out, half quizzically, half pugnaciously, from under bushy thickets of eyebrow. He was like the skyscraper he had built—big, solid, made to last.

"I believe," some Brantonian had said, "that Kevin Shannon built himself."

It was quite evident that the father did not share his son's passion for smart clothes. The black broadcloth of which Kevin Shannon's suit was made was of excellent quality, but the cut was old-fashioned, and so were his substantial square-toed shoes. It was evident, too, that Kevin Shannon had not devoted much time to the selection and arrangement of his necktie, for it was plain black and had been hastily, even carelessly, twisted into a semblance of a bow.

"Well, Jerry," he said, "so you're twenty-seven."

"Yes, dad."

"It must be great to be twenty-seven, with the whole wide world before you."

"It is."

"Then you're happy, Jerry?"

"Sure! Why shouldn't I be? I'm sound as a dollar and hard as nails, and I've got everything a fellow has any right to have - including a wonderful father."

"Jerry," said Kevin Shannon soberly, "sometimes I wonder if I've really been a good father to you."

"Perfect," said Gerald. Then added laughingly, "The only improvement I can suggest in you is that you get a new necktie."

"No," pursued Kevin Shannon. "I haven't been a perfect father."

"But, dad, you've given me everything."

"That's just it, Jerry—I've given you everything." Then he added, "Oh, no; I'm not sorry—in a way. I'm glad I've been able to. But ——"

"But what, dad?"

"Jerry"—Kevin indicated with one of his great hands, gnarled, hardened hands, hands that had known work—an architect's drawing of a large building that hung on the wall—"that's the new South Side High School. We have the contract, you know."

"Yes, so I heard. Congratulations."

"It's going to be a fine school—the best in the state, I hope. Branton is going to be proud of it when it is finished, and a hundred years from then, too. And Shannon & Son are going to be proud of it."

"Of course."

"Jerry, I wonder if you know how a man feels when he can look at a big building, or a bridge, or a railroad, and say to himself, 'I made this. With my own hands and brains, I made it.'"

"I think I can imagine, dad," said Gerald.

"I wonder if you can, really. No, I don't believe any man can imagine it. Jerry, I can give you most things; but I wish I could give you the feeling I have when I walk down Washington Street in the morning and see the First National Bank and the Big Store, and then the Shannon Building, and say to myself, 'They're good, honest jobs, and I did them.' Why, lad, it makes me a day younger every time I step into this building. Now I was thinking ——"

"Yes, dad?"

"Here's this new high school to be built. And I, myself, am too busy to handle it, seeing that I'm up to my eyes in work on the new city hall and the Clinton Street apartment houses and the power station. So I was thinking that maybe you'd like ——"

"That's awfully good of you, dad," said Gerald. "I'd like to tackle it; but, you see, just now I'm in no position to. I've made all sorts of engagements. I've promised to go East with the Branton Buccaneers for one thing. That'll take six weeks, anyway. We play at Tuxedo, Meadowbrook, Red Bank and Narragansett. Then there's just a chance that I may be asked to stick around and try for the American polo team that goes to England for the internationals. That would mean a lot to me, dad. I'd certainly hate to pass it up. And I've given my word to Harry Carstairs and Ken Stuart that I'll go up to Canada and knock over a moose with them. If I'd only known that you wanted me to —— But—well, you understand."

Kevin Shannon's eyes were looking out over the city of Branton, over the city that he, more than any other man, had helped to build. He nodded his great shaggy head.

"Yes," he said, "I understand." He turned away from the drawing of the new high school. "So the polo is going well, is it, Jerry?"

"Splendidly, dad."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Why don't you come out and see me play this afternoon?"

"Wish I could, but ——" Kevin Shannon waved a hand at his desk, piled high with papers and blue prints. "Now, Jerry, you'll not be breaking your neck with this polo?"

"Never fear, dad."

"I saw by one of the papers that you're one of the most reckless players in the West."

"You saw that? Say, dad, don't tell me you read the polo news!"

"I do," said Kevin Shannon, "when it's about you. It sounds like a man's game. One of these days I'll be out to see you play."

"Great! Well, I must push along now, dad. Thanks once more for the check."

"You're not wanting money, Jerry? This polo—it must cost a lot."

"It does. But I can swing it out of my allowance. You've certainly been generous to me, dad."

Before he could rise to go, Kevin Shannon stopped his son with a question. "Jerry, what's this talk I hear that you're thinking of getting married?"

"Oh," said Jerry, "so there's been talk? I guess it was that piece in the Branton Tattler that started it—the miserable yellow scandal sheet."

"It isn't true then?"

"Well -no."

"But this lady they mention ——"

"Oh, Mrs. Brotherton. Of course, I know Sonia Brotherton and I play around with her a lot. But—well, we're nothing more than good friends."

"Let me see, wasn't she married to that fellow Ralph Brotherton?"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

Kevin Shannon pursed his lips. "In a way," he answered. "The directors of the First National had some business with him once. It was about a check of his."

"Really?"

"Yes; but we might as well forget about it. The poor devil's dead now. Drank himself to death, I understand."

"Yes, I believe he did. That was before I'd met Mrs. Brotherton. They'd only just come to Branton then."

"And wasn't she married to another man before Brotherton?"

"Well, dad, you certainly seem to have taken a great interest in Sonia Brotherton."

"Naturally, I'm interested in anyone my son is—interested in."

"Sonia divorced her first husband," said Gerald. "She has told me all about it. She was just a kid in Georgia—she's a Southern girl, you know—when she married the first time. She wasn't more than eighteen then. A fellow from Baltimore came to town—Paul Steen, his name was—and I guess he rather swept her off her feet. She didn't want to marry him at first, but he told her some tall stories about how he was a rich man and a partner in a big wholesale drug house in Baltimore. She comes from a fine old Southern family—you know the kind—as proud as the devil and as poor as the devil. Well, for her family's sake rather than for her own, she eloped with Steen. She soon found out that he'd lied about having money and was only a salesman for a drug firm, and a bounder to boot. So, after two unhappy years, she divorced him and married Ralph Brotherton, who was doing well as a broker till the drink got him. Sort of a tragic life she's had, I think, and yet she's as gay and high-spirited and unspoiled as a debutante."

"You like her, Jerry?"

"Oh, of course I do. And you would too," answered Gerald.

"I'd like it if you would bring her to see your mother and me."

"Why, yes, of course," said Gerald hastily.

"Next week, when you come to dinner?"

"Maybe. You see, dad, Sonia has so many engagements it's—well, I can hardly accept for her, can I?"

"I suppose not."

"Well, dad, I really must rush away now. I'm late for an important engagement, as it is."

"Good-by then, Jerry," said Kevin Shannon, holding out his hand. "Enjoy yourself; but do be careful."

"Careful? What do you mean, dad?"

"Playing polo -and everything," said Kevin Shannon.

Gerald dived to the street in the elevator, bounded into his car and dropped one word into his chauffeur's ear: "Club."

The Town Club, before which Gerald's car stopped, was one of the signs of the new cosmopolitanism of Branton. It was an expensive brick building of Colonial design, and envious Brantonians who had not gained admittance to its zealously guarded portals said, with derisive intent, "It has as many flunkies in brass buttons as it has members!"

Gerald entered with a nod to the doorman and headed for the grillroom. It was there he had his engagement, which was to lunch with a half dozen friends, who were already gathered about a table in the corner. Nearly every day the same men met there, to lunch and to gossip. They were all young, or men who insisted on staying young, and about them was a spruce atmosphere of prosperity. They greeted Gerald hilariously:

"Hi, Jerry!"

"How's the head?"

"Here comes the demon polo player now."

"Get the green shirt. Spring is here."

"Just wake up, Jerry?"

"Get outside a drink quick. You probably need one."

They had had the first course of their luncheon, and it had consisted of dark brown liquid in tall glasses, to which charged water had been added from a siphon. The second course, which arrived at the same moment as Gerald did, was the same as the first. He partook of it, and looked round the table at the faces of his companions. Curious things, faces, Gerald thought.

There was Harry Carstairs' face, long and weary looking. Everything made Harry Carstairs yawn. Gerald had once said of him that he was born bored. Harry's father owned three railroads and two banks, and the more money Carstairs, Sr., made the more bored Carstairs, Jr., seemed to become.

Next to him sat Kenneth Stuart; his face, thought Gerald, was like a butcher's cleaver. His father owned only one bank, but it was a big one. Then came Tommy Waterlow, with his round pink face like a sunburned cheese. He was a gifted man who could tell offhand the antecedents of anybody in the Social Register, and could usually add some bit of history of a scandalous nature. He was telling some choice morsel to the man on his left in a high-tenor whisper. Tommy Waterlow's grandfather had come to Branton in the days when Indians were no uncommon sight, he had run a small truck farm and that farm had remained in the Waterlow family; nowadays savings banks and stores grew on it, and Tommy Waterlow, so it was said, had his handkerchiefs made to order in Belfast.

His neighbor at the table was Parker Howland, whose father made the Howland Six—one thousand of them every week. "He has the face of an ill giraffe," mused Gerald, "but he's not a bad fellow when tight, which he generally is."

In earnest conversation over the newest bit of polo news were Dudley and Crosby. "Like a pelican talking to an eel," thought Gerald, a heresy which few Brantonians

(Continued on Page 83)

A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

EVEREADY—
portable light in its most convenient form

PUT an Eveready Flashlight in the jack-o'-lantern this Hallowe'en. It will burn brightly, without smoke or smell and without danger of fire. Nothing to spill. Many novel illuminating effects for parties can be obtained with Eveready Flashlights.

Wherever you need safe, bright, portable light—use an Eveready. In dark closets. Along dark hallways. In the bedrooms. In the garage. When motoring. Eveready is a silent sentinel of safety, ever ready to light the way. The finest flashlight money can buy.

Only Eveready has the new ring-hanger. Eveready also has the safety-lock switch, which prevents accidental lighting and consequent wasting of current. To get *all* the newest and best flashlight features, insist upon an Eveready. There's a type for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby.

Put an Eveready Flashlight in the jack-o'-lantern

Eveready Flashlight Batteries fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda Lamps, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer. Keep your flashlight loaded—ever ready!

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
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EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
-they last longer

PROGRESS AND APPROVAL

For Dodge Brothers, Inc., 1926 already stands out on the calendar as a year of unprecedented progress and success.

From January to date sales have exceeded any previous year's total by a margin at once impressive and significant.

All past engineering records have been eclipsed by a succession of major improvements extending back to the first of the year.

Never has Dodge Brothers Motor Car ranked so high in public favor. Never before has it so richly deserved the world's good will.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Sedan $895 — Special Sedan $945
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We Point with Pride

To every one of the 75 pictures in this year's Paramount program "we point with pride" as examples of the best in motion picture entertainment, worthy of all that the name "Paramount" implies. To these four we point as examples of the quality, as well as the variety, in the Paramount program for 1926-1927.

A JAMES CRUZE PRODUCTION

"Old Ironsides"

Story by Laurence Stallings

with

WALLACE BEERY, ESTHER RALSTON, GEORGE BANCROFT, CHARLES FARRELL

"Old Ironsides" sails again in this great production immortalizing the romance and drama centering around the glorious fighting career of this famous vessel, the most spectacular picture ever filmed by Paramount. First showings in November.

THE

"ROUGH RIDERS"

A VICTOR FLEMING PRODUCTION

with

MARY ASTOR, CHARLES FARRELL, GEORGE BANCROFT AND ALL STAR CAST

Story by HERMAN HAGEDORN

The most picturesque band of adventurers in American History recruited from every walk of life in the stirring days of '98 lives again in a picture as great in scope and power as "The Covered Wagon." Coming soon.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

"Sorrows of Satan"

BY MARIE CORELLI

with

ADOLPHE MENJOU

RICARDO CORTEZ

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A modern drama of love, temptation and regeneration produced by D. W. Griffith from Marie Corelli's book that has been read and re-read by millions of people and translated into every language. Coming soon.

a Herbert Brenon Production

"Beau Geste"

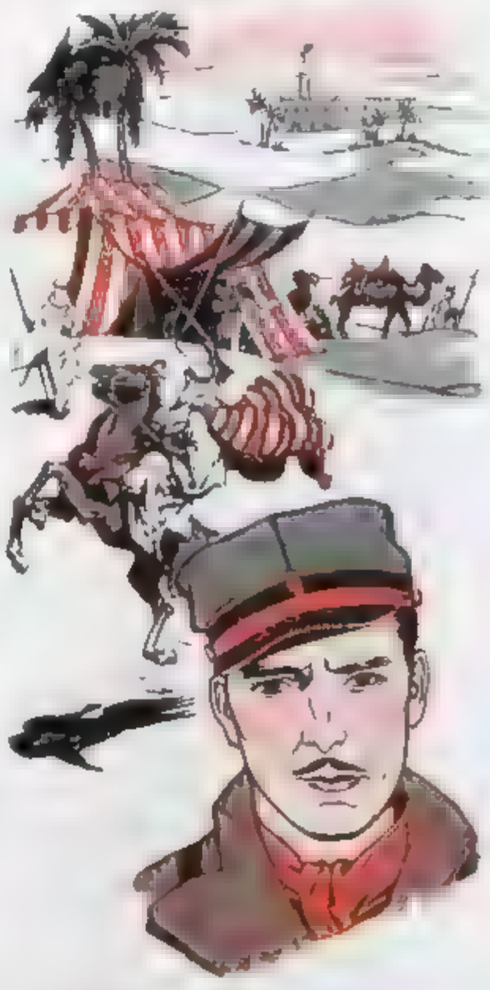
with

Ronald Colman

By arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn

Alice Joyce, Neil Hamilton, Noah Beery, Mary Brian, William Powell, Norman Trevor, Ralph Forbes and Victor McLaglan

From the novel by Percival C. Wren



P. C. Wren's baffling romance of the Sahara, the book that held a million readers spellbound, comes to life in the most exciting motion picture story in years. Now in its 9th week at the Criterion Theatre, New York.

October 27th is Navy Day. You should take pride in the accomplishments of your fleet and its splendid men. See the official film at your local theatre

You can enjoy these Paramount Pictures now

Douglas MacLean in "Hold that Lion," Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots," Richard Dix in "The Quarterback," Bebe Daniels in "The Campus Flirt," Frank Lloyd's "The Eagle of the Sea," Zane Grey's "Forlorn River," Herbert Brenon's "The Great Gatsby."

If its a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City

(Continued from Page 78)

would have ventured, publicly at any rate, to express, since Dudley was the son of the Dudley Plow Works, and Crosby's father was the Crosby Cement Company.

"Jerry." Tommy Waterlow's voice roused Gerald from his reverie.

"Yes, Tommy?"

"You're a drink behind. Here it is."

Gerald shook his head. "No," he said. "I'm through."

"What?" Tommy Waterlow looked surprised—shocked, even. "Now I'll tell one."

"I mean it," persisted Gerald. The conversation at the table stopped and the men looked curiously at Gerald, for, strangely enough, he did seem to be in earnest.

"Say, what's the idea?" Stuart demanded.

"I've been hitting the stuff too hard; and, for that matter, so have all of us."

"Hire a pulpit," advised Harry Carstairs.

"Oh, it isn't virtue," said Gerald. "It's common sense. My polo has been way below par lately; so has yours, Harry. Highballs and polo balls don't mix, that's all."

Carstairs laughed. "The congregation will now sing Hymn Number Ninety-six—Shall we Gather at the River?" he drawled.

"Kid away," returned Gerald. "I mean it."

"And do you mean to say you're going to pass up the party tonight?" asked Tommy Waterlow.

"Yes, I do."

"Sonia won't like that."

"Sorry," said Gerald. "But tonight, by ten o'clock, Mr. Gerald Shannon will be tucked in his crib and fast asleep, with nothing more poisonous in his system than weak tea."

The other men indicated that they regarded this statement as one of the great pieces of humor of all time.

"I'll believe that when I see the Shannon Building tangoing up Washington Street with the First National Bank," said Harry Carstairs.

"You'll see," declared Gerald. The habitual smile was not on his face as he spoke.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Harry Carstairs. "I'll bet you fifty you take a drink before six o'clock today, and another fifty you go on the party tonight."

"Done!" said Gerald Shannon.

"Let's all have another drink in honor of Saint Jerry," suggested Tommy Waterlow, and they all did so, except Gerald. When luncheon was finished they rolled dice to see who should pay for it. Gerald lost. The check was forty-nine dollars. Gerald signed for it carelessly.

"Now for some polo," he said.

Fifty years before, Branton had been mostly prairie, with a blotch of shacks on the face of it. Then the pioneers had come—not in covered wagons, indeed; but they were, nevertheless, men who would have come in covered wagons if it had been necessary to do so to get to wherever they wanted to get. A hardy race they were—the grandfathers of the young men of the Town Club. They were builders, doers. They found Branton a freckle of jerry-built wooden huts; they left it a city of steel and stone—with a polo club. Perhaps the polo club had not been in their calculations; but there it was, anyway, just outside the city, a pleasant structure with adequate stables and a manicured playing field. Here the third generation of Branton disported itself.

On the club veranda, Sonia Brotherton sat watching the polo with Tommy Waterlow, whose cross was, he often said, that he was too portly to play.

"How magnificently Jerry sits a horse," she murmured. Her voice was slow, languorous. "Tommy, give me a cigarette, like a good boy."

He gave her a gold-tipped cigarette from his platinum case.

"Yes," agreed Tommy Waterlow. "He's playing superbly today. Look at that backhand shot!"

"It always frightens me to watch polo," said Sonia, in a confiding murmur. "I just can't understand how men do it. I know I should faint out there."

"Yes, it's a strenuous game," conceded Tommy Waterlow. "Gad, what a shot Jerry just made—missed the goal by inches! He hits hard, that boy."

"He must have terribly strong arms," murmured Sonia. Almost always she murmured.

"Perhaps he inherits them from his father," said Tommy, with the suggestion of a snigger.

"Now, Tommy, don't be catty. Mr. Shannon is a fine old man, everyone says."

"Oh, he is—in his way. But, of course, you know his origin."

"Yes; but I always say it isn't what a man was; it is what he is that counts."

"Or what he has," amended Tommy.

"How catty you are today, Tommy Waterlow."

"I'm always catty on Thursday," he said lightly. "Good work, Jerry! What a sweet goal! Almost from mid-field!"

"I just can't understand how men do it," murmured Sonia.

"By the way, Sonia, you've heard the news about Jerry, I suppose?"

"No; what?"

Her voice was almost sharp. Tommy Waterlow smiled a smile that made him resemble a shrewd melon.

"Oh, he hasn't announced his engagement," he said. "Worse than that."

"Not married?"

"Oh, no. Even worse. He's become a hermit."

"What do you mean, Tommy Waterlow?"

"Jerry," announced Tommy, "has renounced the world, the flesh and the devil. He has given up wine, woman and song. Not, of course, that he was ever much of a singer."

"Tommy, for heaven's sake, say what you mean!"

"Calm yourself, dear lady. It may not be as serious as it sounds. Jerry has decided to give up liquor and parties."

"Not really?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! He was as solemn as a bishop at the club today when he said he was through with the wild life. Perhaps some dear, quiet little woman has made him promise ——"

"Tommy, you're a devil. Was that the reason he gave?"

"Oh, no; he said the pace was telling on his polo."

Mrs. Brotherton laughed a soft, relaxed laugh. "He won't stick to his vow," she said, "if I know Jerry Shannon."

"Oh, but he was desperately in earnest," said Tommy. "So much so that he has bet Harry Carstairs fifty he won't take a drink before six today, and another fifty he won't go on the party tonight." Sonia smiled to herself. "I'm not so sure he isn't right," added Tommy. "He has been burning himself up lately. A fellow can't do that and play Class-A polo, y'know. And Jerry is keen on polo. There, the chukker is over."

"Tommy."

"Yes?"

"Do something for me."

"It will be a pleasure."

"Slip down to the paddock and offer Jerry a drink from your flask. Tell him I think he needs it."

"But, Sonia ——" Mr. Waterlow seemed reluctant.

"Tommy!" She laid a hand on his arm. "Won't you do it for Sonia?" Her eyes were on his.

He rose. "How can any man refuse you anything when you ask him like that?" he said.

She saw his plump figure, tight in his clothes, moving toward the paddock, and she exhaled a satisfied smoke ring. Presently the white-clad players took the field again, and Tommy Waterlow returned to his seat beside Sonia Brotherton, shaking his pink head.

"He turned me down—absolutely. Was almost rude about it, in fact. Said, 'Get thee behind me, you overfed Satan'—just like that."

"And you told him I sent you?"

"I did."

Sonia tightened her lips. "After the game I'll have something to say to Mr. Gerald Shannon," she promised.

After the game the players, dressed and fresh from their cold showers, gathered on the veranda of the clubhouse for post-mortems and liquid stimulation.

When Sonia Brotherton saw Gerald she held out a small, soft hand to him. "You're not cross with me, Jerry?" she said; her voice trembled a little.

"I? Cross with you? Why, Sonia ——"

"But you nearly snapped the head off poor Tommy when he brought you my message," she pouted.

"Tommy exaggerates," said Gerald. "I'm terribly sorry if you thought "

"Oh, well, have a cocktail with me and we'll forget about it," said Sonia.

"Sorry, Sonia, but I'm on the wagon."

"Jerry! Such virtue! What does it mean?"

"Hang it all, Sonia, it isn't virtue. It's just sense. A fellow can't play polo when he sees two balls. He always hits at the wrong one. You know as well as I do that I can't continue to jazz around all night and be fit to put up a good game the next day. So I'm through—at least while the polo season lasts."

"But, Jerry ——"

"Now don't tempt me."

She looked up at him with round, blue, hurt eyes. "Will one little drink with Sonia hurt you?" she asked.

"No, maybe not. But it will start me. You know how I am. It's everything or nothing with me. My Celtic nature, perhaps."

"And you won't come to the party tonight?"

"No. Sorry." His tone was firm.

She looked up at him pleadingly. "Sonia will miss you—terribly," she said. "Why are you so cruel to her?"

"But, my dear girl, please don't put it that way. I couldn't be cruel to you. In fact I'm being most infernally cruel to myself. I want a drink, and I want to go on the party. But a resolution is a resolution."

"Jerry, you said last night that you—well, liked me very much "

"Did I? Well, I do, Sonia."

"Then be nice to me—be sociable. I'm miserable when you play the Puritan like this. Come now, just one tiny little bit of a drink with Sonia."

Her lip was quivering a little, and her eyes were on his. She held out a glass to him.

"Oh, hang it all!" exclaimed Gerald, and drank the drink at a gulp. At the next table Harry Carstairs laughed.

"Quarter to six, Jerry," said Carstairs. "I win the fifty."

"And now," murmured Sonia, "that the ice is broken, you might as well have another one." For a second Gerald hesitated. She laid her hand on his arm. "Jerry, Sonia wants you to."

"Oh, well ——" He took the second drink.

They were riding back toward Branton. Sonia Brotherton was riding with Gerald in the back seat of his car, and was talking to him in low, confiding tones, her blond head close to his. Behind them followed a procession of the cars of the other polo players. Tommy Waterlow was riding in Harry Carstairs' imported roadster.

"Do you think," asked Carstairs, "that Jerry will go on the party tonight?"

Tommy Waterlow smiled a canny smile.

"Yes," he said, "I think so. Your fifty is safe, Harry."

"And do you think that the murmuring widow will get him," Harry asked, "for Number Three?"

(Continued on Page 85)

A Time and Temper Saver

OF course she is disgusted and angry—who wouldn't be? The good top cream wasted and everything all messed up, just because of an old-fashioned milk bottle cap. Surely, a poor way to start the day—and so *unnecessary*, too!

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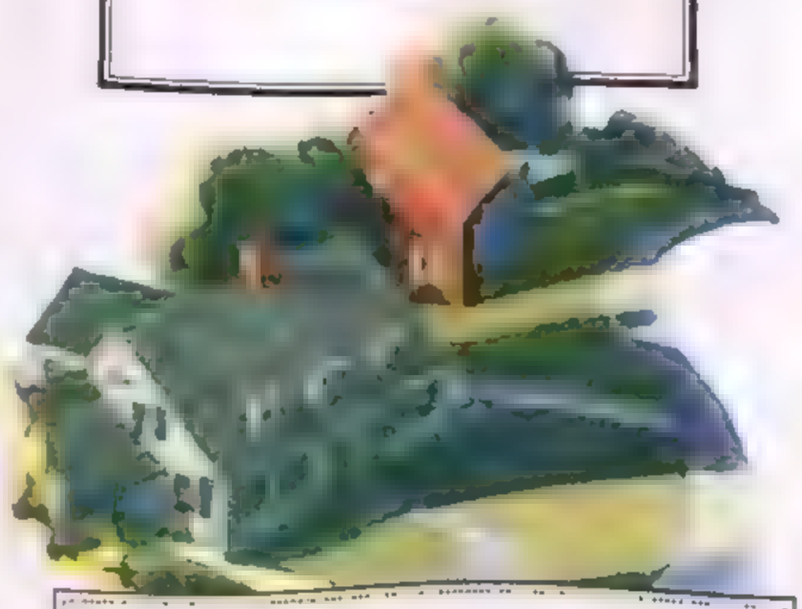

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

(Continued from Page 83)

Tommy Waterlow's answering chuckle was short and dry. "Get him?" he said. "Gad! She's got him."

Harry Carstairs grunted "Umph!" stepped on the accelerator and made the speedometer spin round to fifty-five.

The party began at Tommy Waterlow's new house in High Park. He had built the house there for sentimental reasons, his friends said when they wanted to annoy him. Part of High Park had been his grandfather's cow pasture. Fine mansions covered it now. Tommy's was one of the finest.

It began—that party—with a dinner for eight—Tommy, and Beth Vauclain, in a dress of flame and a turban of cloth of silver; Harry Carstairs and his chronically bored wife; Ken Stuart and his latest conquest, the Talbot girl, who was twenty, but looked thirty and acted forty; and Sonia. One chair was vacant.

"Isn't Jerry going to come, after all?" asked Tommy.

Sonia smiled one of her languorous smiles. "Oh, he'll come," she said—and he did. He seemed a little sheepish. "Hurry up, Jerry," urged Sonia. "We're three cocktails up on you."

"But ——" Gerald began.

"For heaven's sake, Jerry," said Sonia, "don't turn moral on us again! What sort of party will we have if you stick to water?"

"But ——" Gerald started again.

Her answer was to pour him a double cocktail from Tommy's capacious silver shaker.

"Now drink Sonia's health, there's a good boy," she said.

"Oh, well," said Gerald. "Here's to your blue eyes."

It was an excellent dinner, but it need not have been. Tommy Waterlow's cellar could easily have made up for any deficiencies in the cuisine. They were smoking over the coffee in Tommy's Louis Quinze drawing-room.

"And now what to do?" said Sonia.

"Bridge?" suggested Tommy.

"Rotten idea," said Mrs. Carstairs in her bass voice.

"Mah-jongg?"

"Rottener idea. Rotten game."

"Why not just sit round and talk? It would be a change," ventured Gerald.

"Putrid notion," said Mrs. Carstairs. "What could we talk about?"

"I'd like to dance," exclaimed Sonia.

"Not such a rotten thought," agreed Mrs. Carstairs. "But where?"

"At the Four-Leaf-Clover Inn?" suggested Sonia.

"Rotten dump," said Mrs. Carstairs. "Isn't it, Harry?"

"Putrid," yawned her husband.

"Mrs. Crosby is throwing a costume ball for the younger set at her house tonight," remarked Tommy Waterlow. "We might drop in and liven things up a bit. What say?"

"Humph!" put in the Talbot girl disdainfully. "That doesn't ring any bells with me. I know the sort of dances Mrs. Crosby tosses. Dead as anchovies, they are. Nothing but a gang of sappy flappers and nit-wit college boys. Anyhow, we couldn't crash in there much before midnight—and it's only nine now."

"Three hours to murder!" groaned Harry Carstairs. "Now if this were only New York ——"

"Or Paris," inserted Sonia.

"We might barge down to the Collingwood Theater and catch the second act of the show. What's on there tonight?" said Tommy Waterlow.

"Oh, some road company in a musical show—The Love Girl, or The Kimono Girl, or The Bathtub Girl, or some other beastly girl," Ken Stuart informed him. "No, wait a bit—I remember—It's The Radio Girl."

"Rotten," yawned Mr. and Mrs. Carstairs in chorus.

"The Branton Stock Company is giving The Easiest Way at the Washington," said Ken Stuart. "It might be bad enough to be good. Has anybody heard how it is?"

"Putrid," said Mrs. Carstairs.

"A mess," said her husband.

"Well," observed Tommy Waterlow, "that about exhausts the entertainment resources of our fair city."

"There are always the movies," stated Ken Stuart, helping himself to another glass of benedictine. "At the Cameo they have Secret Sinners."

"Seen it," grunted Mrs. Carstairs. "Terrible."

"It smells," added Mr. Carstairs.

"I've got an idea," burst out Gerald.

"Spill it, Jerry," said Sonia.

"It must be a peach, old boy. It's a nine-drink idea," said Tommy.

Gerald Shannon rose to his feet a bit unsteadily. "Were you ever a child?" he began oratorically.

"No; but go on."

"Ah, but we were all kids once—even Nancy Talbot," continued Jerry. "Well, back centuries ago, when we were young, we loved a circus. Who will say me nay?"

"He's always eloquent when he's snooted," whispered Tommy to Sonia. "It's the Irish in him."

"Nobody has said me nay," went on Gerald. "So I'll spring my surprise. There is a circus in town—a dinky, one-ring affair, 'tis true, but, nevertheless, a circus, with at least one lion and a tattooed lady. Now at this very moment my soul is full of a burning desire to see a tattooed lady. Come, let us all be young again and go to the circus. Are you with me?"

"Sure!" said Tommy Waterlow.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Carstairs, patting a yawn back into her carmine lips, "that we might as well do that as sit here and rot."

"Good!" cried Gerald. "On to the tattooed lady and Bosco the snake eater—he eats 'em alive, right before your very eyes."

"I'll need another drink," said Sonia. "The smell of elephants always weakens me."

A terrible circus band was blaring the life out of the sort of march circus bands blare the life out of when Gerald and the rest stumbled their way to a box by the side of the sawdust ring. Two rather mournful clowns were in the act of belaboring each other with barrel staves and emitting perfunctory yelps of pain the while. A small audience was enjoying the performance. It soon became more interested in the behavior of the occupants of the box than in the antics of the clowns.

From behind a stupendous mustache, the ringmaster announced:

"Ladee-ees an' gemun, the next act is the most sensational and unique ever presented in these United States. It gives me great pleasure to introduce Black Devil, the demon horse. He's chock-full of meanness. No one ever rode him and no one ever will. He's an outlaw, a bad one, and the management will pay fifty dollars—fifty dollars, ladee-ees and gemun—to anyone who can ride this kicking, bucking, raring son of Satan."

After a moment full of suspense, five men, with elaborate caution and many shouted warnings to one another, led in, dramatically, a lanky, vicious-looking beast with small, bright, evil eyes, and ears lying flat. One doughty retainer held a rope fastened to the demon's bridle, and the demon dutifully exhibited his untamed nature by crow-hopping and rearing about the ring.

"And now, ladee-ees and gemun, you will witness a terrific struggle between man and brute beast. That daring horseman, Tex Gilbert, the world's champion cowboy, will attempt to ride Black Devil."

To a roll of drums, Mr. Tex Gilbert made his entrance. He was a small, tobacco-faced, bow-legged man in a vast sombrero and fuzzy chaps. Warily he approached the equine son of Satan. With a catlike leap he gained the saddle. But he did not remain there long. The horse arched his back and launched Mr. Tex Gilbert into space. Mr. Gilbert did not seem surprised. He rose, dusted off the sawdust and tried again. Three times he tried, but the demon was too much for him. With short, violent bucks, the horse popped the champion cowboy into the air as if Black Devil were a red-hot stove and Mr. Gilbert a chestnut.

"You see, ladee-ees and gemun," cried the ringmaster triumphantly, "it can't be done. Now is there any gemun or"—this with a leer—"lade-e-e in the audience who would like to try to ride Black Devil?" The audience silently and unanimously declined.

But suddenly there was a movement in the box. "Jerry!"

"Where is he going?"

"Stop him!"

"Come back, Jerry! You'll break your fool neck."

"Ladee-ees and gemun," announced Gerald Shannon, partly to the members of his party and partly to the rest of the audience, "Mr. Jerry Shannon, the celebrated Celtic cowboy, is about to mount the snorting son of Satan."

He settled his top hat firmly on his head and started to climb out of the box.

"Jerry!" Sonia's voice was nearly a scream. "Come back! You're in no condition to ride!"

"Woman," said Jerry sternly, "who is to blame for my condition? And, moreover, I never felt in better condition in my life. I'm going to ride that horse."

He shook the tails of his evening coat free from her grasp.

"Jerry, stop—for Sonia's sake."

He was in the ring by then. "I'm going to ride him for Jerry's sake," he declared. He approached the horse carelessly. He got near enough to pat the Black Devil's nose and to say a few quiet words to him. The son of Satan regarded him queerly, apparently mystified by the vision before him—a tall man with a shining white shirt front, a glossy high hat and a wide and friendly grin. Then, with a quick movement, Gerald threw a leg over the horse. For a very short second Black Devil remained stationary, pondering over the situation. Then he burst into action.

He circled round the ring at a mad pace, then stopped suddenly and shrugged his shoulders. Gerald did not tarry in the saddle. He went away from there hastily, described an arc and landed, sitting, on the sawdust—not quite on the sawdust, for his new hat was beneath him.

"Jerry, for heaven's sake come back! Give it up!" Sonia cried.

"Hurrah for Ireland!" said Jerry. "I'm beginning to like this."

Again he drew near to the son of Satan. The horse watched him with a baleful eye. Very quietly Gerald began to talk to the horse, as he adjusted the saddle, loosening the cinch. Then he swung himself aboard the fiery steed again. They started around the ring at a breakneck pace. The horse bucked, but his bucks were mere ladylike, half-hearted imitations of his former frenzied efforts. Gerald stuck there. Then after three circuits of the ring, he reined the son of Satan down to a docile jog, to vehement applause.

"Well, sir," said the ringmaster, hastily masking a wry face behind a chagrined smile, "you sure are some horseman. I guess you got fifty berries coming to you."

"Oh, keep it," said Gerald, dismounting, "and buy oats for the son of Satan."

He sauntered back to the box. He rode better than he walked.

"Jerry, you shouldn't have done it!" Sonia was almost angry.

"Well, I did do it. Sorry if it scared you."

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"Jerry"—it was Tommy Waterlow who was speaking—"you're a marvel. Gad! To ride a wild horse—and you as tight as a lord!"

Gerald smiled. "It's nothing to get excited about," he said. "If I were sober, I might let you go on thinking that it was good horsemanship. But, since I'm not, I'll tell you the truth. Black Devil is no more of a roaring, snorting son of Satan than you are, Tommy. I thought he was—the first time he unloaded me. But then I got wise. The poor old creature had simply been scared to death. All he wanted was a few kind words and a looser saddle. Look here."

Gerald opened one hand and held out a cactus leaf covered with short sharp spikes.

"Where on earth did you get that?" demanded Tommy.

"From under the Black Devil's saddle," he said. "No wonder the poor brute bucked."

"Gad! That's shameful! Something should be done about it," declared Tommy.

"You noticed," remarked Gerald, "that I dropped a few words into the ringmaster's ears? Well, he's not apt to try that trick on the son of Satan again—at least not in this part of the country."

Gerald turned to the Carstairses. "Well, how do you find the show?" he asked.

"Rotten," said Mrs. Carstairs.

"Well, it's about over," said Mr. Carstairs.

"We can't go to Mrs. Crosby's ball without costumes," objected the Talbot girl. "Not that I want to go and listen to a lot of eighteen-year-old kids giggle. Besides, you know Mrs. Crosby. She's as jolly as a morgue, and twice as dignified. And the senator is worse. A fine pair of polar bears, they are."

"Hush, Nancy," warned Tommy Waterlow. "That's no way for a nice old lady like you to speak of the social leaders of Branton."

"I have it!" cried Gerald.

"He's got it," said Ken Stuart. "What have you got, Jerry?"

"It's a pip, whatever it is," said Tommy. "A fourteen-drink idea!"

"Why," exclaimed Gerald, "we'll take the circus with us!"

"What? How?"

"Why not?" asked Gerald.

"It's one of the big thoughts of modern times," agreed Tommy. "But can we do it?"

"What's to stop us?"

"The circus people."

"Rest easy about them. They had a slim house tonight. Even clowns and acrobats haven't souls beyond the reach of gold. I'll rent the whole blooming show," said Gerald.

"Senator and Mrs. Crosby will love it. Now you tell one," put in the Talbot girl. "They'll probably send for the police."

"Good! I love policemen," answered Gerald. "Come on, let's do it. It's my party. And what's life without parties? And what are parties without a little gay variety? What do you think of the notion, Harry?"

"Not so putrid," yawned Mr. Carstairs.

"No," agreed his wife, "not so very putrid."

The large stone house that Senator Crosby had built himself was one of the impregnable social citadels of Branton. The house was huge and grave, with bay windows, rather like the senator himself. It was presided over by his wife, a brittle, icy lady who imported her clothes from Paris and her accent from London. They had a daughter named Consuelo, who had more knees and elbows than she could conveniently manage, and for her they gave an occasional formal ball, a solemn affair, to which the eligible young men and girls of Branton went under protest. They could hardly stay away. In Branton one does not snub a senator who sells a million dollars' worth of cement a year and a lady who knows, by observation, how things are done in Newport.

The ball was proceeding in a tranquil and stately fashion, despite the presence of champagne on the buffet. Near it hovered the senator and he had a keen and watchful eye.

A species of tumult in the vestibule attracted the attention of the senator. He started out to investigate it in his best senatorial manner. He beheld Gerald Shannon in the act of waving aside the Crosby butler and steering his party into the Crosby mansion.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Shannon," said the senator with heavy affability. In Branton one is affable to the son of the city's richest man.

"Hullo, senator! How are you?" said Gerald. "I brought a few friends to your party. Hope you don't mind."

"Oh, not at all. Delighted," replied the senator, somewhat dubiously, for some of Gerald's friends were beginning to flow into the entrance hall.

"They're all college boys," explained Gerald, indicating four swarthy, foreign-looking acrobats who were still in their not especially clean pink tights and spangles.

"Senator Crosby, permit me to present my friends, Mr. Bones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Cones and Mr. Mones."

"Charmed, I'm sure," said the senator; the four tumblers responded with short professional nods. Senator Crosby looked uncertainly at Gerald, who was a striking figure in a gaudy, if frayed, clown's suit.

"And I've brought a college polo team," announced Gerald blandly. He waved his hand toward four clowns, who, in their polka-dot uniforms, stood, dazed and suspicious, in the doorway. "Senator, allow me to introduce them—Mr. Hinkley, Mr. Pinkley, Mr. Rinkley and Mr. Dinkley."

"I'm—I'm charmed, I'm sure," murmured the senator, mopping his brow. He looked appealingly at Sonia Brotherton, and the Carstairses, who had just made their hilarious entry.

"And, senator, you'll be glad to know I've brought some ladies," said Gerald. "It just happened that a girls' college basket-ball team was passing through Branton, and I knew you'd love to have them come to your party."

"Oh, yes, yes—love to," said the senator nervously.

"Ladies," said Gerald, with a deep bow to five members of the troupe—a strong woman, two acrobats, a lion tamer and the tattooed lady—"permit me to introduce to you one of Branton's leading citizens, Senator Alonzo B. Crosby. Senator Crosby, get accustomed to my friends: Miss Morgan, Miss Horgan, Miss Forgan, Miss Borgan and Miss Dorgan."

The senator inclined a disturbed head. "It's a pleasure," he murmured.

"It's mutual," tittered the tattooed lady.

"When do we eat?" said the deep voice of one of the acrobats. He was at once kicked into silence by the strong woman.

"Where in hell do you think you are, Ike? In a chow house? Act refined!"

"Supper is being served," a footman announced.

With a sigh of relief, Senator Crosby turned away. What a strange-looking lot modern collegians are, he was thinking.

"Now to put on the feed bags," said the acrobat, Ike, cheerfully.

The Crosby ballroom was the largest and most magnificent in all Branton. It needed to be that night. It was large enough to swallow up Gerald and his guests. A new life came into the ball. Whatever disparaging things have been said of acrobats, nobody ever accused them of being teetotalers.

"Beer!" Ike the acrobat cried from the depths of a thirsty soul. "Golly, what beer!" And manfully the acrobats and the clowns and the equestrians fell to the task of demolishing Senator Crosby's supply of Piper-Heidsieck and Pommery.

Not that the senator minded. In a quiet corner of the conservatory he was sitting with the tattooed lady. "I'd be so interested to hear about your work," he was saying.

"It's no merry laugh, papa," she answered, "standing in a tent all day and having a lot of rubes rubber at you and make hick cracks about the pictures."

"Tents? Do they have tents at college?"

"I guess they do," she said, fixing her best smile on him. "Say, honey, I got a thirst like a pack of camels. What do you say if we have a cozy time out here with one of those dirty big cold bottles—just you and me?"

"Oh, the younger generation!" murmured the senator, and sent a servant for a bottle and two glasses. Time passed.

"Say, papa, this stuff makes me feel religious inside." The tattooed lady was speaking: her smile was arch; she had a pretty face, if you don't mind gold teeth, and her tattooed arms and throat were covered by her cloak. "Come on, baby, wake up and sing. You're as playful as a stone dog. Don't you like little Maysie, honey?"

"Don't call me honey, Maysie," said the senator. "Call me little Lonnie."

It was some time after this that Mrs. Crosby, on tiptoe, entered the conservatory. She had come to find the senator to tell him that Gerald Shannon's college guests were behaving oddly in the ballroom, were turning somersaults, and were saying peculiar things to the debutantes, and that, in as much as it was well after two, it might be well to intimate politely that the ball was over. Shortly after Mrs. Crosby entered the conservatory, the party ended. It ended very abruptly.

All Mrs. Crosby could say as she put away her pearls that night was: "Oh, that Gerald Shannon! That awful, awful Gerald Shannon!"

As for Gerald, he woke at noon. A locomotive works, in full blast, was in his head and a desert was in his throat. His last distinct impression was that he had kissed somebody good night. It might have been Sonia; it might have been the tattooed lady. Just then it did not greatly matter to Gerald Shannon.

With somewhat heavy eyes, he surveyed his room. He could see through the open door that his trousers were in the bathtub. Something hard was in bed beside him; he rolled over and contemplated it. It was what had once been an excellent silk hat. He rolled over again and prodded a bedside button. In came Hondo.

"'Morning, Hondo."

"Goo' morn', Mis' Boss."

"Hondo?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"What time did I get in?"

"Tree-forty 'clock, Mis' Boss."

"Ah! Alone?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Indeed? Who was with me?"

"Tree gemmens in pink skins."

"Oh, yes, of course—the college boys. Well, what did we do?"

"They teached you to throw summery-salts."

"They did? No wonder I ache. Don't tell me we sang, Hondo!"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss, you singed."

"What?"

"Wear lee rivy shanny flows."

"We did? Where the River Shannon Flows! Dear me, dear me, what a state I must have been in! Hondo!"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"Was I *compos mentis?*"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Was I jingled then?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Was I lit?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Was I squiffed?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Was I blotto?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Tut-tut! Was I stinko?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE TREES SAID TO THE BRAMBLE, "COME REIGN OVER US"

(Continued from Page 34)

important by itself. It's the way he brings it all together. Facts about the mill and the packing plant, and so on. Temporary facts such as people make too much of because they don't understand the difficulties. Naturally you can't tell them everything—every little thing that happens. You don't tell yourself everything, do you?"

"I try to," said Jael.

"Maybe you do," he said, looking at her. "As I say, it isn't so much anything Plaino's got, as the way he puts it together to make it look as if we had been concealing our whole back yard."

"That's true, isn't it?" said Jael. "You have been concealing it. You've suppressed these facts for fear they would make the people uneasy, and now when somebody begins to tell them you are uneasy."

"Semicorn uses that word suppress," said Capuchin, irritably. "Suppress! Suppress! What does it mean? There's no such thing as saying everything, telling everything, printing everything. Why did we get control of the press to begin with? So we could print our own news in our own way. That was why. No other reason. Now everybody says we've been suppressing the facts. I don't like the word. If you leave out the vital truth on purpose, that is suppression. We've never done that. We've printed what was vital; the truth as we've seen it."

He was becoming unpleasantly excited.

"Well, go on. What more of Plaino?" said Jael.

"He hasn't started to yet, that I know of," said Capuchin, "but what I'm afraid of is he will attack Mr. Dwind's bank. If we got a run on the bank I don't know what might happen."

"Mr. Dwind's bank," said Jael, repeating him.

"Yes," said Capuchin doggedly. "We took it just as he made it. We didn't even read the law, not until afterward."

"You think Plaino would do that?" Jael asked.

"Do that! He would do anything. He would start a run on his own bank if he thought that would hurt the League."

"Well, go on again," said Jael.

"The day I left," said Capuchin, "we had a meeting of the directors. I'm not a director, you know. I'm not in it at all, in fact. Only of course I was there. The only trouble with the bank is it needs money. Its assets are good. As the saying is, they're frozen. That means they can't be turned into money. They're very tight for ready money, the bank is. If they had a run, they tell me, they couldn't hold out an hour."

"Yes," said Jael.

Her coldness, touched with irony, damaged his style and caused him to do his worst. She was forcing him to the point, not as he intended coming to it, but in her own way.

"That's all," he said. "It's what I've come to see you for. If you could take over some of those assets for cash—those farmers' notes and unpaid checks, some flour-mill bills, perhaps—or if you didn't like that, if you could make a considerable

(Continued on Page 91)

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DO you attend to the little, important things of life as conscientiously as you should?

Do you run out of gas or water in your car now and then? We all do.

Do you put off going to the dentist with the regularity your teeth—and your health—deserve? Many of us do.

Are you careless—or lazy—about attending to lots of other little, important things that bring on trouble when neglected? Who isn't?

Take brushing the teeth, for example: even in this simple little job many of us are careless.

At night we're tired; in the morning we're in a hurry.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth.

In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

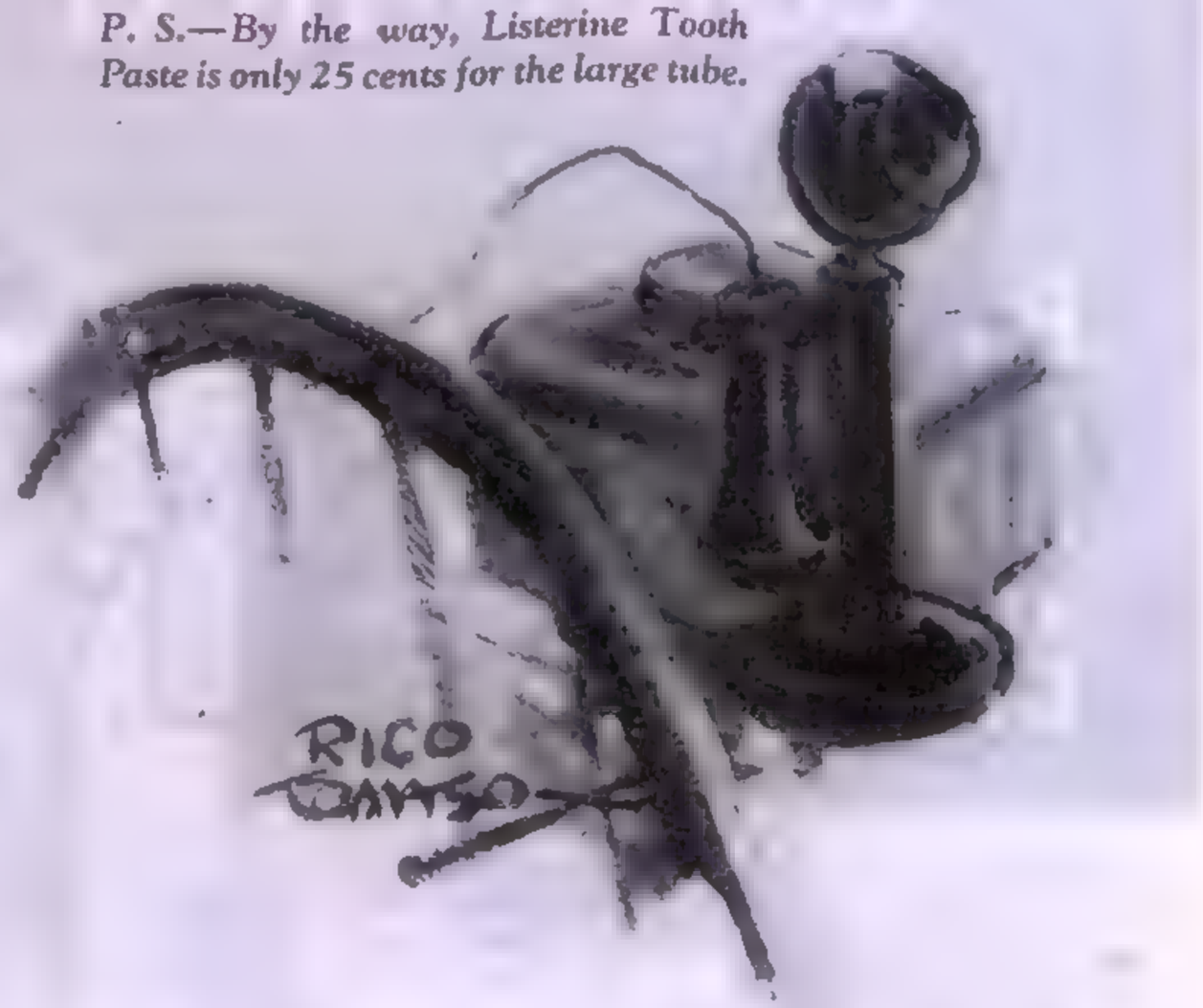
Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use.* It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.



**This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar *which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.*

LISTERINE

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TOOTH · PASTE

-- easy to use

You can't beat

Interwoven

The best wearing socks made

(Continued from Page 86)

deposit in cash. . . . It's all perfectly good, understand."

"I've already put a lot of money there, you know," said Jael. "My bankers have warned me it isn't safe."

That statement set him off on a wild philippic against Wall Street, bankers, privileged interests. Of course they would tell her it wasn't safe. They were in a conspiracy to ruin the bank. Any other bank in the same circumstances would have only to take its frozen paper to Minneapolis, Chicago or New York and get bright, new Federal money for it. Could the People's Bank do this? No, indeed. Why? Because the Treasury, the Federal Government itself, had joined in that conspiracy.

Jael let him go.

When he subsided, she said, "On one condition. The condition is that I may send auditors of my own to go over the books of the People's Bank. On their report, I shall decide."

This was the most unexpected thing she could have said. Capuchin was injured, estranged; also, as she could see, alarmed.

"There are no honest auditors," he said, beginning to walk rapidly to and fro with a singular gesture of the arms, working them as if he had dumb-bells in his fists, but with an upward slant, not at right angles to his body. "They will make a bad report," he said. "They'd have to. They are prejudiced to begin with. I wouldn't trust one of them with my hat."

She was firm and silent.

"How long do you suppose it would take?" he asked presently.

"I could send them today," she said. "I should follow them myself, and be there to see that they lost no time."

Suddenly he veered around.

"Good!" he said. "Plenty good!" He shook hands with her twice. "Everything's all right," he said. "There's nothing but what can be properly explained." With that he went.

Jael sat musing. Putting it on the frog. Dwind unloading on Capuchin; now Capuchin unloading on both Dwind and Parshal.

She was disgusted. The specific facts as they afterward developed surprised her not at all. She had already a complete sense of the situation. Dwind's revelation the night before, followed by this interview with Capuchin, left her in no doubt of the disagreeable truth. The New Freedom experiment was in desperate trouble.

Two questions were before her. One was a question of immediate measures. That could not be settled until she had got a report on the bank. She called to Miss Lillibridge to get her banker on the telephone—the one who had warned her. She told him what she needed. That night six expert accountants departed for Liberty, with a formal letter from Jael to Capuchin saying these were the auditors and please to let them see the books.

The other question was complicated. What of her personal relation to New Freedom? Her pride was in it. The pride of the Lothian College was in it. But it was much more than a matter of pride. That she had got a great deal of money involved in it gave her no anxiety. She had parted with it freely, in the belief that it was promoting a social service; and this was the first outlet for her wealth that was both adequate and satisfying. It fulfilled her desire, which was to employ it in a manner that should justify her father's acquisition of it to begin with and her custody of it afterward. All of her other works, the Lothian College included, scarcely absorbed her annual income. Here she was putting forth the principal, not merely the accretions, and that gave her the feeling she wanted. She was not insensible of the praise bestowed upon her by the illuminati, or of the public esteem in which she was held, even by many who disbelieved in the things she did. Yet, in all matters a realist, she knew her own motives. They were not unselfish. The chief one was to redeem the Saint-Leon millions from the stigma they bore when she received them. In this she had succeeded.

Now she asked herself if she would give the whole of her fortune to save the New Freedom experiment. After hard and honest reflection she answered herself, saying, "Yes, provided ——" Yes. Provided what? Provided the experiment was sound. Was it? There was the root of the question. Grave doubts tormented her.

To say nothing of the money, the best radical intelligence there was had gone into it. The Lothian College people had gone so far in their work with Capuchin as to make a scientific study of the people by racial groups in order to conduct the propaganda efficiently. The Swedes, for example, loved to be entertained in a joyous manner; the Norwegians preferred long speeches, to which they would listen stolidly for hours on end. So, picnics for Swedes were not like picnics for Norwegians. They had taken pains to that degree. They had said in the beginning—Dwind, for one, had said it, as she distinctly recalled—that here was the perfect opportunity to prove the case of the people against capitalism.

Well, they had had the situation entirely in their own hands. No assistance had been withheld. And what had they done with it? A bank full of frozen assets. Unloading the blame on one another. Afraid of one asthmatic old man who was threatening to tell the facts. Afraid themselves to tell the facts. Suppressing them in the people's own newspapers.

Had they been too intelligent—too clever? What had they left out? Was it wisdom, innate knowing, a way of reference above intelligence, above any theory of facts, above the facts themselves? Or had it been inevitable in human contradiction?

She had been trying to make Fitzjerald talk about it, his view being always so contrary; but he had turned her off, except once to make an oracular observation, which was, "You cannot dispense with the principle of growth. You may know all about a tree and still you cannot invent one."

Lately she had submerged herself in history. Was there any clear meaning in the historical process? She saw this process as an endless chain, turning on a wheel of which only a segment of the upper rim was visible. People rising—rising—rising, as far back as one could see. Rising always to overthrow something, overthrowing it, then re-creating it again, not invariably in the same detail, but in the same principle. Seeing it in this way became a phantasy. It occurred to her that if only the people had the wit to walk slowly backward against the direction of the wheel they might stay up; instead, they looked back and stood still and were forever carried on by the endless chain, rising with it suddenly to the plane of view, crossing that plane in an arc, disappearing again to the right.

They knew what they wanted. To be free! From the moment of appearing out of obscurity at the left to the moment of disappearing into it again at the right, all the way through the arc, they were chanting, "Freedom! Freedom! We know a way to be free!"

She could not make out whether they were fast to the chain actually or merely behaved in that way under a fixed delusion of locomotion, or of progress, from a sense of movement in time, unable to distinguish between that and a movement of their own making.

From this reading, which was voracious and absorbed her whole imagination, she emerged with no convictions; only much more doubt. Formulas for freedom such as formerly she had not questioned critically now started echoes in her mind, echoes of the song she heard in her phantasy of the wheel, the rim, the endless chain turning upon it—the song, "Freedom! Freedom! We know a way to be free!"

What were the Russians saying night after night at her board? That song again. She was not horrified at anything the Russians had done to set themselves free. The fact that troubled her was that they had smashed the Romanoff rule only to bind themselves to a dictatorship that condemned dissenters to exile and death, limited liberty more than it had been limited before and repressed free speech, saying what tyranny always says, "This is for the good of the people."

At this time she made a random note of her mind.

"When people talk of freedom," she wrote, "do they know what they mean? I do not. Where is this freedom? In nature? There every living thing must obey the law. The penalty for revolt is sudden death. People cannot be economically free. They have their bodies to keep. They cannot be spiritually free. Fear is their bondage—fear of God or fear of the unknown. I, myself, now that I walk alone, thinking my own thoughts—am I free? I deliver myself from the opinions of others and find myself bound by the tyranny of doubt. One may believe a false thing and still act. One who doubts is spread taut between yes and no. That one cannot move at all, not even in agony."

On reading what she had written, she said, "Sounds like Angus. Even more so."

Then she tore it up, remembering as she did it the words of her strange father, that she had his mind and it would be her curse. Was that why she tore it up? she asked herself. No. She went back. First the writing; next the association of it with Angus; then a memory of her father; his words about her mind. But just beneath and much more poignant, though unacknowledged, was the recollection of what he had said at the same time about the kind of man she ought to marry. One with red hair. One like Angus. And it was that made her tear the piece of writing up. Symbolic gesture, dismissing a troublesome thought.

"I know too much," she said, slowly drifting the fragments into the wastebasket.

What did at last determine her attitude toward New Freedom was nothing that occurred in her mind. It was feeling—a feeling of personal responsibility and a feeling of loyalty to the Lothian College people. They did believe earnestly in what they were doing. Such sincerity, even wrongly applied, could not be wasted. It was bound to prove something, and the least she could do would be to stand by them.

XV

MEANWHILE in New Freedom that tide which overcometh every tide before was rising fast. When Jael arrived at Liberty, three days behind her bank auditors, Anx Plaino was not in his window. But vibrations of him were in the air. There had just been a collision in the public square between men handing his pamphlets out of sacks and persons calling themselves leaguers, who were in fact—at least the leaders of them were—Wobblies aching for a fight. Plaino's men had been driven off. Then he had placed them on the steps of his own bank. That was where Jael saw them. She passed them on purpose to receive a pamphlet, which she read as she walked.

The big title was in red ink:

THE TRUTH IS SORE

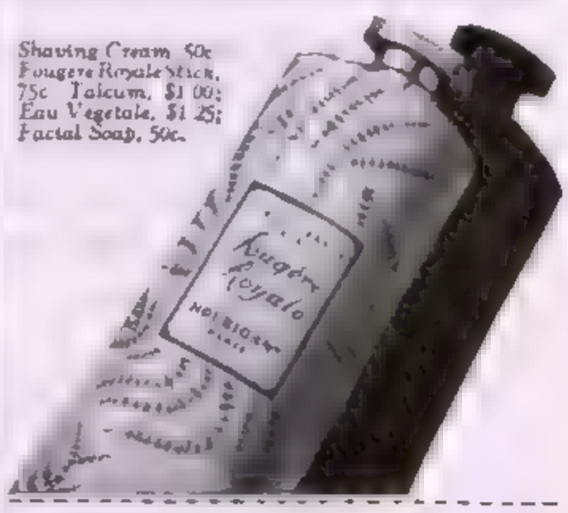
Beneath it a statement in italics, in effect that since the Freemen's League controlled the press and had refused to print his matter either as news or as advertising at full space rates, he was obliged to resort to this method of reaching the public with the facts—the word "facts" in bold capitals. This was the first of a series of pamphlets. They would be mailed, as they came forth, to every voter in the state, for the U. S. mail was still neutral. They could be had, also, in any quantity on request at the bank. On the back was a photograph of the tombstone; below it a prediction that the missing numeral at the bottom of the stone would be filled in the morning after the next election, in November. "This is not a fact," he was careful to say; "it is a prediction. Everything else in this pamphlet is fact"—"fact" again in capital letters.

It was light on the old man's character that nobody ever questioned his facts. If he

Men are asking how! —not why

HOW to shave quicker, easier and more comfortably—that's what men want to know. An essay could be written about the magic lather of Fougere Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream, but two or three Fougere Royale shaves will tell you all you will ever need to know about shaving comfort. Fougere Royale never leaves a soapy odor; cools and benefits the skin. Most any druggist can help you to dozens of these better shaves in the economical 50-cent tube. Or a ten-shave sample tube will come to you promptly if you will use the coupon below.

Fougère Royale
Shaving Cream
Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal



HOUBIGANT, INC. Dept. P-2
539 West 45th Street, New York City

I want to try Fougere Royale Shaving Cream. Here is my dime.

Name _____

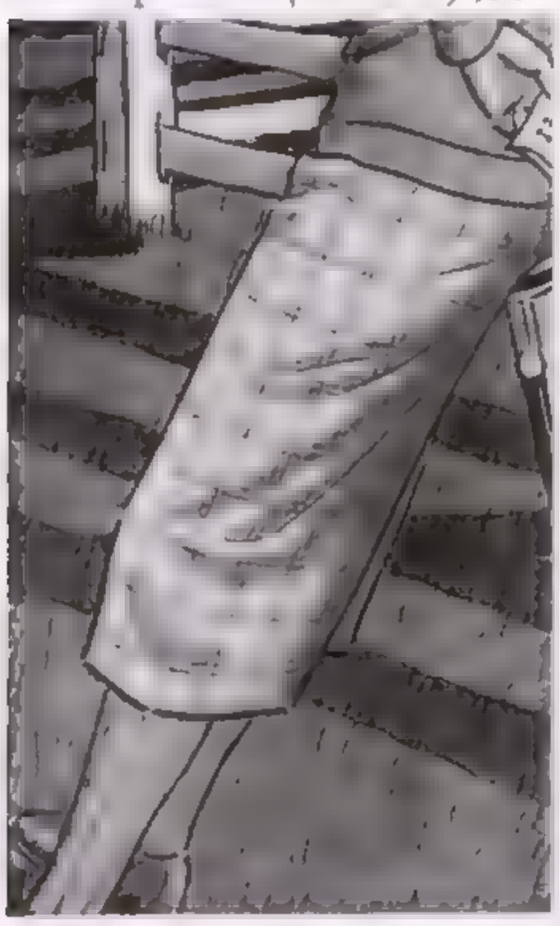
_____

Address _____

_____

MERTON CAPS & KNICKERS

MERTON CAPS with Knickers to match impart that harmony of *ensemble* so much desired by well-dressed sportsmen. Faultlessly tailored from new choice tweeds, linens, flannels, cheviots, etc. The KENT Cap of tweed *(shown above)* $3.50.



MERTON KNICKERS are obtainable in three style lengths; regular, plus-two and plus-four. Priced from $5 to $15 a pair. Merton Sport Caps from $2.50 to $7.00. Plus-Four knickers to match KENT Cap *(shown above)* of fine quality tweed $12.00.

SOLD BY THE BETTER DEALERS

FREE BOOKLET

WRITE for THE NEW MERTON STYLE BOOKLET SHOWING VARIED ASSORTMENT of SMART CAPS and KNICKERS to MATCH

CHARLES S. MERTON & CO

210 FIFTH AVE NEW YORK

said it was so it was. And not one of his facts was ever disproved. The controversy turned on their meaning and interpretation. Everyone wondered where he had got his information. He knew more about the affairs of the state, the People's Bank and the League as a whole than any other person inside or outside, and his sources never failed him.

In the first pamphlet he confined himself to the state-owned and coöperative business ventures. He told what the flour mill had cost, which was more than the people knew, and how that cost compared per unit of capacity with the cost of the finest flour mills in the country. Then he told what it was costing to make flour in that mill and what the loss was a barrel. The state would save money by shutting it up. He told the same story of the meat-packing plant. There was similar treatment of the coöperative stores and lumberyards and of the state creameries.

To Jael's immense relief there was not a word about the People's Bank. She wondered at this, and wondered even more after she had read the preliminary report of her auditors. It was available that evening.

The bank was hopelessly insolvent. Moreover, its insolvency involved the finances of the whole state. The state itself was insolvent in this way: Under Dwind's law not only the state but also the political subdivisions—meaning counties, townships, school districts and towns—were required to keep their money on deposit in the People's Bank. The largest of these public funds was the school fund, and it was gone. It had been loaned away to farmers, to the Freemen's League, to the state for its unprofitable business undertakings. In the bank's vaults were reams of long overdue postdated checks, some that might become good, thousands that were utterly bad. The books were in a state of chaos. On warrants representing people's grain, stored in the people's elevators, more money had been loaned than the grain was worth. The price had fallen since it went into storage, and no one had either the authority or the courage to make the farmers sell it and pay off the bank. There were some blind accounts. One was Account X. All the bank's bookkeepers knew about it was that Parshal, the former president, had said it was all right. Account X owed the bank more than a million dollars. Then there was a loan of a million and a half to the Louisiana Company, secured by promissory notes. This, the bank's bookkeepers said, could be explained only by Mr. Capuchin. And there was almost no cash in the till.

She sent one of her auditors off to California to question Parshal about Account X, and waited for Capuchin, who had been reported out of town, but was coming in to dinner.

He arrived in a humor that was new to her. She was expecting him to look worried. Not at all; he was inflated. Everything about him, his gestures, his edges, the contortions of his mouth in talking, seemed slightly exaggerated; and he had in him some secret which he held to his own advantage. Jael wondered. Was he so infatuated as not to realize the seriousness of the situation? Or was he acting?

It was both. Under attack he experienced an ecstasy of exalted innocence. All his deeds, whatever their character, stood before him gilded in the light of perfect intention. This view intoxicated his mind. It was not enough that he himself should see it. He expected others to see and admire it. Yet it was very frail. In some bare corner of his mind he must have been aware of its frailty, else he would not have been always so quick and jealous to defend it, would not have defended it with such subtlety, would not have been so inflamed and unforgiving toward those who declined to accept it.

This was the state in which Jael now observed him, and the impression she got of him that he was acting a rôle was at the same time true. That was another thing.

He had been in a panic about the bank. He could not answer for the effect of its failure upon his leaguers. His interview with Jael in New York a few days before had been most unsatisfactory. For a moment, when she was so cold and named the condition, which was to see the books, he had thought everything lost. Then suddenly he had veered round and accepted the condition heartily. Here was the perfect illustration of one way his mind worked. Not to have accepted her condition would of course have been fatal. On the other hand, there was no reason to suppose that a disclosure of the bank's condition would not also be fatal. He did not choose. What prompted him to accept was the precognition of an idea that was yet to appear. He felt it somewhere. For hours he struggled to get hold of it. Then it came to him.

The red-card printer who brought to him the advance copy of Plaino's first pamphlet had said the second one, not yet in type, would be an attack on the Lothian College people. This information had not impressed him at the time. In talking with Jael he had forgotten to mention it. Then most opportunely, in relation to the bank, it became very important. It made it possible to hang the bank on Jael and her Lothians. She would find herself publicly identified with it; her reputation would be bound up with it. Therefore she could not afford to let it fail. She would feel obliged to stand by it. Thus Plaino had played into his hands.

There was the immediate difficulty, however, that Plaino's next pamphlet would not be out for a month, whereas the bank required help at once. Therefore it was imperative to know what was in that next pamphlet in order to confront her with it. Ever since his return to Liberty he had been praying, bribing, cajoling the red-card printer to get him a look at it, and only this day he had succeeded. The printer had smuggled out the manuscript. It was all that he could have wished it to be. Now, coming to this interview with Jael, he had rehearsed himself carefully on what he should say and how he should say it.

Jael was surprised that his first words were: "What do you think of Old Anxiety's blunderbuss?"—when he should have had the bank on his mind, as it was on hers.

"It doesn't matter what I think of it," she said. "What are you going to say about it? How does the newspaper answer it tomorrow?"

"That hasn't been decided," he said. He was helping himself to food and affected an absent manner toward the subject. "That hasn't been decided," he said again, having his dinner before him. "I thought we had better confer, talk it over together, so as to present a united front when we came to it."

She understood that he was talking carefully, with some purpose in view, and waited.

"I've seen what's to go in the next pamphlet," he said.

She said nothing, though he gazed at her steadily in a way that made her uncomfortable and resentful.

"It's an attack on you, the Lothian College, all your people here," he said. She noticed that he said not "our people" but "your people here."

"Have you got it with you?" she asked.

"No, it isn't in print yet. I've seen the printer's copy." She waited. "Very interesting," he said. She waited. "Facts I knew and put out of my mind, and some I didn't know myself," he said.

"As accurate as the facts in his first pamphlet?" Jael asked.

"So far as I know," he said. "As to the facts here, he's got them all straight. That Mr. Dwind was loaned to us by the Lothian College to write the bank's law and charter, that Lothian College people to the number of forty are in state jobs here, costing nearly two hundred thousand a year, and so on. Also the fact that it was your money bought the newspaper. I can't imagine how he got hold of that. He has been bribing people in our midst. Some of our own."

He became much interested in his food again.

"Anything else?" Jael asked.

"Yes," he said, pretending to be somewhat reluctant. "He attacks the Lothian College itself. When he comes to that I cannot say how accurate his facts are. You would know. Oh, yes, and all about this house. He's got that. A lot of information about people who've been here visiting, especially anarchists. We know what an anarchist is. Most people don't. The name scares them."

Now she began to see where he was heading out. Putting her on the defensive.

"What about the Lothian College in particular?" she asked.

"He calls it a school of anarchy," said Capuchin. "He likes the word, knowing how people take it. Well, that's nothing, is it? But he's gone and got hold of some books written by members of the Lothian faculty and he prints extracts from them. One a book about marriage. One against private ownership of land. We've got to remember we are dealing with people who get married and own land. I'm afraid that stuff will do us a good deal of harm."

"You think this will hurt?" said Jael.

"I know these people," he said. "I know about how far you can go with them. The land question alone. You can't talk about state ownership of land around here, not even in theory. Everybody's got land. The man who wrote that book is here in one of the state bureaus." He finished eating. "However," he said, "everything will come right if we can keep the bank on its legs."

Jael was very angry. Putting her and the Lothians on the defensive in front of himself!

"What do you know about Account X?" she asked him bluntly.

"Oh, you've heard from your figure worms?" he said.

"I thought you might be able to tell us something about Account X," she said, "while we are waiting to hear from Parshal."

"How are you going to hear from Parshal?"

"I've sent a man to see him. They said at the bank he was the man to ask."

He was morosely thoughtful for a little while. "I can tell you all there is to know about that account," he said. "The money was lost in wheat speculation." Seeing her look of amazement, he explained, "The first mistake was to lend the farmers too much money on their grain. Then the price began to fall. The Chicago speculators were putting it down. It was Parshal's idea that we could beat them and put the price back to where it belonged. The motive was all right. We were doing it for the farmers of New Freedom. But the idea was bad. It turned out badly."

"And the Louisiana Company. What do you know about that?" Jael asked.

This time his eyes did not wander.

"They would be suspicious of that," he said. "I suppose they told you I carry the Louisiana Company around in my pocket. That may appear to be so, but it doesn't belong to me. I have never so regarded it. It's for the League when the time comes to speak of it. Maybe I ought to have told somebody to protect myself. I wanted to prove it first. You have to have some imagination to see it."

He had been speaking injuredly. Then he saw it all clearly again. His imagination flared up. The Louisiana Company was all for grace and redemption. It would repay tenfold every kind of loss the state had suffered. It owned and held under option a vast tract of land in Louisiana, on a river, with a wonderful site for a power dam. The plan had two features. One was to develop hydroelectric power with which to manufacture at very low cost nitrogenous fertilizer such as New Freedom needed badly, and distribute it to the people without profit. The other feature was a winter colony in the warm South. Every New Freedom farmer and his family to have a bungalow and some irrigated acres there.

(Continued on Page 95)

Waste is Forty Thieves Around Your Machinery

You know each thief's alias—Friction, Wear, Misalignment, Faulty Lubrication, Poor Work, Less Output, High Maintenance, Swift Depreciation, and all that gang. In the Arabian Nights Tales the beautiful slave girl poured boiling oil into the jars that hid the thieves, and killed them. Just as effectually, you can dispatch the thieves around your machinery, with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

Friction, that arch-robber of Industry, is stopped wherever modern Timken *rolling* motion supplants the old, soft, rubbing bearings, or compromise types. The effect on power requirements alone may mean a saving of 30%, and lubrication savings reach even greater proportions!

But since Timkens are much more than merely anti-friction bearings, they also improve machinery in many other ways. Their tapered design inherently provides higher thrust, shock and radial capacity, without extra bulk or complication. The *POSITIVELY ALIGNED* Timken rolls add to speed capabilities. And Timken steel, made only in Timken electric furnaces, carries all the motion. In Timken mountings there is no moving contact on shaft and bore surfaces, because all motion is within the bearing itself.

This increased load capacity, simplified design, and supremely fine bearing material assure the permanent rigidity of Timken-mounted shafts, gears, pulleys, wheels, spindles and other parts. As a result the output per man, per machine and per horsepower is bound to increase and improve.

Timken economies are vouched for not only by 160,000,000 successfully applied bearings, but by highly reputed manufacturers in every field of industry, who have adopted Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for equipment of every kind.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN

Tapered

ROLLER BEARINGS

Extra hands—when you need them

When your desk is piled high with work to be done, and you find yourself plagued with a mass of pressing detail, you would give a lot for an extra pair of hands.

You cannot get these hands *literally*, but you can get them in *effect* by making use of the right printed forms. Every modern business house uses some printed forms—invoices, letterheads, work sheets, requisitions. These are just a few of the more commonly used printed forms that help to keep the wheels of business turning.

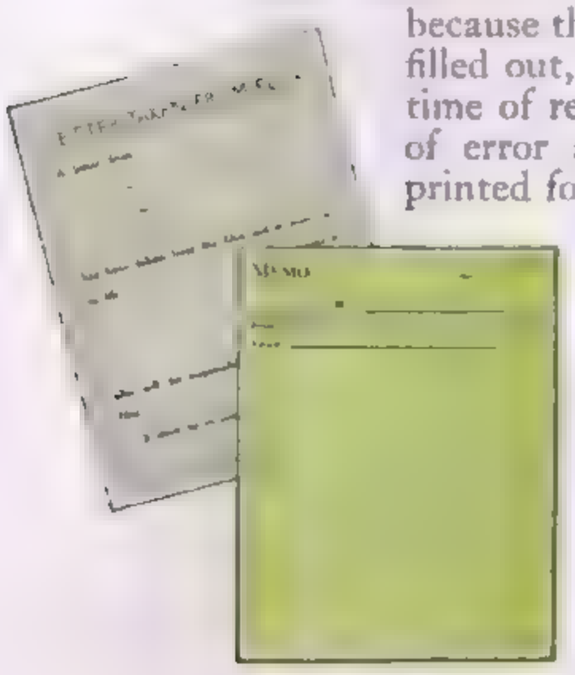
There are printed forms for many purposes, and the more liberally you use them the less time it takes to get work done. There are forms for conference reports, for recording decisions, for appointments, for routing important information—and for many, many other applications.

These forms invite the pen, pencil and typewriter because they are so easy to fill out. Once filled out, they establish dates, authors, time of receipt, and reduce the chances of error and misunderstanding. With printed forms there is a place for everything, and everything is usually in its place. Study your business with a view to making greater use of printed forms. And when you make a decision, keep in mind that you cannot do better than print these forms on Hammermill Bond.

Hammermill Bond is known everywhere as an ideal paper for printed forms. It comes in twelve colors and white, making different forms easy to identify. It is priced reasonably and is standardized in quality. Hammermill Bond has the right surface for pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon and printing. And it is made to stand rough usage.

You can secure Hammermill Bond when you want it. Printers know it, and many have it in stock at all times.

It may be of assistance to you to look for suggestions in the Working Kit of printed forms which we have prepared. We shall be glad to send this to you without charge or obligation, together with samples of Hammermill Bond. When you write us, please use your business letterhead.



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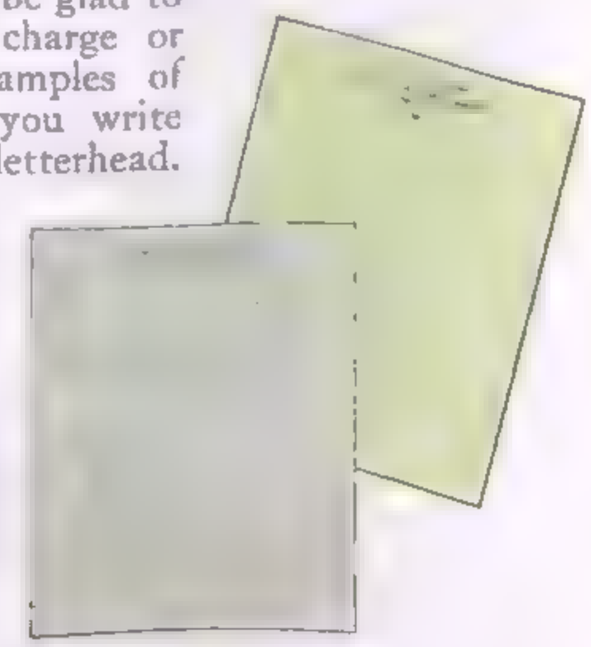

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

(Continued from Page 92)

A refuge from the rigors of the Northern climate and the means to carry on agriculture through the whole year. Change, moreover. The excitement of change. Joyous migrations twice a year to keep them happy.

She questioned him about the land. He had never seen it. The engineers had reported on it. She should see their reports the next day. Others had seen it. All reports were excellent. It was cut-over timberland, he admitted, and yet to be cleared. Nothing had been built or begun. There was only the land and the idea.

This chimera astonished her even more than the explanation of Account X. She was speechless. There he sat, still glowing with the vision, visibly emotional about it. His eyes were hot; his hair, a little long, was brushed straight back over his ears, showing his baby-white temples in which the blue veins throbbed. As absurdly meritorious as a schoolboy after having recited a grand piece.

For a while neither of them spoke. He did not wish to ask what she had decided to do about the bank, if anything. He wished her to say, and she did.

"My auditors tell me the People's Bank is insolvent," she said.

"I thought they would tell you that," he said.

"I have made up my mind," she said. "There are two conditions. I will help the bank provided, first, a new board of directors shall be named to include three practical bankers, and provided, also, that I shall approve of the next president."

Capuchin answered as if he were thinking out loud: "As to the directors—yes, they are named by the legislature. It is in Mr. Dwind's law that way. As to the president—he is elected by the directors. That also is according to Mr. Dwind's law. I don't see ——"

"I'm not asking you to see," she said. "I'm laying down conditions. The bank is in my hands, remember. I can shut it up."

"How?" he asked. And she knew instantly that he had been waiting for her to say just that. His manner was now aggressive. "How?" he repeated.

"By demanding the money I have there," she said. "The bank cannot pay me. It would have to say it was insolvent."

"You would not dare," he said.

That was the point he had been coming to all this time. It was true. She had made an empty threat; also, she had underestimated his intelligence.

"Or," she said, "I could simply do nothing and let it shut up in its own way."

He rose from the table. "Even if you mean it now," he said, "you will change your mind. Not on my account, of course. Not for the League. For your own sake."

That was true too. She knew it was true as he was saying it, and she had not faced it herself.

"Think about it some more," he said. "I'll come in tomorrow evening."

They shook hands. This was a rite he never omitted, or if he did it was a sign of enmity.

Jael's emotions were so intensely disagreeable that she became physically uncomfortable. She was ashamed of him and ashamed of herself. "A stultifying experience," she said, thinking of the interview as a whole. Her impulse was to wash her hands or change her clothes. Instead, she did a thing she had never thought of doing. The resolve formed itself unawares in her mind. It startled her a little, yet she did not pause to examine it. Capuchin had not been gone more than five minutes when she set forth, walking rapidly. It was a still, cold night. The moon was full. Her mind became tranquil and knew perfectly what it was doing; yet she had not thought what she should say to him, and was vaguely wondering how to begin as she rang Anx Plaino's doorbell.

"Come in!" a voice said. She heard it faintly. It had to be a loud voice to be heard at all. There were double doors at the entrance vestibule and double windows around the house. It was a square brick dwelling, ugly and unpretentious. Plaino had been a widower for twenty years. He had no children and lived here alone with two servants, a man outside and a woman to keep house. The woman had gone to bed.

The doors were not locked. Jael let herself into the vestibule, which was dark, then into the hall, which was dimly lighted. Plaino's hat, muffler and overcoat were hanging there on a polished steer's horn; his rubbers were beneath them. The outer shell of him, grim and censorious, creased by his daily activities, shaped by his personality. He himself was in a room to the right and called again, "Come in!"

The door was ajar. She pushed it open, and saw only the top of his head. He sat in a morris chair with his back to the door, reading the Scriptures. Without looking, he said a third time, "Come in!"—now with some impatience in his voice. Jael walked around and stood facing him. He took off his glasses, looked at her, and said, "Oh!"

She noticed that he wore about the house an old gray coat out at the elbows. In this state of relaxation he looked very old. A pastel portrait of a woman, probably his wife, and The Signing of the Declaration of Independence were the only two pictures in the room.

"I'm Jael Saint-Leon," she said.

"I know you," he said. "Push the papers off that chair and sit down."

She felt a little awe of him. Of old men she knew almost nothing and a man of this kind, old or young, was outside her experience. It had occurred to her to mention the fact that her banker in New York knew him and spoke most excellently of his character. But when she came to say it there seemed no point to it. It was unimportant.

She said, "Mr. Plaino, do you know the condition of the People's Bank?"

"I do," he said, "and so do you."

"You know it perhaps much better than I do," she said.

"Much better," he said.

"Are you going to attack it?" she asked.

He looked at her for a long time through his glasses, holding them at arm's length.

Then he said, "'For the Lord hath created a new thing in the earth. A woman shall compass a man.'"

"I didn't realize," she said, "how abrupt that would sound. The reason I ask is this: I want to save the bank if possible. I feel some responsibility for it. It isn't a question of money. I am willing to put the money in. You know what the question is. I had thought of asking you to take charge of it, or to form a committee of bankers for that purpose, but that seems not to be feasible. There are difficulties in the law. The legislature names the directors and the directors name the president. What I have come to ask you for is advice."

He kept looking at her through his glasses, holding them far and near. His hands were very long and thin, hardly wider than the thickness of his wrists. It was not there his strength lay.

"I am going to attack it," he said.

She answered, "Even though I tell you I am willing to help it through."

"The daughter of David Saint-Leon does not want advice," he said thoughtfully. "That is not what she comes to me for. She wants information. They have been telling her she must save their bank. They have been telling her that unless she fills its till again with money, it will fail. They speak to her in dread accents of a run. I tell her better. 'Tain't that they are afraid of. Their fear is that when they have no more money to lend, the people will turn against them."

"I must be very stupid," said Jael. "Somewhere I lose the point."

"This is not a bank like any other bank," he said. "If it were, Anx Plaino should not attack it. Never. Shall iron break iron? 'Tain't natural. 'Tain't in the writing. What do they say? They say if a run started on their bank they couldn't last an hour. That's true. But it can't happen. When we speak of a run on a bank what do we mean? We mean the depositors get scared and come all at one time and demand their money back. If the bank can't give them their money it fails. This bank has no money. Its till is empty. Yet I tell you if that fact were published in the newspapers, still there would be no run on the bank. Why not? You want to know why not? Why, because the people already have the money. The bank does not owe the people. The people owe the bank. Can you imagine people coming in a panic all at one time to pay the bank what they owe it?"

"But the bank does owe a great deal of money," said Jael.

"Not to the people," he said. "That's the fool's riddle. Now follow me. To whom does a bank owe money? Any bank? To its depositors. Very well, who are the depositors in this bank? Not the people, mind you. You are one. I think you are the only private depositor it has. You are not going to demand your money back, are you? You are not going to start a run on the bank, are you? Who are the other depositors? They are the counties, the towns, the townships, the school districts, the state itself, all required by law to keep their funds on deposit here. Those funds are gone. The bank is liable for them. Follow me. To whom is it liable? Not to persons. A county is not a person, is it? A town is not a person. The state is not a person. They are political forms, these depositors, with no blood to run cold, no organs of fear, nothing of their own to lose. They are not going to make a run on the bank.

"Don't you see what has happened? The counties, the towns, the state—they have been collecting taxes from the people and putting the money—the people's money—into this bank; and the bank has ladled it out to the people again as if it were fable honey. When the people come awake to the fact that it was their own labor, not fable honey, they were beguiled to consume in a delirium of extravagance, they will destroy the bank. You cannot prevent that. Nobody can. It will be an act of political sanity. Meanwhile there will be no run on the bank. Don't let them befuddle you on that point. The people have eaten their honey."

He was looking at her again in that peculiar way, with one eye closed, trying her first through one lens and then the other.

"I'm greatly obliged to you for giving me this view of it," she said, rising. She held out her hand. The touch of his was limp. He was already adjusting his glasses to their natural use and looking for his place in the Scriptures, lying open on his knee. He called after her, saying, "Slam the outside door so I can hear it."

"Good night," she said.

He waited to hear the door slam and then remembered to say good night.

As she walked slowly home it occurred to her that the old man might have had a subtle motive, namely, to turn her from her thought of helping the bank, for if she did help it—that is, put it in funds again so that it could go on lending—its political power would continue. Nevertheless, he had made it logically clear that its problem was primarily political, not financial. Being a state bank, it was supreme. No outside authority could touch it or oblige it to confess its insolvency; and since there were no individual depositors to come clamoring for their money, it could simply stand there with a grand and vacant stare. The people had already got out everything there was in it. The people were debtors, not creditors. How extraordinary! Her mind was made up.

XVI

WHEN Capuchin arrived at Little Jones Street for dinner the next evening the scene was unexpected and strange to his humor. He resented both the presence of a large company of Lothians and the jollity among them, in which Jael herself was taking part. They were singing an old Western

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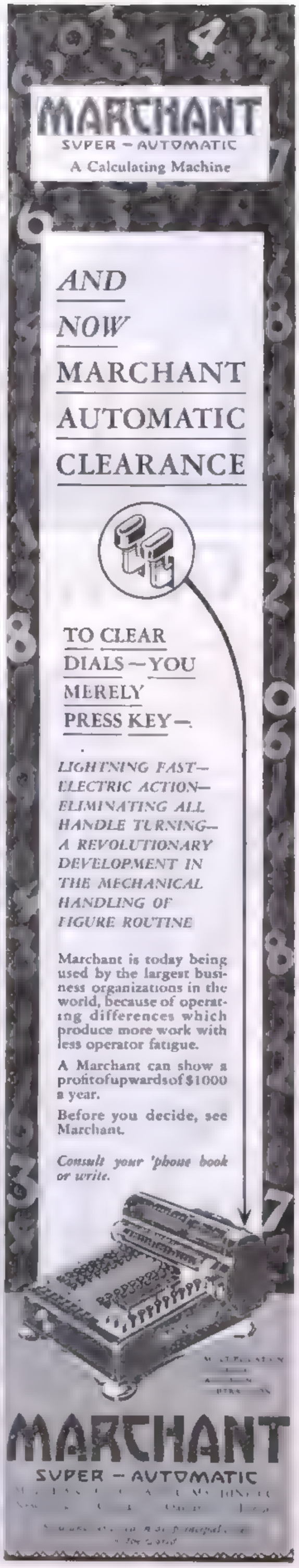
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STOP LEAKS

(Continued from Page 95)

ballad about a dying miner that one of them had found and brought in; they were also improvising musical sounds for accompaniment, from glasses on the table and from an empty copper pot muffled with a napkin and used as a drum.

Jael smiled at him pleasantly, indicated that he was to sit at her right, where a place was ready, and turned again to her friends, saying, "Almost perfect. Now! Once more."

His displeasure increased. Never had these Lothian people regarded him with becoming respect. Who was he to be treated as one of them? They had not even taken the trouble to greet him collectively. One had said hello; another had waved a hand; Jael herself had not spoken to him. He fumed and ate, thinking how he should like to fire the whole crew out of their jobs; and just as he was beginning to debate the feasibility of doing it Jael leaned toward him, saying, beneath the singing:

"Your Lothians will all resign tomorrow. Having resigned, they will tender their services to the state for one dollar a year. You can take them back on that basis, if you want them. Hereafter I shall pay their salaries myself." Before he could answer she turned her attention to the ballad and called for it to be repeated.

Presently, again she leaned toward him, saying, with the air of having just remembered, "I've stopped the man that was on his way to see Parshal"—and gave him no chance to speak.

The singing was followed by conversation, serious, audacious, witty.

Jael gave it her whole attention, joined heartily in the laughter, and when there was a sign of its letting down she herself set it off again. This went on for more than an hour, Capuchin becoming all the time more dour and aggrieved, until at last he lost his wits and did what she was expecting.

"What have you decided to do about the bank?" he asked. His tone and manner said also: "This is no time for such frivolous goings on."

She answered him casually, with her attention divided between what she was saying to him and what the Lothians at that moment were saying to one another.

"I've decided," she said, "to do—to do nothing for a while. Let's wait to see—what will happen." Then immediately she seemed to forget him.

For several minutes he sat quite still. Color began to show in his face. He rose from the table, meaning it to be noticed that he was offended, and said good night without offering to shake hands. Jael said good night very sweetly and let him go.

A rage possessed him. He had been treated lightly by Jael and her companions. In the act of disappointing him she had belittled and mortified him. His ego floundered in distress. A venomous worm with its tail afire, striking at anything but itself and in danger of doing that.

Notwithstanding the casualness of her manner, which was of course malicious, Jael had picked her words carefully. She had not been final, only procrastinating. All she said was that she had decided to wait. It was still her private intention to aid the bank if the situation should desperately require it. This she did not say. To have said it would have defeated her purpose, which was to try both facts and motives according to Plaino's version of them.

It was Capuchin's misfortune not to see this. His power of intuition failed him. From the light Plaino had opened to her, Jael's understanding of the case was clearer than his. Her natural impulse was to be candid in all matters. But she had begun to suspect him. It was quite probable, she thought, that he had not been frank with her. On this one point, however, her suspicion was unfounded. Although Plaino was right, as events proved, his view was original. There were other bankers who did not see it as he saw it. Dwind himself did not see it. Capuchin knew nothing about banking, nor did any of his associates understand it in principle. All of them did honestly fear what they said they feared, namely, a run on the bank; besides fearing, as Plaino correctly said, the political consequences of its being unable to continue making popular loans to the people.

Aimlessly, his mind in hot turmoil, Capuchin walked to the newspaper office, went to the editorial room and sat at a vacant desk. Presently Semicorn came and bent himself over the desk, resting his two hands upon it. "The dowager empress has been conferring with Anx Plaino," he said.

"Miss Saint-Leon?" said Capuchin.

"Yes. She went to his house last night. Did you know that?"

"Yes—yes, of course, I knew that," said Capuchin, lying for his vanity's sake. He must be supposed to know everything that happened. Semicorn straightened up, spread his hands in the air, and walked away.

After some restless moving about, twice dusting himself with particular care, Capuchin went over to his desk.

"You run a very fine information service, Mr. Semicorn. I compliment you. A very competent service. I suppose you know what they talked about."

"Who?" said Semicorn, indifferently.

"Plaino and Miss Saint-Leon, last night."

"Yes," said Semicorn, going right on with his work. "I know what they talked about."

Capuchin hated to ask. It made him feel small. He waited for some time. Semicorn waited, too, and continued reading his galley proofs.

"Well, what?" Capuchin asked at last, with no effort to disguise his irritation.

Semicorn's seizures came without warning. They were probably as unexpected to him as to others, like attacks of mania or visitations of epilepsy. They were not frequent. For long periods he would go along presenting the character of a man exceptionally self-restrained, meeting placidly, or with a sense of humor, circumstances such as cause ordinary beings to lose their tempers. Then suddenly, with no acute provocation, sometimes for no reason whatever that one might know, he became violently excited. There was in him some principle of inflammability which, once it began to act, deprived him of self-control. In those moments he lost all sense of fitness and whereness, together with the acquired faculty of speaking grammatically. His voice, at other times pleasant and level, became distorted and high, with a note of frenzy in it; his physical appearance changed. The passing of the paroxysm was as swift as its onset. One instant he would be raving: the next he would be his normal self again, speaking in his natural voice, as if nothing had happened.

At Capuchin's question he threw down his proofs and blue pencil, rose, kicked away his chair, and tore the green eye shade off his forehead.

"Defeat!" he shouted. "The people's defeat! That's what they talked about."

Capuchin was startled and alarmed. "Not so loud, Mr. Semicorn," he said. "Not so loud, please."

"Defeat!" he shouted again. "I'm telling you what they talked about. How do I know? She's a capitalist. A woman that her own bankers don't know how rich she is can't be anything else, 'n' all her talk about the people is monkey kissing. Not so loud! Not so loud! Who's going to tell me how loud I can be? They didn't say anything loud. Them I tell you that their language is money don't talk loud. Here's these two. You don't suppose they know each other on sight. Maybe they don't. One night when you're not looking they come together like evil spirits. How? By their stink and spots. I don't care a bull's tail for your Freemen's League. It's a billy goat in skirts going my way. I'm riding it like you are. I do hate like hell to see you get sold out in the night by a she capitalist."

As he began, so he subsided, with the effect of a rocket, only that it shocked the mind instead of the eye. Bringing back his chair, he sat down, adjusted the green eye shade and took up his work.

"Mr. Semicorn, will you come to my office, please?" said Capuchin.

"When?"

"Now. I want to talk this out with you."

Semicorn had only to put on his hat. He never wore an overcoat. Neither of them spoke until they were inside Capuchin's office, with the door locked. Capuchin started to turn on the light, then changed his mind, and they sat in semidarkness. By the light from a street lamp through the window they could see each other's forms and that was all.

"I am impressed by what you say, Mr. Semicorn."

Capuchin spoke in a low voice. Semicorn was rolling a cigarette and said nothing. But he was surprised. He had been prepared to hear that his ride with the Freemen's League was finished. That was what he expected. Unaware of the estrangement between Capuchin and Jael, he very naturally supposed that an attack upon her would be deemed an unpardonable offense.

What had happened to Capuchin is easily explained. Jael's behavior that evening—her air of indifference, her decision, her unexplained change of feeling—had disappointed him in a crucial manner. His vanity had been trampled. His plans were upset. But, moreover, he was mystified. Something extremely prejudicial had taken place, and he could not imagine what it was. He was groping for the clew and struggling at the same time to control his personal feelings in order to be able to think clearly, when Semicorn confronted him with the news that Jael had visited Plaino the night before.

He was too amazed to see at once the possible implications of this fact. It was still unrelated, standing there in the center of his mind as an object of wonder, when Semicorn began his harangue. Then all of a sudden it assumed a sinister meaning. It explained everything clearly.

Semicorn's suggestion that Jael had betrayed him, the people, the Freemen's League, fell upon fertile soil. His nature was such as derives a keen morbid pleasure from the fact, or it may be only the suspicion, of having been betrayed.

In the first place, as the victim of betrayal, one is confirmed in one's bad opinion of people. They are as wicked as one has supposed them to be. Secondly, betrayal perfectly excuses one's own failures. Thirdly, it excites two powerful emotions, namely, a sense of injury and the passion of self-pity, and so leads directly to the delusion of persecution. Also, his ego anger, which at first had no place to strike, now found its relief in a conviction of Jael's depravity. It fused with his righteous indignation. The same object for both. She had offended him in the personal relation. That was one thing. She was discovered, besides, to have betrayed the people's cause, and that was treason.

Semicorn said very little. His feelings toward Jael were impersonal, rather contemptuous. She had turned out as he expected. Plaino was his object. Not that he disliked Plaino in any personal way, but that Plaino embodied capitalism, stood forth as its monstrous figure; and capitalism he hated with a destructive, insane passion.

What hatched between them, those two, brooding in the darkness of Capuchin's unlighted office, was a reckless understanding. Capuchin, his cheeks in his hands, his elbows on the edge of his desk, his chair tilted forward on its two front legs, talked to the wall. Semicorn sat solidly in his chair, very straight, with his legs crossed, incessantly smoking. The fire of the cigarette made his face intermittently visible in a dull red glow.

The understanding was this: The league newspapers, all using the same matter, were to attack Plaino without restraint. Semicorn could go as far in that direction as he pleased.

Then the next morning they were to announce the state's farewell to the Lothians—that they were going to resign in a

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body and that their resignations would be accepted. This, of course, might be regarded as a political move, forestalling Plaino's attack upon them. It had that aspect. But it was also a direct hit at Jael, and lest there should be any doubt on this point there was to be editorial comment on the news, expressing the great relief of the state to be rid of them, lot and parcel. This was to be followed by specific comment on their disabilities. They were to be represented as theorists, impractical, notorious for disagreement. Their contribution to the cause of New Freedom had cost more than it was worth.

And finally it was to be said that the founder of the Lothian College, professing to embrace advanced social theories, was, alas, nevertheless, herself a capitalist, whose great fortune rested on the principle of private profit. Capuchin undertook, himself, to write the Lothian editorials and send them in.

Semicorn returned alone to the newspaper office. Throwing off his hat, he sauntered to the middle of the editorial room, put his hands to his mouth, yelled "Hi! Hi! Hi," then turned and walked calmly to his desk. His Wobbly friends rose, followed him and stood in a ring, waiting for the news.

"Leave to shoot," he said. "Go as far as we like. Will we surprise them?"

He was pulling Plaino material out of a pigeonhole as he spoke. It was ready. He meant to take the paper so far on the first impulse that there would be no getting back, and he did.

Capuchin was amazed when he saw the paper the next morning. As it was past eleven o'clock when he and Semicorn parted the night before, and as he supposed, of course, the attack on Plaino would require to be worked up, he was expecting a news item on the Lothians and nothing more. The news about the Lothians was there, properly displayed; but most of the front page was devoted to Plaino.

There was a cartoon of him in the act of foreclosing a chattel mortgage. He had stripped the farm of its implements, its horses and livestock, even the precious bag of seed, leaving only the pine hut and five figures of despair—these, a woman sitting in the doorway with her head in her lap, three children clinging to her and a man cursing the landscape, all in desperate need of famine relief. Beneath the cartoon was a list of several hundred chattel-mortgage foreclosures, taken at random from the county records, with nothing to show that they were not all Plaino's doing.

It was grossly unfair. For so long as anybody could remember, Plaino had not foreclosed a mortgage. His maxim was that a banker who loaned wisely was never obliged to do so. To Semicorn, however, the objection that Plaino himself was not that kind of person would have seemed the merest quibbling. Plaino was a symbol, not a man. He represented the system that did foreclose mortgages. If he was not that kind of person he ought not to represent that system. And as for the borrower's responsibility, in having borrowed too much, or for having failed to make profitable use of what he borrowed, that he would not consider. Why should he, in fact, beginning as he did with the premise that all things belonged by right to the people? What they borrowed was already their own.

The character of the whole paper had changed. Anyone would have known it was the work of I. W. W. radicals. A spirit of brutality pervaded it. The cartoon was brutal in both idea and execution. So were certain headlines here and there, with no reference to Plaino. Several industrial accidents, a mine explosion, a railroad wreck, a suicide, and a routine statistical item from the labor bureau of New York State on unemployment, were gathered together under one black headline: Dividends! That kind of touch had gone all through the news columns. Strikers were referred to as wage slaves. The trial of a communist agitator on a charge of murder was a frame-up; the defendant was a victim. It was all in the headlines. The news itself was in no case altered.

The one who knew better was Capuchin. At his best he was cool, audacious, adroit, and that was when he was winning. At his worst he was a blunderer, and that was when the game went against him. Now he was losing his head. The realities were more than he could manage. As he tried to visualize the situation in the whole he saw the flour mill, the packing plant, the bank, the cooperative stores, lumberyards and creameries, the Louisiana Company, the newspaper, the legislature, the Freemen's League and hundreds of canvassers racing about in four or five states selling it to farmers, all revolving—no, nothing so orderly as that—all whirling as in a storm cloud. They would probably whirl faster and faster until something happened. That was as far as he could get—until something happened.

It was certain, as, in a state of mental poise, he himself had been the first to see, that such a paper as this one Semicorn had just made would tend to alienate all the conservative elements of the Freemen's League. At a former time he boasted that he knew how far it was safe to go with these people, and he did know. But on the other side, his agents in the field, selling the League away from home, had been clamoring for more radicalism. It would be easier to sell the League, they said, if its views were more radical. That was undoubtedly true. So, although it was that affairs were going badly in New Freedom, it was possible, by making them worse, to spread the power of the Freemen's League much faster abroad. His power it was. In this respect he was the political strategist who makes a stir abroad to divert attention from disasters near. Anyway it was his rule when in doubt to hit, and as he gazed at the paper that morning he swelled with a sense of combat. Here was hitting! When he saw Semicorn he complimented him on the Plaino stuff and was silent as to everything else.

XVII

JAEL'S reactions were such as might be expected. She had the fairness to see that the Herald's handling of Plaino was unjust. Still, that was apparently a way men had of fighting, and she had no doubt of the old man's ability to take care of himself. Besides, by its violence the newspaper, she thought, would probably defeat its own purpose.

But as to the treatment of her Lothians, that was insulting, vile, quite unforgivable. It was a relief that Capuchin came no more to Little Jones Street, for she would not have known what to say to him.

And now the question:

What should she do?

It was not only that she could see no way of retiring gracefully, though naturally she could not help thinking of that also. Merely to turn her back on the scene and reduce her orbit to the old Jones Street pattern seemed quite impossible, and not merely in terms of personal chagrin. Much more than her own pride was involved. There was some moral value to be upheld, if only she could see what that was. It seemed very important to save something intangible. This might be an attitude or a point of view, and she had neither. For several days her thoughts were in a state of confusion.

Meanwhile there was the practical fact of having forty Lothians on her hands. They had resigned, their resignations had been accepted, and now they were out of work. They had all been uprooted and transplanted. This was her responsibility. Some were willing to return to New York; the college could absorb them in its faculty or place them in social-research work. Others did not wish to return. It was while meditating what to do with them that she began to revolve an idea the germ of which had been dormant in her mind for a long time.

Going to and fro between New York and New Freedom had produced more than once that occasion in which everything one knows falls away, even one's name and identity, while at the same time things hitherto unknown—things beyond good and evil—assume terrific importance, although one may never be able to say what these other things are. She became aware of the great mystery of the earth mother. This was always west of the Mississippi River, sometimes in that kind of swooning glimpse one may remember but never recall, sometimes in dreaming reverie of which the mystical truth alone, without object or subject, may be remembered. Some inner region of herself the existence of which had been unknown became in these moments vast, coterminous with the limits of the universe, pulsating with a knowledge the mind cannot share. These experiences left her wordless. She could neither describe nor define them.

Once it occurred to her in rational meditation that the life she knew—life as it appeared from the Jones Street point of view—must either renew itself in the soil or perish. Directly or indirectly all those indescribable emotions associated themselves with the earth, the fundamental mother.

There was nothing new in this thought. It was as old as the nostalgia of city dwellers. There had been many trials of going back, of renewing life in that way, to forestall necessity by intelligent intention.

She turned to the literature of these experiments and was surprised at the extent of it. She read the fascinating history of Brook Farm. In an obvious sense every such experiment had failed. That is, not one of them endured. No matter. In a spiritual sense they had not failed. The mistake was to suppose they might succeed materially. That was neither their point nor their meaning. In every case some vital principle had been renewed to go on with, and those in whom it was renewed had gone on.

Well, now, in view of her problem, the idea of a soil colony, an adventure of prodigals with Nature, opened a vista. It was the happy alternative. She broached it to the Lothians and they were enthusiastic. They spent several evenings together setting out the rules to govern it, all very simple. Thirty subscribed.

Then she went forth to find the suitable location, which turned out to be a place fifty miles from Liberty, where there was available a large tract of land in the valley of the river flowing north; the land sloped gently to the hills that rose abruptly to the west in strange, grotesque formations. It was already somewhat developed. The romantic feature was a very old house that had been an inn on the cattle trail. She named it the Lothian Farm and proceeded to equip it on a considerable scale.

In finding this place she saw more of the country than she had seen before, and it grew upon her; also for the first time she came into direct contact with the people, not as they might present themselves in groups at Freemen's League meetings and picnics, but as they lived and worked. She talked with them, ate with them, passed nights and evenings with them, and expanded sympathetically.

First of all, the contrasts impressed her deeply. Success and failure divided by a road. Independence and well-being on one side, aching discontent and poor living on the other side. The same soil, the same sun, the same seed.

What made this great difference? Not opportunity to begin with. Nearly every highly developed farm, with big barns, swelling herds, strong fences and comfortable dwellings, had the pioneer history. Settlers, a strong man and a good wife, and nothing to begin with but their hands, access to the soil and the habit of toil. Often the hut they first raised over their heads had been preserved as an heirloom in the flower garden; all the children had been born in it. And the story running on the other side of the road was of one general character too. Wistful expectations, inexperience, something that was to have happened and didn't.

Presently she could foretell by the look of a farm whether the people upon it would be leaguers or antileaguers and the degree in which they would be either. The successful farmers were not necessarily more intelligent than the unsuccessful, though very often they were; invariably, however, their intelligence was practical, not imaginative, and they had, besides, a kind of restraining wisdom. They were not satisfied. All of them, no matter how successful, had specific grievances, and many of them had been hoping through the Freemen's League to remove certain economic evils; but now they were turning away from it in disgust.

The weak farmers, on the other hand, were still for it; the more unfortunate they were the more ardently they were for it, to the point of being fanatical. Capuchin was their demiurge, their one hope in place of everything else that had not happened, the mighty leveler. Their notion of leveling was simple. The privileged few, those who had got or taken theirs—the strong, in brief—were all to be leveled down, while they themselves were to be leveled up.

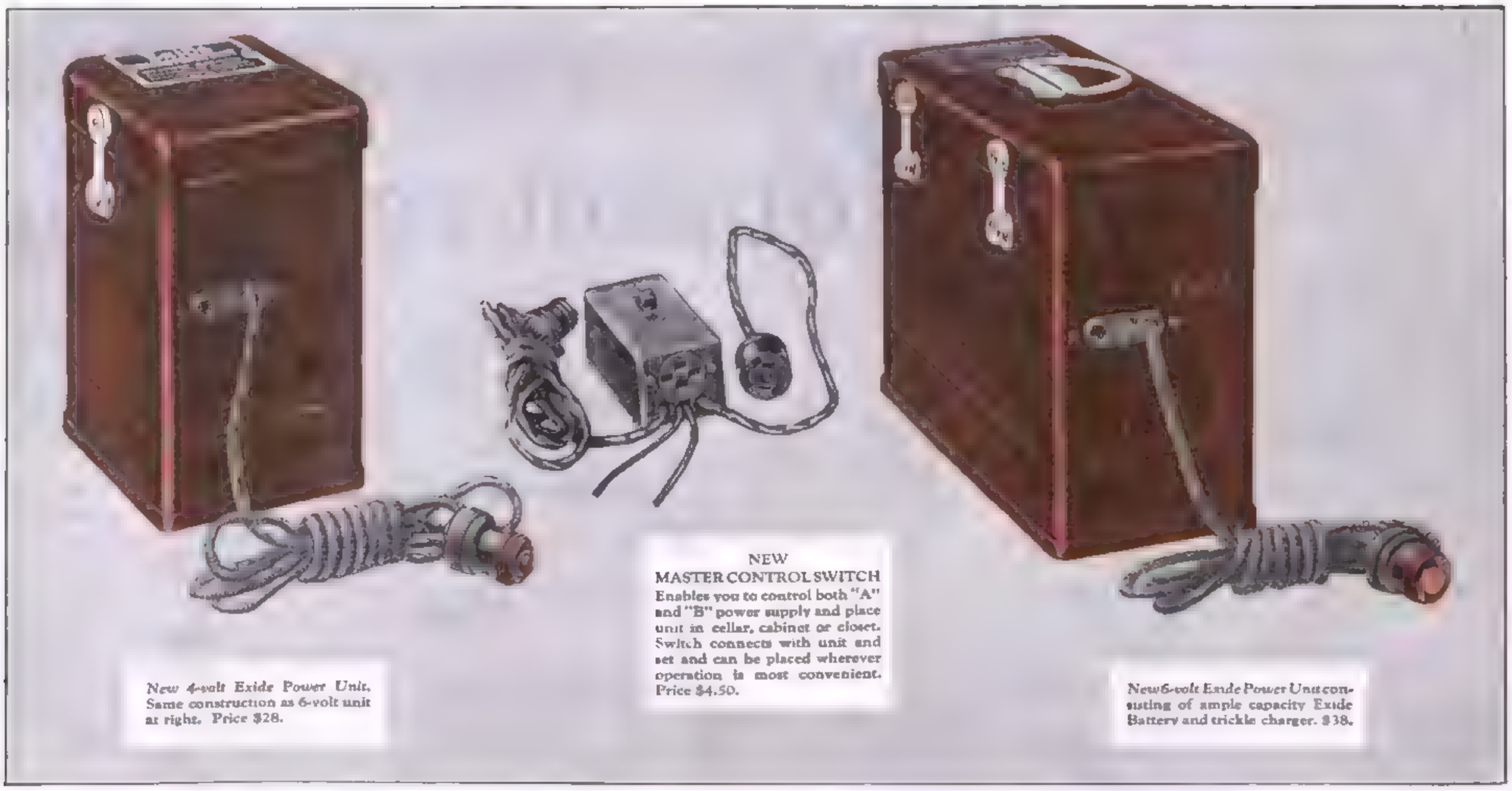
Jael found herself thinking much more about those who were weak than about those who were strong. Wherein was their weakness? In some significant way they were all alike, though apparently so unlike, and for a long time she could not get hold of it.

Some were lazy. The squatter type, with nothing of their own to lose and a low, cunning interest in politics. Not so many of these. More numerous were those whose works seemed foredoomed to failure, though the hand were willing and the spirit sometimes heroic. On this gray side of the road, in fact, was every kind of temperament save one. The successful temperament was not there. Nevertheless, that was the side of the road on which the humanities and sympathies were rich; it was the more hospitable side, and Jael found herself preferring it. The people were more likable than those on the other side, likable as children were, and this was at last the word she had been wanting to express a common fact about them.

They were children precisely in the sense of lacking what children lack—namely, judgment and wisdom. In everything else—will, passions, sentiments, knowledge of facts, activity of imagination—they were grown up; and one had to know them well to realize what it was they were doing to defeat themselves. Rejecting reality, as children do, because it is not what they wish to believe.

It was true they had been exploited. That was not why they had failed, though of course they were bound to think it was. They were susceptible to begin with; they had been led by imagination into a struggle with Nature for which they were unprepared by understanding, by experience, by

(Continued on Page 103)



New 4-volt Exide Power Unit. Same construction as 6-volt unit at right. Price $28.

NEW
MASTER CONTROL SWITCH
Enables you to control both "A" and "B" power supply and place unit in cellar, cabinet or closet. Switch connects with unit and set and can be placed wherever operation is most convenient. Price $4.50.

New 6-volt Exide Power Unit consisting of ample capacity Exide Battery and trickle charger. $38.

From your light socket "A" power for your radio

continuous. . . . certain. . . . trouble-free

AN unreliable "A" power supply is a thorn in the side of the radio fan. It is the jinx that may plague you in the midst of a program you have set your heart upon.

But you can have continuous, unfailing "A" power without the slightest qualm about it. The Exide Radio Power Unit, consisting of an Exide "A" storage battery and trickle charger, keeps your "A" power at top efficiency at all times.

Battery and charger are assembled in a single unit in a handsome mahoganized metal case. All you have to do is connect this unit to your set and plug it in your light socket or base plug.

From that moment you can forget your "A" power supply. Charging of the battery takes place from your house lighting circuit. Ample current is always on tap to help bring in the distant station and bring out the tonal refinements of your set.

Ample capacity

This new Exide Power Unit is especially designed to give ample capacity for the heaviest demands. You can use it all you want, day and night, and in the intervals the power supply is being renewed directly from your house lighting current.

Master Control Switch enables you to place unit anywhere in house

For sets which require it there is a new and outstanding feature for use with this unit. It is the Exide Master Control Switch, which permits you to place the unit anywhere you wish and at the same time control both "A" and "B" power supply. It enables you to place the unit in the cellar or in a cabinet or nearby closet. The switch can be placed on your set or located wherever it is most convenient to operate.

When you are using your set, you push the switch lever in the direction marked "Set." When not in use, you push the lever back to the point marked "Charge." While the unit is *on charge* the current previously consumed is being replaced automatically from your house lighting circuit.

The new Exide Radio Power Unit comes in 2 sizes—one for sets using 6-volt tubes, the other for sets using 4-volt tubes. Also in 4-volt and 6-volt models of smaller capacity.

See the complete Exide line, including standard "A" and "B" radio batteries, at any Exide dealer's or your neighborhood radio store.

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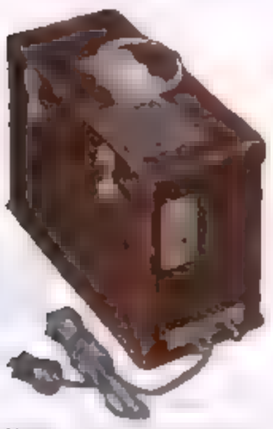
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, 153 Dufferin St. Toronto
Pacific Coast prices slightly higher



Exide Power Unit with built-in control switch. Contains Exide "A" Battery and trickle charger.

Operates from light socket or base plug. Two sizes, 6-volt at $36; 4-volt at $27.

Exide

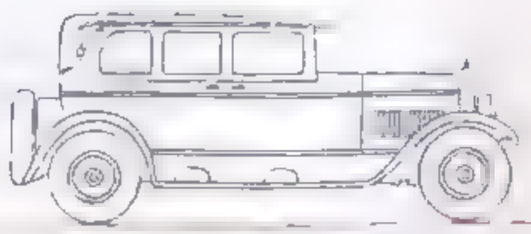
RADIO POWER UNITS

OBSERVE "NAVY DAY, OCTOBER 27, 1926"

6-VOLT "A" BATTERY
Standard Exide Radio "A" Battery for 6-volt tubes. Rugged. Compact. Price $12.30 up.

24-VOLT "B" BATTERY
in glass cells. 6000 milliampere hour capacity. Also in 48-volt size. Prices, $9.75 and $17.10.

Why 609 automotive n the Mobiloil recommen



NASH

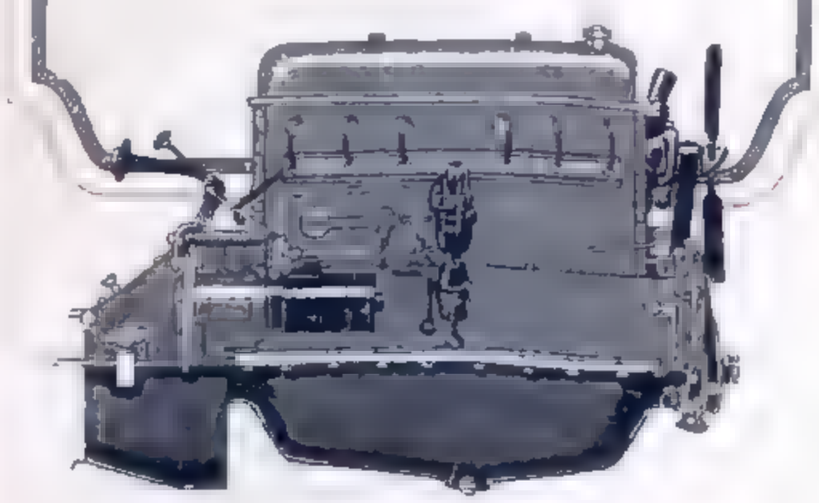
YOUR *Special* or *Advanced Six* Nash has a compact valve-in-head, six-cylinder, water-cooled engine designed for comparatively high compression. Light weight, close-fitting cast iron pistons are used, each equipped with three piston-rings above and one below the piston-pin. The lower piston-rings are of special oil-control design, which combined with drain holes in the lower ring grooves aid in removing surplus oil from the cylinder walls and preventing formation of carbon deposits in the combustion chambers.

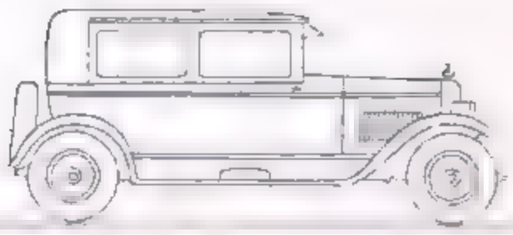
A gear-type oil pump in the force-feed lubricating system supplies oil under pressure to the camshaft, crankshaft and connecting-rod big-end bearings. The oil pressure is controlled by a spring-regulated by-pass valve. The revolving crankshaft throws a continual mist or spray of oil from the ends of the bearings which lubricates the cylinder walls, pistons and piston-pins.

For these special features of design and construction a rich lubricating oil is required. Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended in summer.

To assure positive oil circulation and distribution and facilitate starting in winter, a more fluid oil is necessary, and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended.

For all models of Nash cars, 1921 to 1924 inclusive, use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic summer and winter





OVERLAND

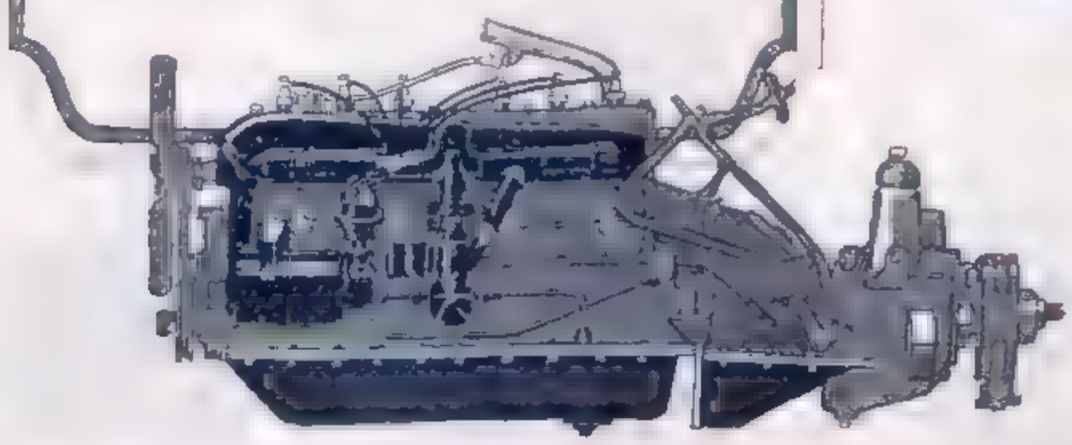
YOUR Model 93 Overland is of a new design, having a small six-cylinder, L-head type engine with a pump-circulating, water-cooling system. Special aluminum alloy pistons are used, each equipped with three piston-rings above the piston-pin.

The lubricating system is of the force-feed type, a gear oil pump forcing oil under pressure to the rear main bearing and thence through the hollow crankshaft to the connecting-rod big-end, crankshaft and camshaft bearings. The mist or spray of oil thrown from the revolving crankshaft lubricates the cylinder walls, pistons, piston-pins and valve mechanism. A spring-controlled by-pass valve relieves any excess oil pressure in the lubricating system.

The Overland Model 91 uses a four-cylinder engine so designed that the clutch, transmission gears and bearings, also the forward universal joint, receive their oil supply from the engine crankcase reservoir. The proper lubrication of the transmission gears requires as heavy a lubricating oil as can be used without causing excessive "dragging" of the clutch, and special oil control design features incorporated in the piston aid in preventing excessive oil consumption or formation of carbon deposits in the combustion chambers.

Both of these engines function most efficiently when a rich lubricating oil is used. Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended in summer.

To assure positive circulation and distribution and facilitate easy starting in winter, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used.



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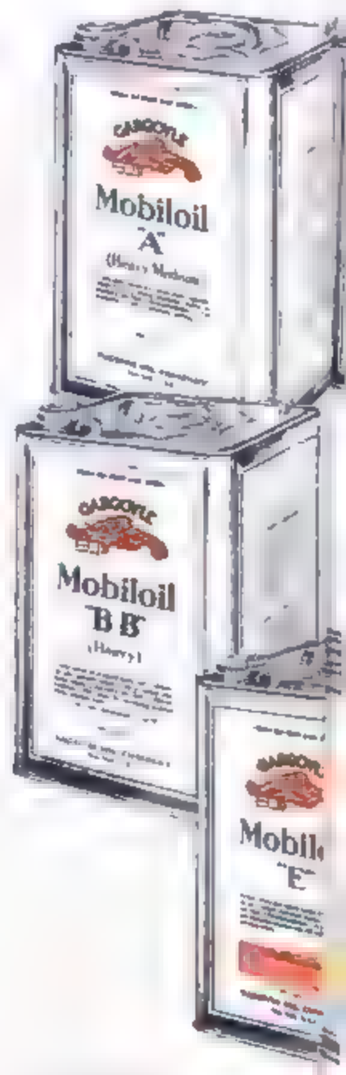

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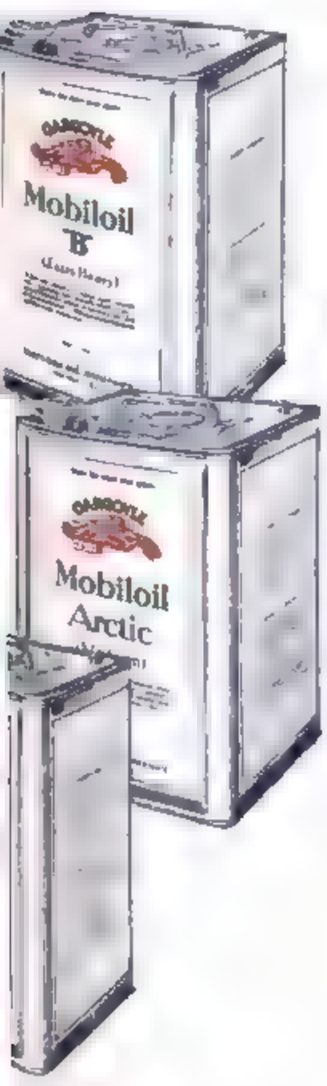

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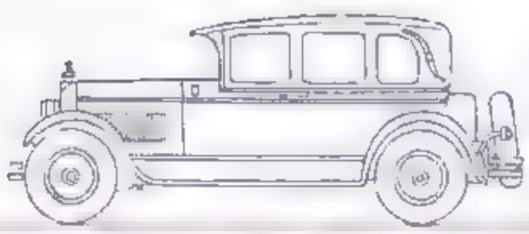


Marmon

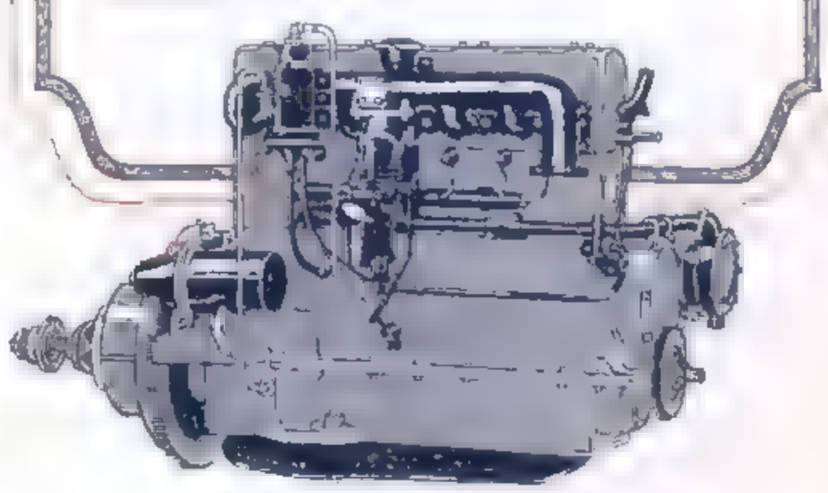
YOUR Marmon is equipped with a high-power, medium-speed design of six-cylinder engine. The cylinders are cast in blocks of three, of special design to assure uniform cooling.

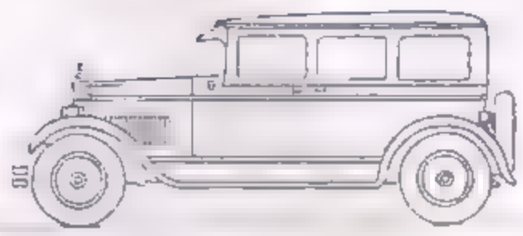
The piston, of unusual design, consists of an aluminum alloy head which carries the piston-rings and piston-pin and a separate skirt of cast iron, forming a piston of light weight with high heat conductivity and excellent wearing qualities. Three piston-rings are used, the lower one being of special design to prevent an excess of oil reaching the combustion chambers. Oil holes in the lower ring groove drain the oil trapped by this ring.

A full force-feed type lubricating system is used, a gear oil pump forcing oil under pressure to the rear main bearing, thence through the hollow crankshaft to the other main bearings, connecting-rod bearings, piston-pins, camshaft and rocker-shaft bearings. A spring-controlled valve prevents excessive oil pressures at high speeds.

The 1926 Marmon is equipped with a special type oil rectifier designed to remove as much as possible liquid fuel which finds its way into the crankcase. The rectifier includes a filtering element which aids in removing abrasive material and foreign substances from the oil

To meet the various features of design and construction and other lubrication requirements of the Marmon engine we recommend the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for both summer and winter. When atmospheric temperatures below zero are encountered, use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.





Willys-Knight

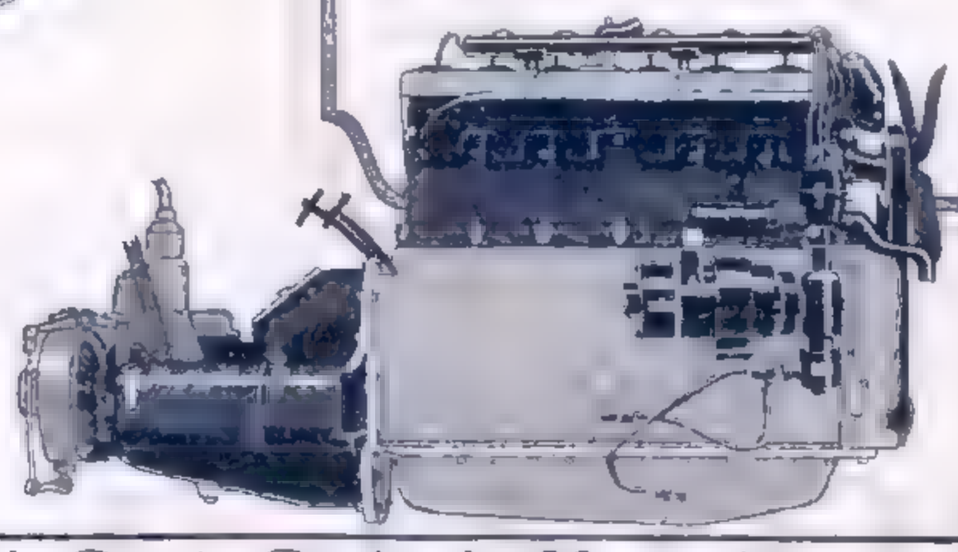
THE 1926 Willys-Knight is made in two models, 66 and 70, the latter being the smaller model similar to the 66 in every way. The new engine is of standard sleeve valve design with a large cooling capacity and comparatively high compression. Cooling water is circulated by a centrifugal pump and a thermostatic control aids in maintaining constant efficient engine temperatures. The improvements in engine design permit of unusual power and acceleration performance

Force-feed lubricating systems are used in both models; a gear oil pump is located above the oil level. Oil is forced under pressure to all the crankshaft, lower connecting-rod, all eccentric shaft bearings, generator drive assembly and timing chain sprockets. Oil thrown from the rapidly revolving crankshaft forms a fine mist or spray which lubricates the sleeve connecting-rods, cylinder and sleeve walls and piston-pins.

On the Model 66 an oil purifying device is used which is designed to remove, as much as possible, fuel which may contaminate the lubricating oil

These features of engine design and construction require the use of a rich lubricating oil. Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended for use in summer on all six-cylinder models. To insure distribution and circulation and facilitate starting, a more fluid oil is necessary in winter and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended.

For all four-cylinder Willys-Knight engines use Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter.



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A United States Rubber Company Plant in Sumatra for the production of Sprayed Rubber

United States Tube Factory at Indianapolis — the largest tube factory in the world

Some Questions and Answers about United States Water-Cured Tubes

Question — What is the Water-Cure Process?

Answer—The Water-Cure Process is a new method of curing or vulcanizing automobile tubes now in use in the United States Rubber Company tube factories.

Question — How does it differ from the old process?

Answer—During vulcanization heat and pressure must be applied to the tube. The old method used steam to supply this pressure and heat. The new method uses water under high pressure and at steam temperature.

Question — Why does this make a better tube?

Answer—In the old steam method the pressure could not be applied evenly. Small air bubbles were formed in the tube, each of which became a source of weakness.

The new Water-Cure Process eliminates the possibility of such bubbles by its heavy, even pressure. It also insures better union between the tube and the valve-base, and at the same time gives the rubber itself a finer, longer-wearing, more age-resisting texture.

Question — Can water-curing alone make a good tube?

Answer—No. A good tube demands good rubber, proper construction and proper splicing as well.

Question — How are these provided in United States Tubes?

Answer—The rubber used is *Sprayed Rubber*, the purest and most uniform rubber known. It is made from rubber latex from the United States Rubber Company's own plantations, by a process developed and patented by the Company.

United States Tubes are constructed of *four plies* of rubber. Most other tubes are made of one or at most two.

Splicing is done by a specially developed method, which not only assures uniformly strong splices but also limits the pressure and heat to the splice itself and does not tend to weaken the rest of the tube.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

(Continued from Page 98)

any economic test. There were some, to be sure, whose trouble was ignorance, such as would have failed anywhere at anything.

At this time, however, Jael was less interested in economic analysis than in a new way of regarding life from an emotional approach. She was down on rational thinking. Deliberately to give herself up to feeling alone had become a conscious æsthetic experience. She knew what she was doing. That was the pleasure of it. She could say, "Now I am feeling"—and enjoy it, just as she could say, "Now I am reasoning"—and enjoy that. One difference in favor of feeling was that it was a new enjoyment.

Seeing and feeling all these people on the unsuccessful side of the road as children gave her a strange, intense pleasure. What they needed to know more about was Nature and how to live with her alone in their own strength, not economics, not politics, not how to have the comforts, manners and distractions of the city brought to them, but how to scorn and do without the very things, things they were petulantly demanding. She had an impulse to go among them saying:

"Your problem is not how to establish a successful relationship to machine civilization. You must find a spiritual relationship to Nature, the impersonal mother."

Yet how futile it would be! No one would listen. It was Capuchin's language they understood—the language of the demagogue.

In one of these moments of pure feeling she identified herself with the earth, unable to impart wisdom to her children otherwise than through the language of experience, which is painfully pieced together by many generations and may be altogether lost in one.

She was now at the age of thirty-five, and that part of her which was woman, not mind, was asserting its hunger.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE MONSTER'S CHILD

(Continued from Page 11)

unscrupulously. When I have a subject really on my mind I have to worry it constantly, but Gerry let three or four weeks pass without mention of George and Harriet, and when my suspicions of her were just nicely lulled she telephoned the office and asked me to bring George home to dinner.

Her cousin Frank had sent her some fairy rings from the country and George liked fairy rings so much.

"Just ourselves?" I asked, suspicion stirring in its sleep.

"Oh, yes," Gerry answered, though she doesn't lie usually. In fact, she's pretended since that she didn't hear the question.

I telephoned George.

Gerry, knowing exactly how far she could go, used no further subterfuge and Harriet was with her when I arrived.

Harriet was in Alice-blue chiffon. Harriet has plenty of money, but when she wears a new dress one feels, somehow, that she deserves a lot of credit for it. She was painfully excited. You could see that she was staking everything on this dinner and whatever hellish plan she and Gerry had in mind.

"Oh, do I look nice, Horace? I do so hope I do!"

As she said it she got rosier than the little patches of rouge Gerry had put on her rather badly -Gerry who rouges herself so well. Perhaps Harriet's nose, which was faintly pink from agitation, may have thrown out the color scheme.

If I could have got word to George not to come, without Harriet's knowing it, I would have done so, but the telephone was just outside the room where the girls sat, and, as Gerry knew perfectly, I was too soft to hurt poor Harriet, so unusually unattractive in her predatory eagerness—Harriet, who, after all, had saved my child's life. Harriet, who was so essentially fine.

By that failure to telephone I sacrificed George to Harriet and my own flabby sentimentalism. I knew George wouldn't be able to beat down this fluttering, poignant, slightly withered butterfly so desperately anxious for her own particular patch of sunshine any more than I would have been. Then and there I merited from George anything that he cared to inflict on me.

George arrived and Gerry tried to get me out of the room to mix cocktails. Once I'd gone, how quickly she'd have excused herself! To say good night to the babies, probably. But George had given me one accusing glance, after catching sight of Harriet doing a little spinsterly heaving on the sofa, and I'd come to my senses to the point of refusing to betray him any further. I had Carrie, our maid, bring in the ingredients and I shook the cocktails right there, defiant of my consciousness that both women were hating me for doing it.

Harriet almost never drank a cocktail, but she took one that night, and her nose grew a little pinker and her voice more excited.

"Isn't this a nice party? I didn't know we four would ever be together again, it's been so long. Yes, Horace, I will take just a few drops more to celebrate."

Of course George behaved as impeccably as a human being could.

"It is great, isn't it? Here's to Harriet on the primrose path. Harriet new edition."

"Revised version," I amended, somewhat unfortunately.

"Oh, I can be gay," Harriet assured us; "I can be just as gay as anyone. You just haven't seen that side of me."

We withdrew to the dining room to one of the most ghoulish feasts through which I have ever had to keep my seat. It consisted largely of tension smothered in silences. You've heard people say "It must be ten minutes past the hour" when silence takes a party. That whole dinner seemed to be taking place at an intolerably prolonged ten minutes past the hour. Even Gerry admitted to me later that she went to the table a young girl and left it an old woman. George behaved the best, but even George made a fumble about having to telephone and see whether he'd have to leave immediately after he'd eaten, but, on Harriet's protest, was weak and didn't telephone.

When there was food it wasn't so bad, though I've never seen comestibles devoured with such savage haste. The waits between courses were the racks on which we writhed, the wheels on which we were broken.

"What in the deuce is the matter with Carrie tonight?" I kept asking Gerry, and each time she replied, with a voice just on the edge of hysteria, "Well, Horry, what do you want me to do about it?"

Ice cream came at long last.

"Why, you-all didn't wait for your buttahscotch sauce," Carrie gasped what I suppose was a few seconds later.

"No, we didn't, Carrie," Gerry said haughtily, reproving her familiarity, though we'd often laughed at worse lapses. "Does anyone want sauce now? Of course they don't. We'll have coffee in the drawing-room."

We all sprang to our feet.

"I'm not sure I'll be able to walk after that cocktail," Harriet cried. "Let me take your arm, George."

"Maybe I could push you if you'd sit in a chair," George joked.

"No. This is all right." She squeezed against him.

They went through the dining-room door and I was starting after.

"Wait!" Gerry called and seized my sleeve.

I shook her off. "I will not," I said, and we stood glaring at each other, not an above-average devoted husband and wife, but one embodied sex hating the other sex. I won in the clash of eyes. George, by agile fencing, had apparently just avoided a crucial speech during that brief moment they'd been alone.

We cackled hollow hilarities until coffee was brought and poured and passed and Carrie had left the room. Then Harriet took one sip, put her cup in its saucer and said in harsh, difficult words, all the worse for a slight pretense of lightness:

"Did you know that I have asked George to marry me and he won't?"

The destructive effect my bullying glance had had on Gerry now proved itself.

"Oh, Harriet!" she squealed, and went into a mirthless cadenza of laughter.

"It's perfectly true, isn't it, George?" Harriet said.

"Don't joke about it, Harriet," George told her, cracking through as he always did. "I've told you I can't marry anybody."

Gerry had recovered herself. "Why can't you?" she asked.

Blind fury seized me. "That's nobody's business!" I cried. "You haven't any right to ask that. George may have a dozen reasons."

"It's because he thinks his father wasn't a nice man," Harriet said, "and I don't think that's enough to stand in the way of our happiness. It's environment that counts, not heredity. I believe that with all my soul. What do you think about it, Horace?"

"Oh, I think that myself," I admitted.

"So do I, George," Gerry jumped into the discussion. "I don't think you should let any such idea interfere with Harriet and you. Here you are, the nicest man in the world, with a comfortable fortune. I think you owe it to the people who left you your money to perpetuate their name."

Every time Gerry spoke that evening it jangled me all up.

"If the reason you don't want to marry Harriet is because you don't love her, say so and let's have it over with," I said.

I'd thought it was time to be forthright and I hadn't realized how the mention of such a possibility would affect Harriet. She went a curious, unglazed white. She was a bisque statue piebald with rouge. Every bit of pride in her—and she was a humble woman, which made that pride more essential to her continuance—seemed to peer with dying eyes through her eye sockets.

"Is it that, George?"

That moment still endures a little in all four of us, I am sure, with the savage survival of instants burdened with life and death. Could George kill the creature pleading with him, or not?

"Of course it isn't that, Harriet," he said in a calm voice which set us all breathing again. "I've told you it was my father, and it is. Perhaps I'd better be explicit on the subject."

"Before you speak," Harriet said, "I'm going to say I think anything you can say on the subject is ridiculous. Your father couldn't have been so bad. Look at you. There isn't a better man in the world."

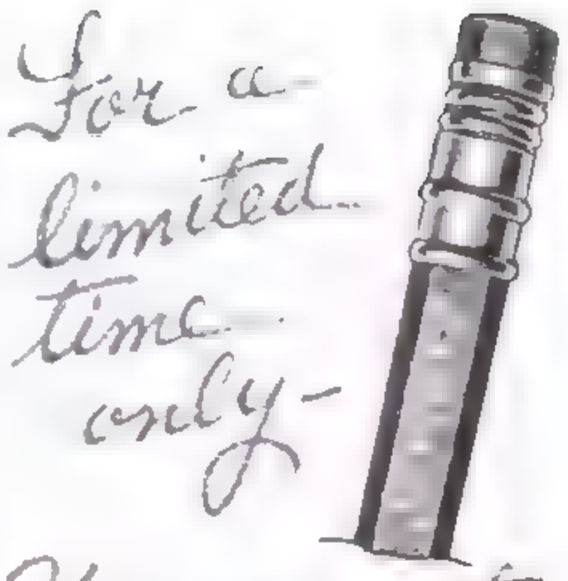
"I deny that," George smiled; "but, leaving my virtues out of the question, characteristics may skip a generation."

"Well, what in the deuce was the matter with your father?" I urged. "Was he crazy?"

"It was never proved," George answered. "I can only give you a very limited sketch of his career. My knowledge of him covers only six years."

"Six years!" Gerry echoed, and Harriet said, "Well, let's hear about this very terrible thing," minimizing it in advance.

(Continued on Page 105)



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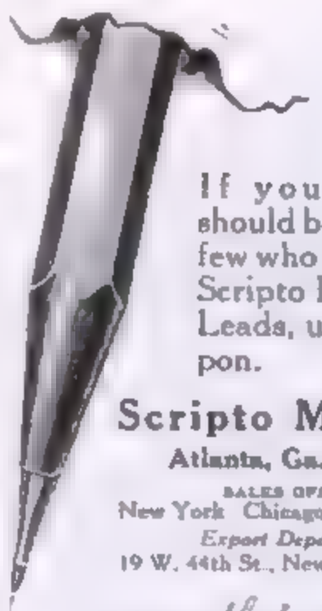

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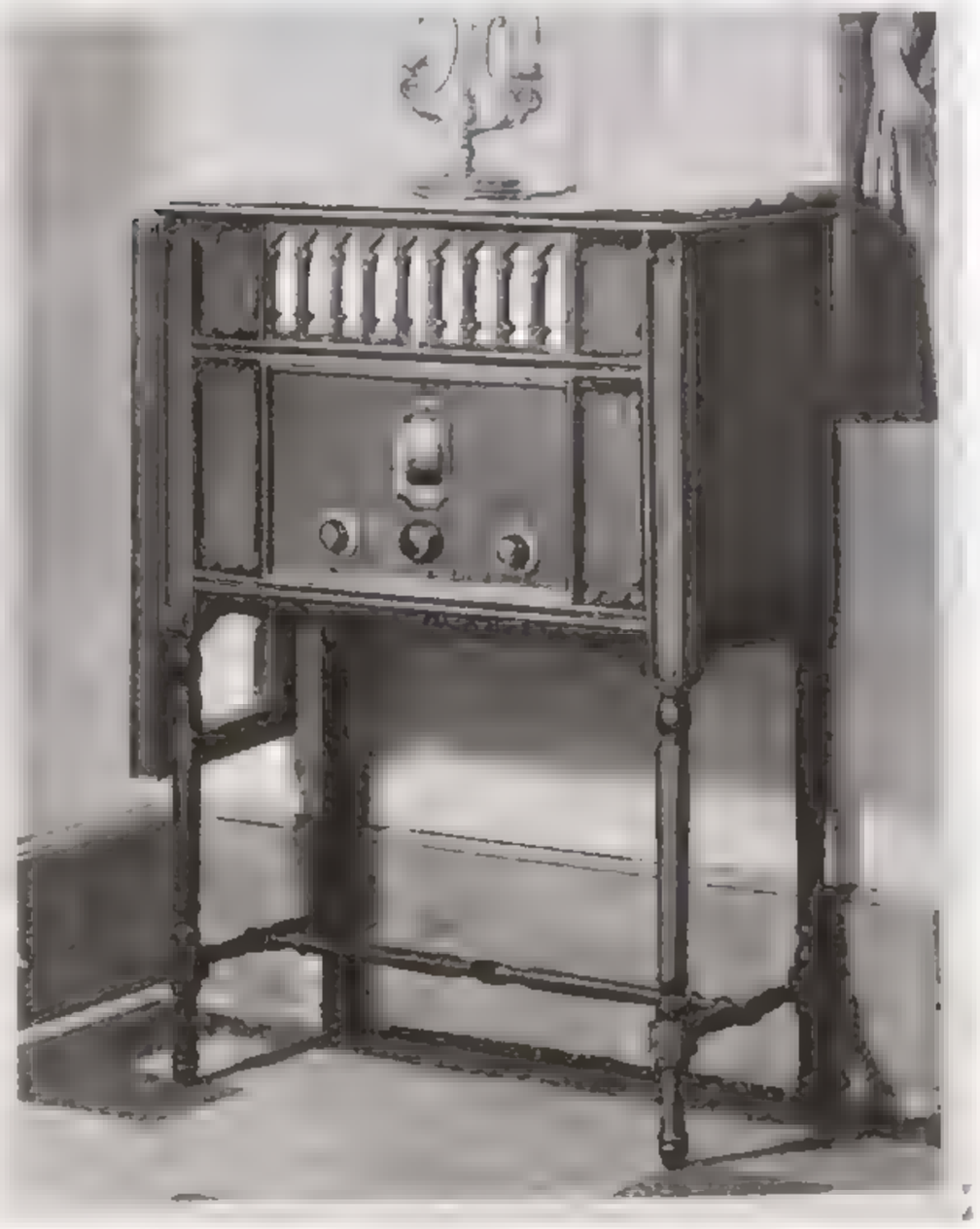

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(Continued from Page 103)

"Perhaps I'd better start with my mother's people," George began. "They were good burghers from Wilmington, Delaware. My mother was an only child. Her father died before she was of age, leaving about two hundred thousand dollars pretty well tied up by will."

Having gone that far, George stopped, lit a cigarette, walked over to the fireplace and threw in the match, and stood there looking straight ahead of him.

"For heaven's sake don't keep us in suspense," Gerry begged, after about a minute.

"Yes," I abetted her for once, "get on with it, George. What was your father?"

"A waiter in a restaurant in Paris," George answered.

Harriet let out her breath in a tremendous sigh of relief. "Why, George, what a snob you must be to think that has any importance whatever!"

"Oh, I don't attach any importance to that," George told her; "besides, he wasn't a waiter for long. An elderly Englishman named Henry Goodwin realized that he was above his station and offered him a job as valet secretary, which my father immediately accepted. He seems to have taken hold surprisingly. He hadn't held the position more than six months when Mr. Goodwin took him on a trip to the East. They were staying at a hotel in Constantinople when one night they decided to see the parts of the city Occidentals rarely visit. Neither of them returned to their hotel."

"Do you mean to say they were killed?" Harriet queried. "But when had he ——"

"Oh, my father wasn't killed," George assured her. "He just drops out of the picture for a while. A few months later my mother and grandmother, who were making the grand tour, were at Bournemouth when there came to their hotel a handsome Frenchman with a surprising English wardrobe. He was known as the Comte d'Essault. He manifested an immediate interest in my mother as the only American girl there."

"You mean," interrupted Harriet, puzzled, "that Mr. Goodwin had been killed and left your father money which he used to ——"

"To palm himself off as a count," I helped her out.

"I really know nothing about the details of the affair," George answered. "I believe, however, that it was never found that any will of Mr. Goodwin's had been probated. At any rate, my mother and grandmother, who were quite inexperienced women, were entirely bowled over by the glamorous stranger, and within the month my mother became engaged to him. Had there been a man in the family, or had they been English or Continentals, inquiries would have been made, of course."

"It's really just Claude Melnotte in the Lady of Lyons, isn't it?" Harriet defied him to upset her.

"The cases aren't entirely parallel," George commented. "You see, my poor little mother was a cripple, which made it seem more incredibly romantic to her. Just before the wedding was to take place the Comte d'Essault came to my grandmother and explained that, while he was a rich man, with several million francs in the banks of Paris, because of some absurd formality he wasn't able to draw on them through the English banks, and his marriage would have to be delayed until he could run over and draw some out in person. My grandmother said that wouldn't be necessary, and loaned him almost all that was left in her letter of credit, about twenty-five hundred dollars. The count and her daughter were married and honeymooned in France, convenient to the banks, and my father would undoubtedly have repaid his loan in full had he not, in their first interview alone after returning, been showing my grandmother a revolver he'd bought on the Continent, which exploded in her hands, as he explained, and killed her instantly."

With the detonation of that revolver we all straightened in our chairs.

"George!" Harriet gasped.

"I think you are beginning to understand," George went on, "that my father was something which I think, without hysteria, I can describe as a monster."

"I don't know whether my mother ever realized the truth about her husband. One imagines her frightened and trapped. I suppose I would never have been born had it not been necessary for her to go to America to arrange about the estate.

"As soon as the necessary formalities had been performed strange accidents began happening. She almost fell down a mysteriously opened trapdoor in her old home when she went to take leave of it. She barely escaped being thrown from the back seat of a carriage my father was driving. Once the gas jet in her room leaked and only her dog saved her from being suffocated. The death of that frail and handicapped creature must have seemed very simple to my father, but somehow she eluded him for a time and I was born.

"Immediately my father decided we must return to England. My mother had been on board ship only two days when she was seized with sudden and violent illness. A few hours later she died. She was buried at sea, unfortunately, because traces of arsenic were found in a vessel in her stateroom. There was talk of criminal proceedings, but without an autopsy it was decided they would be useless.

"My bereaved father took a house in a country district of Scotland a wooden house rare for that country. He furnished it inexpensively, providing a quiet nursery in a remote part of the top floor for me. Two weeks after we'd moved in, the place caught fire. It was only by an act of heroism on the part of a local fireman, who scaled a wall and climbed in a window, that I was saved. Need I add that the hero received no reward?

"I caught pneumonia during the proceedings, and, while I recovered, I was left so delicate it seemed wholly improbable I would live. Apparently, my father decided to let beneficent Nature take its course, and, collecting the insurance on the house, he went to London to spend a season on it.

"By that time there was nothing mean about my father's idea of a London season, and no limit to the credit he could obtain from a little cash. The entertainments of the Comte d'Essault became one of the sideshows of the year no one cared to miss. A quiet little widow named Anstruther, living securely within her rather handsome income, was flattered to be invited to them. She was more flattered when the Comte proposed marriage to her. After their wedding a pretty ceremony was made of their visit to her lawyers, where each signed a will in favor of the other. They went on a honeymoon to the Austrian Tyrol. A romanticist like my father naturally chose picturesque and rather perilous places for his pleasures. He came home once again a widower.

"Unhappily for him, my stepmother's lawyer proved to be curious. On his own initiative he sent detectives to examine the crag from which the second Comtesse d'Essault had toppled to her death. The detective discovered that if she had fallen from the one my father had named she must have been dragged some hundreds of feet to the pile of rocks where she was found, and which had been thought to account for certain bruises about her head.

"My father was extradited to Austria, but, because of a brilliant defense, he was merely condemned to the salt mines for life. I've got most of this information from his trial. His sensitive nature was unable to endure the mines and he died after a year.

"Under English law the property of his second wife remained his and passed on to me. I can't think that the people who accumulated it would feel any great sentiment about the perpetuation of my name."

"I can understand how bitter it's all made you," Harriet said in a washed-out voice.

"Oh, I'm not bitter as a rule," George replied. "One gets accustomed to any idea in thirty years. I'm a perfect throwback to some humdrum ancestor of my mother's. But you see, as a living proof that throwbacks are entirely possible, I feel that, without being considered a eugenic fanatic, I may be allowed my opinion that with a possibility of reproducing my father, however slight and remote, it's just as well that I should remain childless."

"I understand your feelings perfectly," Harriet said.

But George wasn't quite through. "And how can I even be sure of myself?" he questioned. "Up to thirty most men resemble their mothers' families; after that they're apt to swing toward the paternal side ——"

It was Gerry who said, "You mustn't think about such things, George, dear; you mustn't think about them for a minute."

"I don't often," George told her. "And now I didn't telephone and I've got to run on. Really, I have."

He was gone in five minutes. I don't remember anything about his exit except thinking that the women weren't being cordial enough, and booming genialities myself.

If George had taken one of the fire implements and struck Harriet and Gerry and me over the head in good Keystone Comedy fashion, he couldn't have stunned us more than he had with his story.

I remember that we sat about and said things like "Well, for the love of Mike!" and "Would you ever have dreamed it of George?" and "How perfectly incredible!"

When we recovered a little we discussed aspects of the matter for half the night, but we did not discuss the possibility of Harriet's marrying George. In fact, before I'd really noticed the transition, I found Harriet being just a little gently critical of George for having pursued her, knowing the impossibility of anything. That I would not stand.

"Look here, Harriet Lee," I said. "It's not up to you to say one word against George Dessault. He didn't have to tell this story unless he wanted to. He just did it out of pure tact, and it must have crucified him. You ought to be pretty darned grateful."

Harriet realized that her attitude wasn't quite fine. "Of course there was no reason in the world for him to say a word," she admitted, "and I think it was magnificent of him."

Harriet went into a period of genteel melancholy that had a good deal of dignity about it. She told Gerry that she'd decided to devote her life entirely to doing whatever good she could, and before the year was over she married a strapping electrical engineer. I don't know why a smashed passion for one person should lead, so often, to a successful marriage with an entirely different one, but I've seen it happen again and again.

Gerry and I made a point of seeing George frequently in the weeks which followed, because we were afraid he might think that his revelations made a difference to us; but they did make a difference. There was something gruesome about George as a monster's child. In the light of knowledge his very virtues became, if not sinister, at least definitely eerie.

I remember Gerry announced once that she'd made a discovery. "Have you noticed that, while George has a kind, sweet front face, his profile is the wickedest one in the world? He could sit for a bust of Nero. Particularly his left profile." And again when George had been describing a hunting trip, Gerry said: "Didn't you think it was creepy to hear him gloating over those poor animals he'd killed, knowing what we know?"

Either George felt the change in us, or the fact that he had taken us so intimately into his confidence made him uncomfortable. In any case, the spontaneity of our relationship was gone. George dropped us and eventually slipped almost from our consciousness, only to dominate it again when he popped into sensationalism and

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Luncheon	85c
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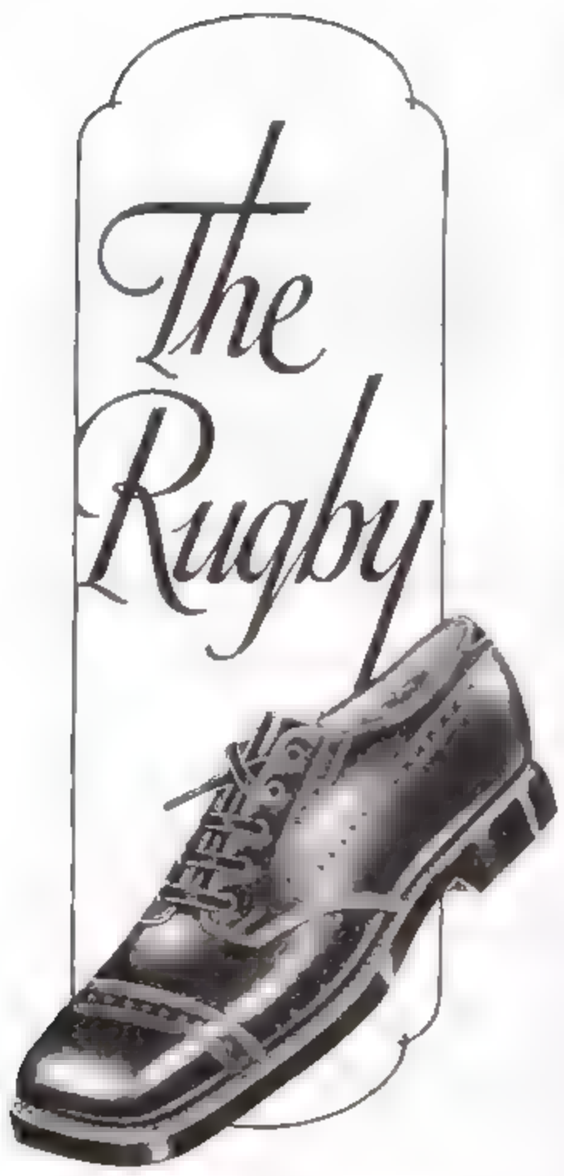

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headlines by marrying Cynthia Pynchon Minot Santi Rossi the day her second divorce became final

"I suppose one hasn't any business to expect much of a man with a heredity like that," Gerry said, "but I do wonder if he's told Cynthia."

"I suppose he realizes that there's nothing very marital about an alliance with Cynthia," I defended George. "It won't last more than a few months."

"Just the same!" Gerry pronounced censoriously. There are moments when a phantom dowager speaks through Gerry's lips, and I know what she will be like at sixty

I was entirely wrong about George's marriage however. It has lasted until now. They went abroad to live. At the end of a year Cynthia presented George with a son, and two years later with another. They have just had a third child. In fact, the domesticities of the George Richards Dessaults have become one of the stock bores of the rotogravure sections.

I cannot tell you what characteristics Gerry, in her quality of inspired amateur physiognomist and phrenologist, has discovered in the little faces and heads above which the Dessaults are pictured bending

That a Sunday-supplement parent could smile and smile and be a monster's child had become casual to us when, one day at the club, looking for a classical dictionary—the library is abominably neglected—I ran across a Dessault genealogy.

I didn't know of any Dessault in the club except George, and it seemed probable that the book must have been his and been left when he went away; yet, since his name was, in so far as he knew, d'Essault, that seemed questionable. Could he have gone to the trouble of having himself grafted into the annals of some respectable family?

I got down the book. George Richards Dessault was written across the fly leaf in George's hand. I looked up George Richards Dessault in the index. Page 546.

Family Number 65
From Family Number 44. Descent: Louis, Louis, Jared, Louis, John, John, Henry.

Henry Lynd Dessault, born April 9, 1878, at Wilmington, Delaware. A lawyer of much promise, he was killed with his wife on June 1894, when the carriage he was driving overturned on a mountainous road. Married April, Mary Josephine Richards. Issue: George Richards Dessault, born March 17, 1893.

I stared at the page a long time. If it was a fake it had been beautifully done, but incredulity had been born in me at last.

When George Dessault next came to America he was alone, and he stopped at the club. Before I'd seen him I armed myself with the Dessault genealogy, then I went to his room

"Horry," he said, "the sight of you restores my failing vision How's Gerry?"

I didn't answer. I simply balanced the book on my palm under his eyes. "Exactly how much truth was there in that story of yours, George Richards Dessault?"

He looked at me, and he gave a laugh as deep as still water. "Every word of it was true," he stated.

"Come off, George."

"Except for the fact that the gentleman wasn't my father. He was a chap I'd read about the night before in a book called Dramatic Days at the Old Bailey. Quite a figure, wasn't he?"

"You'd read about him the night before," I scoffed. "That doesn't hold water. You'd prepared the way for that story for months, years even. Joe Remer had a vague glimmering of it. So had Bill Bennett."

"Not of that particular story," George answered. "Just of the fact that there was something in my inheritance which kept me from marrying plain girls who didn't interest me"

"George, you're a low-lived, lying devil," I said, with a great welling of affection toward him.

"Horry," he replied, "I'm going to tell you something which decent modesty has kept me from revealing to anyone else on earth. In my bachelor days I was probably the champion woman dodger of the entire world. I don't mean by that that more attractive and eligible men weren't unsuccessfully pursued by more girls, and by prettier and more alluring ones; but there happened to be something about me which let me in for the attentions of the most determined of the sex."

"Your soft heart," I said. "You didn't run on sight the way most of us did."

"Well, my supremacy," George went on, was that, while I dodged them, I never hurt them. Do you know what that required? It meant the complete mastery of at least twenty types of maneuver. The first eighteen were successful in most cases. Number Nineteen was an insuperable and mysterious family reason why I shouldn't marry. That worked with all the rest, except Harriet."

He had the decency to blush when he mentioned her name

"Of course you'd had time to prepare a final dodge if one should be necessary," I said

"I hadn't, though," he declared. "The account I'd read just popped into my head when the need became acute. It was a real case of inspiration plus technic. Perhaps you'll admit that the need had become pretty acute, Horry."

It was my turn to redden. "Don't let's even speak of it," I begged.

"Let me boast a little more," George said. "Not only did I have to escape, and escape without giving pain, but I had to take the spotlight off that girl so that even she wouldn't realize how badly she'd behaved. I think I accomplished it, and I can't help being pretty proud."

"George," I told him, "I have nothing but honor for you—so much honor I'm almost speechless. Tell me about Cynthia."

"Well, Cynthia is quite a proposition," George admitted; "but all my life I've known that she was the one woman who could keep me constantly interested; and, by George, I was right. I never know more than a minute ahead which way she's going to jump; but so far, by the grace of heaven, I've been able to jump there first."

"I don't think I'd worry about being able to keep that up, if I were you," I told him. "And won't you come home to dinner with me—just Gerry and me? When I let her know, Gerry will send the children away somewhere. Not that she thinks you'd poison or maim them, but just to be on the safe side."

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...wouldn't you like to attend?

HAVEN'T you often wondered what happens behind the "laundry-footlights"?—just what form of magic the laundry uses to make your clothes so clean and fresh?

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Whether you are a laundry patron or not—you are invited. If you are already using laundry service, you will welcome this opportunity to become acquainted with the men and women, machinery and methods that are responsible in so large a degree for the health and comfort of your family. If you are not at present a laundry patron, you will know after this visit why more than two and a half million families buy family laundry service. You will know, then, why the laundry can give you a day or more each week, yet charge so very little for its service. Today, give this "behind-the-scenes" party a place on your social calendar. The dates are October 25 to 30. Watch your local papers for detailed announcements by laundries in your city.

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS ~ 7 MILLION A DAY

TOUCHDOWN!

(Continued from Page 25)

behind them. Some of my recruits sprang from unlikely sources, however. Ruhlkoetter at guard was direct from Germany, with a Weber and Fields accent, and never had seen a football until 1892. We dropped our high-school conditioning games and played Lake Forest, Northwestern three times, Michigan twice, Purdue, Oberlin, Armour Institute—just founded that year—and Notre Dame.

The second of the two Michigan games was played on Thanksgiving Day, and became the football fixture for that day and our big game, with one interruption, through 1905. Michigan withdrew from the Conference after the 1907 season and played a lone hand until 1917, and by the time it returned, the once-incidental game with Illinois had become the high point of our season. We had beaten Michigan in the first game, they won the second. Joe Flint, who had come to us from Princeton with a great reputation, was at halfback. He was out of condition and wore out in the first half. I had few substitutes, and was forced to send in a 128-pound youngster, Charlie Bliss, who played as obscure subs do in football fiction, but rarely on the field, electrifying the crowd by repeated brilliant runs.

The third game with Northwestern was Chicago's first indoor football, played at night by electric light in Tattersall's Riding Academy at Sixteenth Street and Dearborn Avenue, on a tanbark floor 110 feet short in length and lacking 60 feet of the regulation width. We won 22 to 14. The contemporary newspaper clippings say that only 300 attended, but it was a sufficiently successful experiment to be repeated several times. In defiance of the tradition that it is the ultimate proof of old age, I set down here that the winters in Chicago used to set in earlier and were more severe than now. The field was snow-covered so often that we regularly marked the lines with lampblack, and even experimented with red-dyed whitewash. The severity of the weather hurt attendance and suggested indoor play.

A Steam Roller Under Way

The Notre Dame game was played on New Year's afternoon, also in Tattersall's. The South Benders brought along Lorin F. Deland's new and sensational flying wedge, but we broke it up and beat them 8 to 0 before a lively crowd of 600. The Deland wedge was the final outgrowth of the original V kick-off formation. The Princeton adaptation, wherein the quarter carried the ball inside a wedge made up of the other ten players, had been copied everywhere and pretty generally stopped in succeeding seasons. The earliest method of breaking it up was to dive under the ponderous slow-moving mass and trip it up. Heffelfinger, of Yale, who was six feet four inches in height, had his own method. He would leap high into the air and come down inside the wedge on the ball carrier. At one of my Sunday afternoon conferences with Camp, I suggested that we try putting two outrunners at the point of the wedge to block off the opposition's guards, who were copying Heffelfinger's stunt. We tried it successfully for long gains.

Deland's contribution was the adding of momentum to the mass play. Parke Davis has written an excellent description of the play and its debut. Yale opened the Harvard 1892 game in orthodox fashion, with the old Lehigh V. At the opening of the second half the Yale line deployed along the fifty-five-yard line in anticipation of a similar attack by Harvard. To the mystification of Yale and the crowd, Trafford, the Harvard captain and quarter, took position at the center of the Harvard forty-five-yard line, while the remainder of the team divided into two sections of five each and fell back on the twenty-five-yard line on opposite sides of the field. Without putting the ball into play, Trafford waved his hand as a signal, the two sections came swiftly forward in lock step, converged around Trafford, who put the ball into play as they enveloped him, and the mass moved on with high momentum. Yale finally pulled it apart, downed Trafford on their twenty-five-yard line and won the game 6 to 0; but the Deland invention probably was the most spectacular single formation ever opened as a surprise package.

The Western Revolt

It was a great play when perfectly executed, but, demanding the exact coördination of eleven men, extremely difficult to execute properly. Although Deland failed to beat Yale with it, he changed football history.

By 1893 everyone was using his flying wedge and the mass-momentum principle, and the game so increased in roughness and injuries in consequence that the season ended in an uproar, and the Army and Navy Departments abolished the service game. The old Football Association was reduced, by now, to Yale and Princeton, and of little influence. The University Athletic Club of New York stepped into the breach and invited Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale to form a new governing body. All accepted, resulting in the most sweeping rules revision in ten years. The old Rugby kick-off was brought back from exile, the Lehigh V, the Princeton wedge and Deland's flying wedge were outlawed, and the teeth drawn from all other momentum-mass plays by prohibiting players on offense from grouping more than five yards behind the line. Since 1894 the rules have provided that the ball on kick-off, kick-out—abolished in 1914—or kick from fair catch must travel ten yards unless it is touched by an opponent, or it is not in play. Since 1922 a kick-off or free kick not going ten yards has been a loose ball, which the opposition is entitled to recover.

For all the reform, Harvard and Yale split over the bitter roughness of their 1894 game, Cornell restricted its football team to the home grounds, and there was a public clamor for the complete abolition of all mass play. The 1894 rules body having failed to perpetuate itself, Moffat of Princeton and Camp of Yale joined in the spring of 1895 in inviting Penn and Harvard to take a hand in a new effort to save the now seriously threatened sport. The four colleges met and divided, Princeton and Yale for wiping out the mass play utterly, Penn and Harvard for retaining it. Penn, having just landed squarely on the football map by virtue of Woodruff's highly effective mass formations, was in the position of being asked to vote itself back into the minor leagues, or so it was felt at Philadelphia. The split was hopeless, and that season produced two independent sets of rules, one sponsored by Cornell, Princeton and Yale, the other by Harvard and Penn.

United, the Big Four stood; divided, they fell. They had bossed football since 1876, but now the colleges of the country revolted. In our territory, the presidents of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Chicago, Northwestern and Purdue met at the suggestion of President Smart of Purdue and took the first step in the direction of what now is the Big Ten Conference. The rules upon which this meeting agreed were not uniformly adopted, and a year later, quickened by criticism of Minnesota by Caspar Whitney in Harper's Weekly, Professor McMillan, of Minnesota, sent out an invitation to the same colleges to confer again. This time the vaccination took. The conference wove a pattern and blazed a trail that have been followed by seventy to eighty other regional athletic conferences which now blanket the country and include virtually every American school of collegiate rank, Yale, Harvard and a few others excepted. Iowa and Indiana were admitted to the Conference in 1899, and finally Ohio State in 1912 to make it the Big Ten.

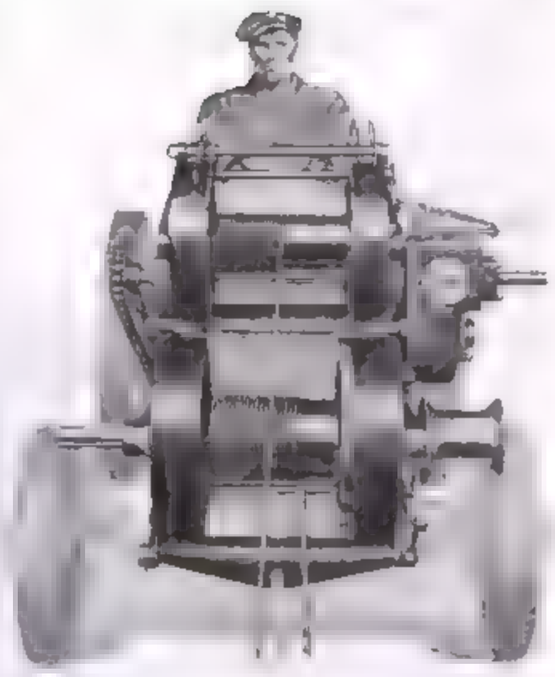
Each year since then we have met to modify and enlarge the rules, to the incalculable benefit of the game.

Free Board and Room

The freshman rule, the three-year playing limitation and the abolition of the training table are among the reforms adopted first by the Conference. The first two have become all but universal, but Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Penn and Cornell still maintain training tables and some of them training quarters. Faculty control of athletics is complete in the Conference and rather general throughout the country, but the old Big Four—Penn, Princeton, Yale and Harvard—still cling to graduate or student management, though with an increasing measure of veto power for the faculty. Where properly managed, there can be no objection to a training table, but it is too easy of prostitution into free board and room for athletes. I confess that I was opposed to doing away with the training table, fearing for the physical conditioning of the athletes, but I have changed my mind. Looking back, I cannot see that its abolition has had the least effect on the condition of the men.

The revolt forced the rival rules bodies in the East to bury the hatchet and invite suggestions for reform. Agreement was reached on a new code in midsummer, 1896. The heart of the reform is found in Section E, which disposed of the mass play,

Chicago's First Gym-Library Power Plant, 1893



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it was hoped. It did help, but it was inadequate. It reads:

> No player of the side in possession of the ball shall take more than one step toward his opponent's goal before the ball is in play without coming to a full stop. At least five players shall be on the line of scrimmage when the ball is snapped. If six players be behind the line of scrimmage, then two of them must be at least five yards behind the line, or outside of the players on the end of the line.

This is explicit enough, and it has been strengthened since.

In 1903 the experiment was tried of requiring seven men on the offensive line between the two twenty-five-yard lines. In 1904 the scrimmage line minimum was raised from five to six for any point on the field, and in 1910 to seven, with the further provision that the one man who can be in motion before the ball is snapped must move only toward his own goal.

Yet the momentum play is a restless shade and stirs in its grave. The joker lies in the phrase "without coming to a full stop." That is a point capable of varied construing, and beating the rules with shift plays based upon momentum has not been unheard of in recent years. Dr. Harry Williams' Minnesota shift was the most famous of shift formations. Williams was a graduate of Yale of 1891. When the Minnesota shift was an old story in the West, he offered repeatedly to return to Yale and teach them the play; but Yale was not taking football lessons from a Western state university, an attitude which Harvard and Princeton were able to indorse enthusiastically. Heisman of Penn reintroduced the momentum principle when coaching Georgia Tech ten to fifteen years back, and the effectiveness of the Yellow Tornadoes was due in part to their emphasis upon shift plays that violated the spirit of the rules. Notre Dame overhurried their shift three or four years ago, to the indignation of Charley Daly, the Army coach. The referee ignoring his protests, Daly adopted the Notre Dame shift into West Point's tactics, which is what usually happens. We have been reëmphasizing the rule annually, and there was much less violating last year.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF FRANK H. TAYLOR

Harvard Bursts the Penn Center With a Revolving Wedge, Franklin Field, November 29, 1894

Following Precedent

The busiest of all my thirty-nine football seasons was 1894. We played eighteen regular games and four post-season contests—three in California, the first Eastern team to appear on the Pacific Slope. We lost to Wisconsin 30 to 0, held Iowa to an 18 to 18 tie, were beaten by Purdue 10 to 6, defeated Illinois by a like score, divided two games with Northwestern and lost our Thanksgiving Day game to Michigan, 4 to 6, on our failure to kick goal.

Bucky Vail had come from Pennsylvania to Illinois that season as paid coach, one of the first in the Conference. As was customary with coaches at the time, Vail was in uniform. We were leading, 10 to 6, with only seven minutes to play, when Vail quietly appeared at quarter in place of Tilton. Warhorse Allen let out a vigorous squawk to the referee, to which Vail replied that Tilton had been injured and that he had no substitute for him; furthermore, had I not set the precedent two seasons before of playing on the Chicago teams? No time had been taken out for Tilton's supposed injury, and he had been fumbling persistently just before he vanished. The coincidence was striking. While we argued about it, the seven minutes elapsed, darkness descended and the game ended in a row.

I originated the tackles-back play that season, and the innovation of having the quarter stand as he received the ball from the center. It not only saved the moment lost in rising from a stoop but it minimized fumbles by permitting the quarter to use his body as well as his hands in taking the ball. Credit often went astray in the 90's for new plays, due to inadequate reporting and the lack of contact between the sport of one region with that of another. For example, the textbooks state that the turtle-back play first was used in the 1893 Harvard-Yale game. This was a formation executed by massing the team into a solid oval against the tackle, and at the snap of the ball into the interior of the oval, rolling the mass around an end and unwinding the runner into a clear field. I had used everything but the name at Springfield, working such a revolving mass against both guard and tackle.

Frank Hering, now secretary of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, was my quarter in 1894, and the first man I ever encountered who could throw a football as a baseball is thrown, an ability arising from the unusual size and grip of his hands. I trained Hering, if he got the ball on the kick-off, to pass it out back to an end or a half or to shoot it to a sleeper lying outside.

Our football receipts had grown from $732 in 1892 to $2792 in 1893, to $5840 in 1894, but our expenses were keeping step, running to $4501 in the latter year. The balance was not such as to suggest an excursion to California. Several circumstances combined to take us there. Leland Stanford, Jr., University—opened in 1891 on the former Palo Alto stock farm where Senator Stanford had bred Advertiser, Sunol, Palo Alto, Electioneer, Arion and other great Thoroughbreds—and the University of Chicago were the two youngest colleges in the land, only a year apart in nativity. Stanford, coached by my old mentor, Walter Camp, had won the coast championship from California, coached by my old teammate and fellow townsman, Charley Gill. The two had drawn 11,000 to their game that season, charging $1 and $1.50, where fifty cents was the best we could do even for our Thanksgiving Day game with Michigan. And we could use the advertising.

President Harper was entirely agreeable, as he was toward anything legitimate that put the university's name in print, but he left it to me to find the money. I wrote a letter to the Stanford manager, who wired back an offer of $1000 guaranty and 75 per cent of the net receipts of a Christmas Day game. Nettled at the failure of other coast teams to coöperate in importing us, Stanford stipulated that Chicago should play no other game in San Francisco; but it appearing that the Reliance Athletic Club of Oakland had an option on the Haight Street ball park, the only desirable grounds, the Reliance Club was given a New Year's Day game with us. California also yearned for a slice of our carcass. I wired them to fight it out among themselves, and the eventual result was that we played Stanford in San Francisco on Christmas Day, again at Los Angeles in midweek, and the Reliance Club in San Francisco on New Year's, 1895.

The news that the Chicago team would spend the Christmas holidays in California created all the stir that we had hoped. California was several times farther away in 1894, whatever the railway guide may say about it. In the first burst of congratulatory mail came a letter from a strange but well-disposed woman. She would be very happy to let us have the use of her private car, a buffet sleeper at the moment in the process of thorough renovation. The price would be purely nominal—something like $220, which I took to be mere interest on the investment.

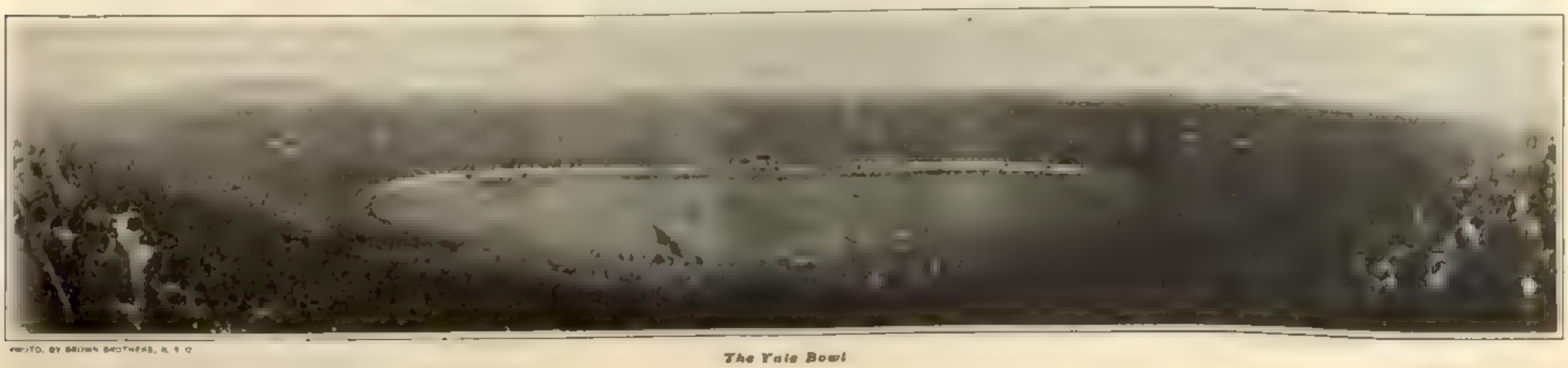
I slept restlessly under the financial responsibility of the trip, and when I was not adding figures in my sleep, I was in the thick of scrimmage, for I had played daily in the post-season practice for the California games. Mrs. Stagg was awakened one night by the violent tackle of her head. I had dreamed that I was falling on a fumbled ball on the field. It is not unusual for a player to take the game to bed. Some twenty years later Coleman Clark dreamed that he was kicking off before a cheering throng, and sent his good right foot into the wall alongside his bed with such violence that he was on crutches for days. The oddity of Clark's dream was that the football season had been over four months, and he then was playing on the basket-ball five.

A California Honeymoon

My knowledge of private cars was wholly academic; but I knew that they were vehicles of princely luxury like steam yachts, and affected only by the greater actresses, touring millionaires and railroad presidents who rode free. I couldn't think of anything pleasanter than riding to California in one at any time, but most particularly at this time. I had been married on September tenth, and Mrs. Stagg's honeymoon so far had been spent on the university field. Now I should take my bride to Golden California in a palace on wheels. We accepted the offer gratefully. The newspapers dilated on our magnificence, while we stocked the car with sufficient food and drinking water to last the round trip, and found a competent chef.

These details were taken care of by others, and we saw the car for the first time when we boarded it in the yards. I do not remember whether the reporters saw us get away or not; if they did, they kept our secret and sent us away in glory. The car looked as though Sherman had just marched through it. It was a show car, a condemned Pullman that had been sold down the river in its old age to limp from siding

(Continued on Page 115)



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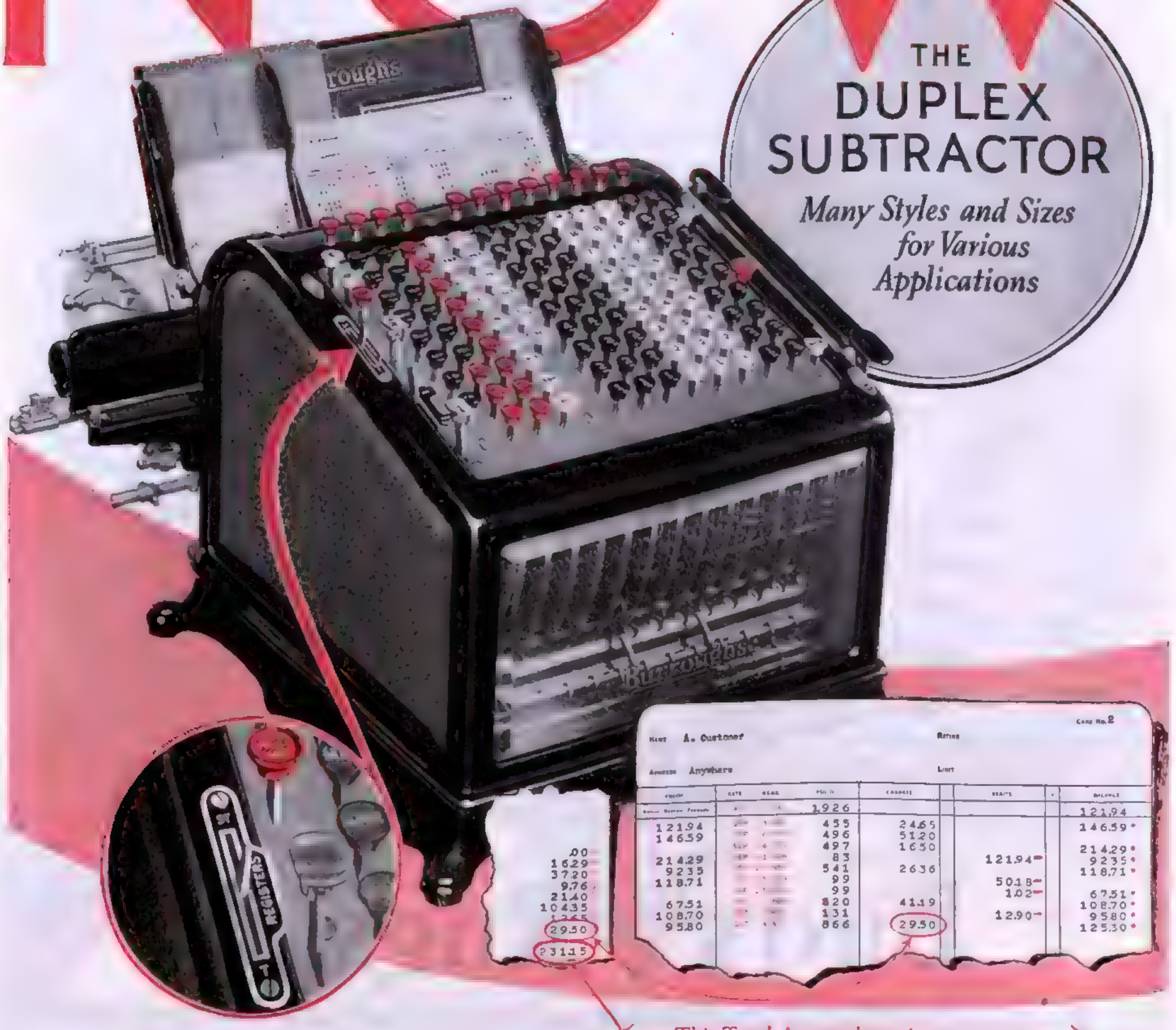

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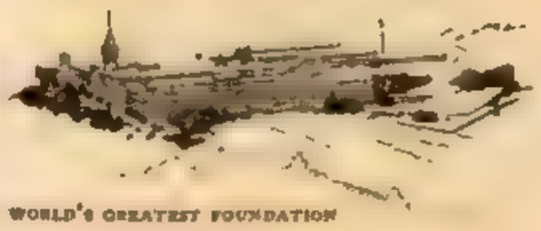
Have your eyes examined!



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(Continued from Page 110)

to siding on the kerosene circuit, housing this carnival troupe and that minstrel company. The wheels were flat, the paint scabrous, the body humped at one spot and sagged at another. Vestiges only remained of the upholstery. The beds were bunks, not berths, and the first night out was explosive with the collapse of the uppers. The team was sleeping double before we passed Cheyenne. Mrs. Stagg and I occupied what was facetiously known as the drawing-room.

The time was mid-December and the weather bitter cold crossing the mountains. In the middle of the night, on the top of the Rockies, I woke to hear that the car was afire. The coal stove at the forward end, becoming red hot, had ignited the woodwork. The train air cord ended with the car ahead of us, the rear flagman was away from his post and we had no way of signaling the train crew. While the train toiled upgrade, we fought the fire with axes and water and beat it after a blistering fight. Had the flames ever worked through to the outside, where the wind could have got at them, we either should have had to jump for our lives or have been burnt to a crisp, for the car was all wood, sun-dried to tinder.

Quietly, we wired ahead to the Pullman company to provide a standard sleeper at Sacramento and intern our car there until our return, so we rolled into the Oakland Mole in state. Christmas was a very handsome day by Chicago standards, but we were assured that it was unseasonably cold, and only 3000 sufficiently hardy spectators could be found to see us trim Camp's Stanford eleven handily, 24 to 4. Our share of the net receipts was $1099.35.

The fence at the Haight Street park was a low one, and the ball bounded over it once. Stanford had a five-yard start, but Ad Ewing, a hurdler on our track team, took the fence in his usual high-hurdle stride and captured the ball. Over the fence was not out in the 90's, and the referee did not bring the ball in when it went out of bounds. Whether it went out at the sidelines or goal lines, it was the property of the first comer. If at the side, it was in touch at the point where it crossed the line. The opposing team surrounded the point and the captain demanded, "What will you do, sir? Take it out or touch it in?" To take it out, the player walked in five to fifteen yards and put the ball into play in scrimmage. If he chose to touch it in, the two teams lined up at right angles to the sideline. The man with the ball touched it quickly to the sideline, usually after many feints, then passed it to one of his backs or ran with it himself. The in-touch play went out of use long before, but it was not formally abolished by the rules body until 1901.

Three years before, I had eliminated it, with much other obsolete stuff, from the Conference rules book which we issued, most of the changes being adopted by the Eastern committee.

A Chesty Policeman

When the ball was kicked or bounded over a fence, as happened occasionally, ludicrous scenes followed. Georgia and Georgia Tech were playing many years ago on a field surrounded by a perfectly smooth fence fifteen feet high, and not more than twenty feet behind the goal posts. On a try for goal, the ball hit the post, bounded high and dropped out of sight over the fence. Both teams charged for the fence and fought frantically to get over it, but they dragged one another down faster than they could climb. While the fight raged, the referee, with the aid of the spectators, surmounted the fence and found the ball in a weed-grown ditch. He stepped back with a poker face and waited for the first player to come over the fence. Hands and an occasional leg appeared and disappeared, but after five minutes a Tech man came over the top with a Georgia man on his heels. Neither could find the ball. The third man over, Red Wilson, of Georgia Tech, discovered its hiding place and fell on it for a touchdown.

That and the game between Gettysburg and Franklin and Marshall, I think it was, where a drop-kicked ball struck on the chest a policeman who had strayed inside the lines and caromed off and over the bar for a clean field goal, take high place in the comedy relief of football.

Stanford gave us a dinner at the Hotel Pleasanton after the game and both teams left for Los Angeles the following night in the hope of getting acclimated, but Stanford, the weather and Warhorse Allen's terrible energy combined to beat us 12 to 0. The day before the game I was called away from a light practice. Allen asked a native how far it was to the Hotel Westminster, where we were stopping. The native guessed about a mile. "We'll run it then," said Allen, and led the way. The distance turned out to be three miles, and Allen, a horse for work, killed off the rest of the squad. The day of the game was hot and muggy, with a misty rain falling, which did not help matters.

The Los Angeles Athletic Club had promoted the match, and the receipts had to be split three ways, leaving us only $320 as our share.

A New Fish Story

We returned to San Francisco to be beaten 6 to 0 on New Year's Day by the Reliance Club, coached by Pringle, of Yale, giving Yale a tight little monopoly of coast coaching. Gale was out of the game, Herschberger folded up early and Ewing did not last out the game. All three were key men and I had to use three of my five subs. Our supply of home-grown water had been exhausted in fighting the fire on our sleeper, and the change of water, as we feared, upset the squad. The San Francisco papers commented unfeelingly that we were not used to water that we did not have to chew. In taking the American Olympic team to Paris in 1924, we were at pains to carry along a barreled supply of our best home water. In Paris, we decided to make a test of the water which the French so carefully avoid using internally. The chemist found that the native water was several degrees purer than that we had painstakingly freighted across the Atlantic.

The greatest handicap an Eastern invader suffers on such a trip is the long layoff after the regular season's close, with training resumed in mid-December; but all these alibis and new ones are offered periodically by teams that journey 2000 or 3000 miles to take a licking on the coast. Syracuse was the victim in 1924, losing to the University of Southern California 0 to 16 at Pasadena New Year's Day. The following Christmas at the session of the Football Officials Association in New York, Chick Meehan, the Syracuse coach, spoke, comparing Eastern and coast football and reciting the difficulties of adjusting a team to the long trip, the sharply different climate, and the like.

When he had finished, Coach Zuppke, of Illinois, who was presiding, remarked, "Well, if I was coach of a team going to play in California, I wouldn't get off at any stops on the way to limber the boys up. I'd just get out as fast as I could and take my lickings and come back home right away."

David Starr Jordan had resigned the presidency of the University of Indiana to become head of Stanford when it was opened. At Indiana Doctor Jordan had filled in as professor of ichthyology. It was his boast there that he knew and invariably greeted by name every student in Bloomington. At Palo Alto it was noticed that although he had been there some three years now, he was content to bow only to the students. Someone commented on the fact.

"I gave it up," Doctor Jordan confessed. "I discovered that every time I remembered the name of a student, I forgot the name of a fish."

Our share of the New Year's Day game was $1398, and efforts to persuade the Native Sons and Daughters that photographs of the Chicago squad would make a handsome souvenir or den ornament, netted us just $2.35. Faced by a deficit, we were glad to accept a guaranty of $100 to stop off in Salt Lake City and play the Y.M.C.A. The field was aslop with snow and slush, a miserable time was had by all, and the Y lost money. So did we, for our expenses totaled $3056, our receipts $2920. The deficit was charged to advertising, and was worth it.

Our sleeper, which we picked up clandestinely at Sacramento on our way home, was seventy feet long. The Southern Pacific's snow sheds had not been built to accommodate such ambitious rolling stock, and the car threatened to come apart all the way up the Sierras. The flat wheels grew flatter, until the railroad dropped us off like a load of ballast at Laramie and sent the car to the shops. While new trucks were being run under the senile sleeper, we went skating and jack-rabbit hunting. The silver lining of the trip had been the art of our gifted chef; we had lived high. Returning with a bag of jacks, we handed the game over to him confidently. Unfortunately, neither he nor we were familiar with the high flavor and indestructible fabric of the species. With a splendid flourish he served us with Wyoming jack rabbit à la Macedoine. His culinary French was nothing less than inspired. If the original Macedonians were as hardy as this later species, no wonder Alexander conquered the world at thirty-two.

Clarence Herschberger was the first exceptional back and punter to appear at Chicago. He had made the team with a bang in 1894, his first season, but he was missing in 1895. His mother, alarmed at the injured roll reported by the newspapers, had refused to permit him to play longer. If he could not play, then he would not go to school, and Clarence took a vacation. On a hunting trip that fall he shot himself in the hand by accident. His mother hastened to lift her prohibition and he was back in '96, '97 and '98. Not since the World War have I lost a player or a potential player through parental objection to the sport. Parents do not fear football as they once did; neither, I suspect, do they speak with the old authority.

The Goat-Getting Goat

Carr Neel, a crack tennis player, joined the football squad in 1895. Neel had a floating cartilage in his knee, acting much as a cinder does in the eye. Although floating cartilages are a common injury, Neel was the first man I ever saw who would call time in a game, drop on the ground, work his knee in his hands, then resume play. These floating cartilages are removed now by a simple and a common operation, but we were not sure then just what it was and we had a very vague idea of what to do about it. Our only remedy was a bandage to keep the restless cartilage in place. Neel and Bob Wrenn, of Harvard, fought it out for the National Singles Championship in tennis one season. Neel was leading in the fifth and deciding set when his return struck a loose ball on Wrenn's court. Under the rules, the point was Neel's, but he refused to accept it, and Wrenn won game, set and title by that margin.

A football team is made up of as many varied types and temperaments as a field of race horses. Two of the '95 squad, Ketman and Looney, suggest this aphorism. Ketman was a divinity student of superb build, weighing 196 pounds. Perhaps he was one of those men who dislike the game cordially and regret their size, playing out of loyalty or social pressure. I do not know as to that, but I know that I could not begin to get out of him the football possibilities in his physique. Looney was an intense, short-necked, bullet-headed little fellow of 150 pounds, but compact. He had little football experience, but better, he had football imagination. Particularly on

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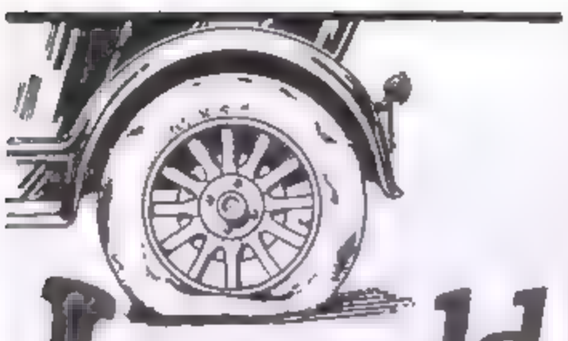
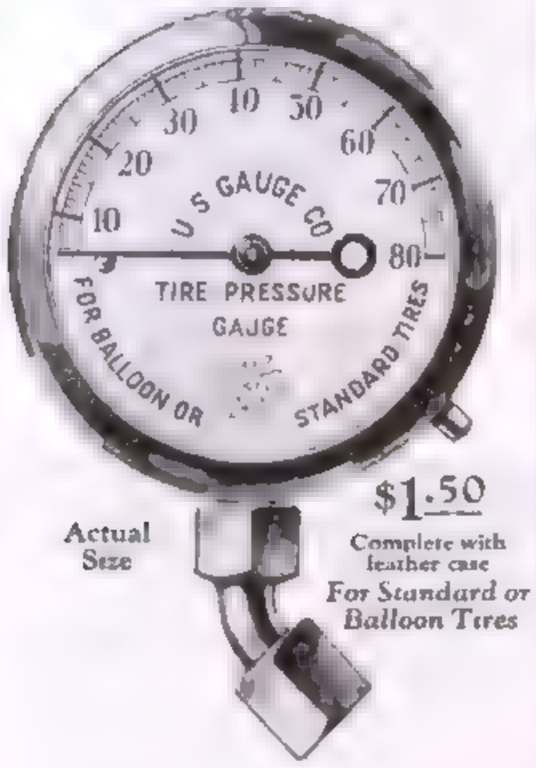


It should have gone another 1,000 miles



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defense, he was an up-and-at-'em lad. Wherever the play went, he just had to get his hands on the ball carrier. Both he and Ketman were candidates for guard.

I had tried to teach Ketman how to charge at and under his man. He listened politely—and charged politely. I do not coax a player these days, but then my squad never exceeded twenty, and I coaxed Ketman. In the gymnasium I had tried the experiment of leaving the south 50 feet of my 250 feet of space with a dirt floor, to permit indoor pole vaulting and jumping practice. Rain breaking up football practice one afternoon, I took Ketman and Looney inside on the dirt floor and pitted them against each other in guard drill. I put Ketman on defense and tried to show him how to use his hands to stop Looney's charge, but Looney would get under the larger man every time, smack his head into Ketman's stomach and drive him back. Seeing that Ketman was getting restless under this treatment, I switched him to offense, but Looney got under him just the same. Perhaps I evidenced my despair. At any rate, Ketman rose from an undignified posture, fixed me with indignant eyes and said, "Mr. Stagg, I don't mind playing against a man, but I'm damned if I shall play against a goat."

One of the most effective intermission appeals I ever heard was made by President Harper between the halves of the Wisconsin game that season. We were trailing, 0 to 12, at the end of the first half. Doctor Harper appeared in the dressing rooms while I was talking to the team. "Boys, Mr. Rockefeller has just announced a gift of $3,000,000 to the university," he said. "He believes that the university is to be great. The way you played in the first half leads me to wonder whether we really have the spirit of greatness in ambition. I wish you would make up your minds to win this game and show that we do have it." We won, 22 to 12.

Among our eighteen games in 1896 were the usual two with Northwestern, our local rival. The Methodists had Van Doozer and Potter, two famous halves, this season and they humiliated us 46 to 6 on our own grounds. A month later we beat them on their grounds 18 to 6. For five seasons Northwestern had been winning the first game and losing the second. Why not stop with the first game? some Evanston logician suggested. The following season we met once only—but we won decisively.

Return games have come back into vogue in the Conference. Michigan plays Minnesota twice this season, and Indiana and Northwestern meet twice. A Michigan-Minnesota game always will draw an enormous crowd, and Indiana supposedly is one of the weaker teams of the Big Ten. The sport editors do not like the practice; it has scrambled their system of calculating percentages.

Melodrama in Football

The loss of the first Northwestern game in 1896 was blamed in campus gossip on F. D. Nichols, our right halfback. He was charged with having presented two touchdowns to Northwestern, one by a fumble near our goal line, the other when he allowed the ball to be taken from him on the kick-off in the second half. The indictment also included high tackling, running back when he carried the ball, and letting the opposition run wild around his side. He was a fiery-tempered boy and so resentful of the hostility of the student body that only by the pleading of Trainer Max Bentner was he persuaded to put on a suit for the Illinois game the following week. Though he donned a suit, he wore a long overcoat to conceal it, and sat in the grand stand, apparently a spectator. In other words, *in extremis*, he might respond to a call from the university that had attacked his honor. The call came. Halfback Coy had a shoulder dislocated early in the second half, with the score 0 to 0. Nichols threw off his overcoat and leaped into action. From that moment it was a different game. He gained at one end, then at the other. The tackles-back formation rolled Illinois backward now. Gardner went over for the first touchdown, Nichols for the second. We won, 12 to 0, and Nichols was a hero again. In the return game with Northwestern he redeemed himself further.

Nichols was captain and pitcher of the 1894 baseball team, and all his playing years the Babe Ruth of Conference baseball. He was a first-rate pitcher, an extraordinary hitter and a brilliant fielder. Henry Spear in right field muffed an easy fly in a game on Marshall Field in 1894, recovered the ball and threw it to Nichols. The outraged pitcher hurled it back at him. There was a runner on third, but he declined to budge off base, suspecting a trick. Twenty-five years later, the championship baseball team of 1896 came back at commencement to play the varsity 1921 nine, and Nichols, now in the electrical business in New York, smacked the first ball pitched for a home run.

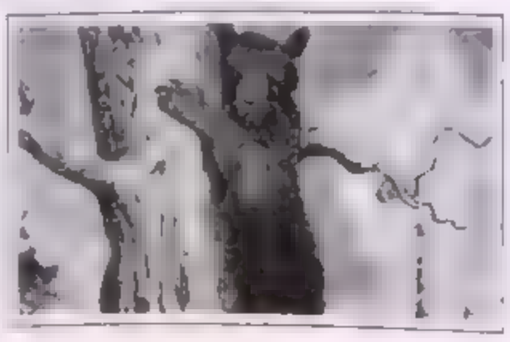
Exercise While Eating

With a steady rain falling outside, we played Michigan in comfort in the old Coliseum that stood in Sixty-third Street where the Tower Theater now is, on Thanksgiving Day, 1896. The papers were flippant, but the results justified us. Thanksgiving Day weather was almost uniformly vile and attendance accordingly reduced, while the Coliseum game drew a gate of $10,812, the largest on record in the West up to then. It was the first big game ever played indoors, with resultant publicity. By three o'clock it was so dark that the lights had to be switched on. The girders interfered with kicking near the sides of the field, the ball lodging in them once. We won, 7 to 6, on a safety and a place-kicked field goal from scrimmage, the first use of the play in the West, at least. I cannot surely claim its invention, but we were among the first to use it. Gordon Clarke held the ball for Herschberger's kick, and the two became the most famous place-kick combination in the game. Herschberger, a good drop kicker, had found that he could kick even more accurately from place.

Bobby Tooker, playing one guard for us, found himself against a phenomenon who had come up to Michigan from Albion College. He weighed 200 pounds and used them all on Tooker. Bobby rebelled and rammed his head into the pit of the giant's stomach. The latter gasped, then congratulated Bobby as one craftsman to another. "Fine poke, young fellow," was his tribute.

The group which brought Chicago its first football championship in 1899 arrived on the squad in 1896. We had a trainer and a training table for the first time this season, the latter by arrangement with a boarding house. In 1897 we rented the top floor of an apartment house and opened training quarters.

The group of which I speak was the wildest crew I ever skippered. The animal spirits which later helped to bring home the championship bacon were devoted in quarters to a continuous rough-housing that made life interesting for the other tenants. If you think the family upstairs in your apartment house is noisy, try living beneath a football squad. It was their playful habit to lean out the front windows and drop crockery bombs on the sidewalk behind passers-by to see them jump, what time they were not throwing food at one another. Jonathan Webb, solid, loyal, sober citizen and star tackle, being hit in the ear with a steaming hot potato, the most of which stuck there, refused to dig the potato out, although it was blistering that sensitive organ, as a lesson to his rowdy associates.



These exercises were not conducted in my presence, but I could picture them readily enough. I had a precedent to go by. When I waited tables in a student dining club at Yale, I had seen everything on the table, wet or dry, hot or cold, hurled by the diners at one another out of sheer good feeling. I recall one club member throwing a great dish of apple sauce at a fellow member and getting a large ball of butter, the common supply of the table, squarely on top of the head in rejoinder. Harry Beecher usually started the fight, then ducked under the table when it was thoroughly under way.

Just such horseplay cost us the championship in 1897. We came down to the Wisconsin game undefeated, and would have won it, I am morally certain, but for the usual bantering and coltishness of the training table, over which Trainer Max Bentner presided. Herschberger and Captain Walter Kennedy, close friends, staged a contest to see which could put on the most weight at one sitting. They stripped and weighed in before the meal. Weighing out, Herschberger had gained seven pounds, Kennedy seven and a quarter. Whether piqued at this defeat or merely stimulated into further endeavor, Herschie next ate thirteen eggs at one sitting, was seized with gastritis just before the Wisconsin game, and was lost to the team. He was a key man both offensively and defensively, and I still am convinced that we were beaten 8 to 23 by thirteen eggs rather than eleven Badgers. We played Michigan indoors again on Thanksgiving Day in the old Coliseum and won 21 to 12, but the title had gone a-glimmering.

On the Rules Committee

The fields of football were infested with the boll weevil in 1897, for all the spraying and burning done in 1896. On October thirtieth Vonabalde Gammon of Georgia was injured in the Georgia-Virginia game. He had been a star of Glenn Warner's championship 1896 Georgia eleven. As he was being led off the field by McCarthy, who had succeeded Warner as coach, Kent, the Georgia captain, with no realization of the seriousness of Gammon's hurts, exclaimed, "You aren't going to quit, are you, Von?"

"I've got too much Georgia grit for that," the injured boy answered through clenched teeth, started to turn back and fell unconscious. He never spoke again, dying that night. The South was horrified, and the Georgia legislature, then in session, at once passed an act outlawing the game from the state. Only the personal intercession of the dead boy's mother with Governor Atkinson persuaded him to veto the bill.

The Conference season had been marred by no serious injury, but we acted without waiting on the always-tardy East, making our own revision of the rules. We were legislating for ourselves only, but we were accused of usurping the functions of the rules committee. Everts Wrenn—a well-known Western official and a Harvard graduate—and others denounced our "impertinence." Wisconsin, having Eastern games on its 1898 schedule, became alarmed and withdrew its representative, Doctor Elsom, from our committee on revision. The rules body still was exclusively Eastern in membership, and Walter Camp now suggested that I be elected to the body in recognition of the Mid-West's growing football bulk. I was asked to confer with them at their spring of 1898 session, but baseball and track work kept me in Chicago and it was not until 1904 that I became a member, the first from a school west of Pennsylvania. I have served continuously since 1904, to become the senior member of the committee, which now is national in its scope.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr Stagg and Mr Stout. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

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WILLIE PAINTER STAYS ON THE LEVVEL

(Continued from Page 38)

morning Mr. Robbins starts to josh this Fallis about how much jack he must have to go wasteing any of it on this Johnny horse.

"I knew I was cookoo when I bought him, but I fell for his good looks," this Fallis says. "Take a look at him yourself, Tom," he said, and tells a swipe to lead him out.

"I already know every hair on his worthless hide," says Mr. R., "and while I will admit that if they paid off on looks he would be worth moren 2 Man O' Wars, still beauty don't get you notheing in this game; and the only way this Johnny will ever cop a heat will be for some gunman to go out and bump off all the other horses, so what's the use of talking."

Just then the swipe leads this horse out and takes the blanket off of him and I get my 1st look at him.

"Oh, G, what a swell-looking trick," I exclaims, which I could not help from doing same on account this Johnny is about the most grandest-looking horse I ever lay eyes on.

"Maybe you'd like to give him a work, kid," this Fallis says.

"I don't mind if I do," I repplies; so they put the tack on him and throw me up and I walk him out on to the track. And in about 5 minutes I know all I want to know about this Johnny. He handles easy and he jogs nice and even gallops good; but when I try to set him down he just simply won't break into a run nohow. I talk to him and I shake him up and I even give him the bat a couple times; but, No, he don't intend to run none and he won't.

So pretty soon I steer him back tords the barn, and when we get there all the ginnies are lined up to give me the laugh.

"Well, what do you think of him now?" Fallis asts me.

"I think he would make a swell buggy horse for some old dame that isn't looking for much speed," I repplies, "but he ain't got no business on no race track."

"I geuss that settles it, Jim," Mr. Robbins says, "if Willie says he ain't no good you can give up all hope; because all Willie don't know about horses you could write it on a postage stamp, couldn't you, Willie?"

I can tell he is trying to kid me and it gets me kind of sore, so I repplies, "Well, maybe I don't know quiet all there is, and maybe I made a mistake about this horse, not having unsufficient time to study him good. I would have to work him a few more times before pronouncing finable jugment on him."

"You're certainly welcome to him any time you desire to take him out for a airing," Fallis says. "My own boys are about sick of trying to get him out of a gallop and I'm just waiting till I can find some sucker like myself which will fall for his looks and breading like I done, and take him off my hands before I get mad and sell him to some glue factory."

So with that they get to talking about how swell Johnny is bread, and how his daddy is a Dearby winner and his mother a grand little race mare, and wondering why it is he won't run; and they keep on joshing me about thinking I will ever be able to do anything with him, till I am sick in tired of the subjeck. And by the afternoon it is all over the track and the boys in the jockey room even asting me when I expeck to win my 1st. race with Homeless Johnny, until I wisht I hadn't ever heard tell of him, let alone let myself be coaxed into giveing him a work, darn his old hide. I only wish I could find some way to make him run just oncet, so that I could have the laugh on all these wise-crackers, they think they are so smart.

Hawthorne Race Track.

WELL it did not take me long to show these Chicago folks some real class, because this afternoon I rode 2 winners in a row and ought to been 3 only for the boys ganging me all the way from the 8th pole and keeping me pinned in so close that I would needed a can opener to get clear. I made a claim of fowl to the juges, but they only look at me like they are wiser than the Apostle Solomon hisself and tell me it is my own fault for getting into a pocket where I hadn't no business to be. I only wish a juge would go out and try to ride 1 hisself some day and see does he know as much out there where the going is tough as he thinks he knows up there in the stand.

But anyways they couldn't do me out of my 2 wins, and 1 of the papers this evening has a big headline which reads, Jockey Painter Rides 2 Winners which didn't look so bad, only not so good as it would of if they had printed my picture as well, like they should of. I think maybe it might not be such a bad idea for me to go to some photographer and have some views took of myself and then go to the editor of all the papers and pressent them 1 each so they could have them handy on their desk when needed.

And there were others which did not overlook my good rideing, it seems. This evening me and Jockey Moon are strowling along down in The Loop and when we are walking along La Salle St. a dark-complected guy comes along and hollers at Moon. And after they talk for a minute Moon brings him over and intraduces him saying he has ast to meet me. This guy's name is Feinstein and he works for 1 of the big bookmakers, and he compliments me on my rideing and says his boss has noticed it paticular and would like for to meet me some time. So I say I am a greeble and he says, "Well, there ain't no time like at pressent;" so we go to a swell big caffy where everything is toney and tablecloths on all the tables and everything; and there is this bookmaker at a table with a party of freinds and ladies.

This bookie's name is Shults and he sure looks high-tone and refinery, with 1 of the biggest dimonds I ever seen on his shirt and 2 more pretty near as big on his both hands; and the ladies look high-society too, with jewlry and jems all over them so you can't hardly look at them without blinking, but nice and jolly and freindly too.

But when I am intraduced to Shults you would think there wasn't anybody else pressent but me, he made such a fuss over me, making the waiter lay places for me and Moon and acting like it was a honor for to meet me, saying he hadn't hardly ever saw more cleverer rideing than mine. So we stayed there for a hour or so and had a swell feed and then this Shults wants us to go to a cabaray with them; but me and Moon both says we must get back and get some sleep. So then this Shults says to me, "Where is your car parked," and I repplies, "I haven't got no car and Moon's little bus bowed a tendon or something yesterday so I geuss we will take a trolley."

So Shults lets on like he is awful supprised that I don't own a car and says that a high-class jock like I should ought to travel in the best.

"Well," I says, "it ain't so very easy buying no car on forty per the month and what outside rideing fees I can pick up."

"Why," he answers, "a good smart young man like you, Jockey Painter, could pick up the price of a car in 1 afternoon if you went about it the right way."

"What do you mean the right way," I says. "I don't mind picking up a little extra jack so long as it is on the levvel, but there ain't any use asting me to go into notheing crooked, I am like that."

"Why," this Shults says, "I would no sooner ast you to do anything crooked than I would do it myself, but I would like to see you get on good, and often there are chances for me to throw something in the way of a boy I like, provideing he is willing to listen to reason."

"That sounds fair enough," I repplies, "what do you mean by listening to reason."

"I mean, now, you should keep in touch with me," he answers, "and any news or information you happen to hear, don't forget to let me know. And in return I will look out for you and the 1st. time I see a chance to invest you a little something in the stock market or some place, why I will not overlook it. See?"

So then he gives me his card with the address of his office printed on it and I promise I will keep in touch with him. And then he calls a taxi and puts me and Moon in it and pays the driver so we come home in style. On the way back I say to Moon what a elegant gent this Shults is, and he says he sure is. So then I say, "And liberal too, I never saw a open-handeder gent in my life," and Moon repplies, "You bet he is open-handed; I have heard of him for years and there isn't a guy in the game more readier to trade a rowboat for a steam launch."

So if that's the kind of a gent Shults is I geuss I better try and keep on freindly turns with him, as there is no telling where it may lead to, being in with a wealthey and high-society gent like him.

Hawthorne Race Track.

IT IS 3 or 4 days now since I have did any writeing and it seems like I hardly ever get a minute to myself what with 1 thing or other. I only wisht the folks which think a jockey's life is all milk and money would try it for a day and they would learn diffrent. Sometimes when I have to craul out of the hay in the earley A.M. and go and work a bunch of beagles while other people are snoreing, I think what a fool I was to ever take up such a profession where the best you get is a lot of abuse. Of course it is all right for boys like Albert Johnson and Earl Sande and all those lucky stifts which can pick their own mounts and get a chance to make a name for theirself; but when you got to ride this 1, and that 1, and the other 1, just as they come, what chance have you got to rise to the hights? If I could only get enough dough to buy me a share in some nice good-paying business where the hours are short and the work not too hard, I think I would kiss the turf good-by no matter how much reggrets it would cause my multude of admirers.

Well, maybe there will be a chance to make a little for myself soon, because it looks like I have found out something about this Homeless Johnny horse which if it only turns out right we should ought to put over something real good. The evening before last I am down by the stables right after the races are over and when I am passing by Fallis's barn a fresh swipe that works for him hollers at me, "Hey, Jock, why ain't you been around to work your steak horse lately?"

So rather than let him give me the razz, I says to him very dignifried, "I am just going to give him a work now, being too busy with my regular engagements to give him any of my time mornings; so you go and get him ready for me and don't delay none or less I will report you to your employer."

And you can gamble that when he heard me talk hotty like that he hustled some; so in a few minutes I take this Johnny thing out on the track, not expecting to do more than gallop him a peice. But the track happening to be empty and hardly a sole in sight I get to experimenting with him, rideing him 1st. the 1 way and then another, and coaxing him along and then when he won't listen to coaxing, laying into him good. And just about when I am getting good and disgusted and going to take him home again, something happens all of a sudden and he starts to run, which supprises me so much that only for my good horsemanship I might of fell off.

And when he starts running he sure shows some real speed and althought I did not have no kettle to clock him with, I will bet my license that he did a ½ in less than 50, which is stepping some for a horse was never known to do more than gallop before. And he not only works a ½ but acts like he was only starting and I have quiet a time getting him stopped.

"Well, Willie," I say to myself, "it sure looks like you had found out how to master this old hide; so now what is the best thing to do about it."

And at 1st I think I will call all the stable help and let them see me work him some more; but then something seems to say to me to keep my mouth shut. So I take a good look around to see has anybody been watching, and the only folks I can see are some of the track souperintendant's men picking up papers and tiddying up after the crowd and not a horseman or clocker in site. So I walk Johnny around 10 or 15 minutes so he cools out a little and then take him back to his barn.

"Well," says this fresh swipe of Fallis's from where he has been dozeing on top of a feed boiler, "how many track records did you and the speed marvel bust."

"I will bust you 1 in the mush if you get fresh with me, that is what I will bust," I repplies very chilly. "You blanket this horse and put him away where he belongs and don't get impident with me," I says.

So then I come back here to our tack room and set on a bale of hay and sort of study out what is best for to do. And while I am there, Mr. Robbins comes in and sees me.

"Well, Willie, my boy," he says, "what you doing, thinking over your past triumps or dreaming over those of the future, if any?"

"I got a problem on my mind, Mr. Robbins," I answers, "and I just come here for a little piece and seglusion so I can study it out."

"What is your problem, Willie," he says, "something weighty, I bet, like trying to decide weather to take your sweetie to the College Inn or go the whole works and blow her to a swell feed at The Automat."

"The female sect don't mean notheing in my life," I repplies very cold, "althought maybe I know as much about swell places to eat as some of them that try to kid me. What I am studying is a matter of business."

"That being the case," he says, setting down beside me, "you better tell your old freind and admirer all about it. What's the matter, Willie; somebody ring in trained dice in the evening crape game and clean you?"

"I don't shoot crape, Mr. Robbins," I says, "at least not moren oncet in a while. What would you say if I was to tell you I know how to make Johnny Maguire run."

"I'd say the other ½ of your mind was gone too," he repplies.

"Well, I do," I presists.

"You do what?" he asts.

"I know how to make Johnny Maguire run," I says.

"What do you mean run," he asts. "He always would canter and occasional gallop."

"I mean really and truely run," I says.

"How fast?" he asts.

"He just shades 50 for a ½ not a hour ago," I answers.

"By whose watch?" he asts.

"Not by no watch at all," I repplies. "I just worked him a hour ago when there wasn't anything on the track except some sparrows, but I know enough about pace to know he wasn't far off 37 for the 3 furlong and close to 50 for the ½."

And that makes Mr. Robbins set up and think for a while. Then he says, "Well, Willie, while I never claimed you were 1 of the world's most leading thinkers, I will admit that if there is 1 subjeck which you are less igorant about than others it is juging pace. And knowing what I know about this Johnny horse, the way he is bread and so forth, I am inclined to think that maybe in your innocents you have

(Continued on Page 123.

Get rid of these insects— they are dangerous

MOST "harmless insects" are either destructive or dangerous as disease carriers. Even the "cleanly" roach is now believed to spread cancer!

Practice home hygiene the year around. Use an insecticide powerful enough to kill all common household insects. That's Tanglefoot Spray.

Here's quality that is unsurpassed. Tanglefoot Spray even sterilizes the eggs of moths. When it kills, *insects stay dead!*

Reliable dealers everywhere will stake their reputation on the effectiveness of any product guaranteed by the manufacturer of Tanglefoot Fly Paper. Use Tanglefoot Spray. It costs no more than lesser quality.

THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Kill them with

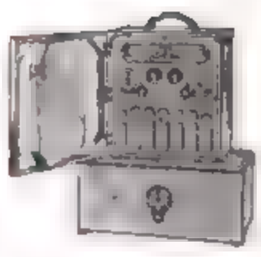
TANGLEFOOT SPRAY

Five reasons for the amazing success of the new Radiolas *tried, tested and perfected*

If you have been experimenting with radio and wondering when mechanical blur and blemish would disappear, or if you have been confused by conflicting claims, this is the time to go to the nearest RCA Authorized Dealer and ask for a demonstration of a Radiola. Ask him, for instance, to demonstrate a Radiola 20 in comparison with any other set of similar price, and note how far ahead the Radiola has traveled in tone quality and performance.

There are five specific reasons for the leadership of RCA Radiolas which every prospective purchaser should study:

First. Radiolas are the product of the research laboratories—RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse—that developed the basic principles of radio transmission and reception.



RADIOLA 26 . $225

Second. They not only embody the latest advances made in the art, but, because they are invariably ahead of the times, it is possible to get the most recent improvements in models that have been thoroughly tried out and tested. You wouldn't buy an automobile that hadn't been road-tested. And the present Radiolas have not only been tried and tested basically, but so have the particular models you will find on dealers' shelves. You are not buying an experiment, but a proved result.

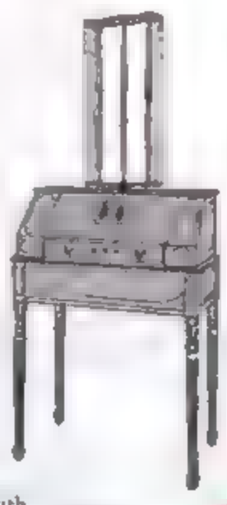
RADIOLA 25, with six Radiotrons $165

Third. RCA has brought out practically every important basic improvement in the art of radio, including the superheterodyne, sets that work from the lighting socket without batteries or antennas, the famous Loudspeaker 104, and the Radiotron itself.

Fourth. RCA in all its developments, such as improvements in broadcasting, improvements in Radiotrons and improvements in Radiolas, keeps in mind its program of synchronization—the fitting of one development to another and one improvement to another. Thus the latest Radiotron has been known to double the efficiency of a Radiola three or four years old.

Fifth. The present Radiolas, smooth and natural as a motor that has eased out of its first awkwardness, have clearly demonstrated their complete fulfillment of the public desire for unblemished reproduction of voice and music.

RCA Loudspeaker 104. Complete . $275



RADIOLA 28, with eight Radiotrons $260

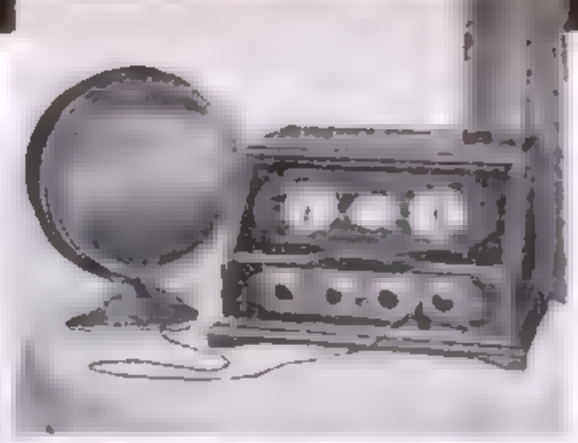
RADIOLA 30, complete with built in power speaker. Uses no batteries . $575

Just ask the nearest RCA Authorized Dealer for a demonstration. That's the most convincing proof there is.

Buy with confidence Authorized Dealer RCA *where you see this sign.*

RADIO · CORPORATION · OF · AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

There is no loneliness where there is a Radiola.



RADIOLA 20—single control—with power Ra[illegible] for finer tone at bigger volume. It is so devised that its five tubes do the work of many more. With Radiotrons $115

RCA Loudspeaker 100 $35

RCA Radiola

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RADIO · CORPORATION · OF · AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

IN tires, as in most other commodities sold the country over, one name stands for the last word in quality. That name is "Miller, Geared-to-the-Road."

Such a reputation is not acquired in a day. Miller laid its foundation by making superlative drug sundries for a generation before Miller Tires were first marketed 18 years ago. Even then the rubber goods trade had long been aware that Miller knew rubber.

Tire users soon learned the same thing, for Miller Geared-to-the-Road Tires have been exceptionally good from the beginning. No off-years; nothing to explain away. Miller experience brought uniformity into tire building.

And Miller creative ability introduced Uniflex Cord construction, out of which grew the modern Balloon Tire and the Heavy Duty Cord.

That is why Millers are standard equipment on America's finest cars. That is why the Miller Geared-to-the-Road Tire is known everywhere, and sold everywhere.

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Albany	Charlotte	Grand Rapids	Minneapolis	Pittsburgh
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Boston	Columbus	Kansas City	Oklahoma City	St. Louis
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Distributors in principal cities throughout the world. Dealers wherever there are automobiles

To Tire Merchants:

The advantages of the Miller Franchise are conclusive—a well-known name; a product that leads the quality field; an acceptance by car manufacturers and car owners alike.

Miller is original equipment on **Auburn, Diana, Ford, Jewett, Lincoln, Moon, Paige, Pierce-Arrow, Stearns-Knight, Studebaker, Velie.**

Every year increases the worth of the Miller Franchise. Get in now on eighteen years' accumulated value. Write or wire the nearest branch office.

© The Miller Rubber Co.

(Continued from Page 118)

stumbled on to the secret which so many have failed to find—how to make a race horse that don't want to run do his stuff."

"I'll say I have," I ansers, "I can make him run all right. I just wisht it was as easy to stop him after he gets started."

"What did you do to him, Willie?" he asts.

"That's my secret, Mr. Robbins," I repplies.

"Well, see you keep it a secret then," he says, "because if what you say is true and it can be kept quiet, there isn't any reason why certain parties shouldn't be able to hang a whole lot of gloom on the bookmaking flaternity in these parts. Of course," he says, "1 swallow don't make a hangover, and this sudden burst of energy of Johnny's may be only a flash in the can. So just you forget all about it for at pressent, and I will go and have a little convesation with my freind Jim Fallis, and then we will see what we will see, as the Italians put it."

And I geuss him and Fallis must of talked a heap because this A.M., or more like the middle of last night it felt like, I am rowsed out of my warm bed and told to put on my cloths and come out. And there in the dark, where you couldn't hardly see a ham in front of you, as the saying is, they make me get on this Johnny horse, and after I have warmed him up a bit I do the same to him like I done the other afternoon and he works four and a ½ furlong for me so fast the wind dam near cuts a hole through me.

"How fast did he do it," I says when I get back to where Fallis and Mr. R. are waiting.

"You go back to your bed, Willie, and never mind how fast he works," Mr. Robbins tells me. "I don't mind saying, though, that you are not such a rotten juge of pace after all. How much did he have left when you finished, Willie?"

"I had him in my lap the whole trip," I repplies.

"Do you mean that?" Fallis says. "We couldn't hardly see you at all and we want to know how much horse he is "

"Sure I mean it," I ansers, "if I don't have double wraps on him all the way I hope I may never win a Dearby."

"Well, if that is the case," Fallis says, "you better try and forget all about this little party, and if everybody keeps their trap closed we will be able to do ourself a hole heap of good before long."

So I promise I will keep mum, and Fallis and Mr. R. take Johnny back to the barn and I return to my bed. And I think that is where I will go now, because if I am not mistook I think I am libel to be haveing some more of those early morning parties ere before long, darn it, so I will need what little sleep I can get in the meantime.

HAWTHORNE RACE TRACK.

I AM beginning to feel like I am a night watchman, I been up in the earley dawn so often these last few days. We been working Johnny Maguire under strictly cover every 2nd. A.M. and if there was ever a horse begging to be raced it is him. He is fair deceased with speed, as the saying goes, and when I set him down next Saturday the public is going to think that Sarazen is twins and 1 of them running at this track. I sure wish that it was over with because I am ascared all the time that somebody will get wise to it and spoil the coop we got planned. If we can only keep it secret he should ought to be 40 to 1 in the books and I am planning to lay in every dime I can scrap together and make a clean-up which will give me plenty of jack. I only wish I could find some way to get some real money to bet on him, but what with the way dough seems to fly in this town I geuss I will be lucky if I have as much as 15 or 20 bucks to wagger. Fallis and Mr. Robbins will get the big money and while they will no doubth cut me in on their winnings, I know that Mr. R. will probly not give me hardly any for myself but send it all home to my maw like he always does any time there is a hundred or so comeing to me. He acts like I am still a little boy and not fit to be trusted with more than $5 at a time.

I got a awful fright today because there was a message come for me saying that Shults the bookmaker wants to see me. So on account it is Sunday I have a little spare time and go downtown; and when I get to his office almost the 1st. thing Shults says to me is, "Well, what day are you shooting with your good thing?" and for a minute I thought he had got wise about Johnny Maguire.

But I let on like I am innocent and say, "Why what good thing are you refereeing to, Mr. Shults?"

And he says, "Don't try and hand me notheing because I know you folks got that Shimmy Shaker horse cherry ripe and I want to know what day you are shooting with her."

So I say, "I geuss you know more about it than me, Mr. Shults, because all I know is she has been working pretty fair this past week."

"I'll say I know more than you do," he repplies. "I know that she is ready for a win and I know that Tom Robbins and his gang are planning to bet her all over the country as well as at the track, and I also know that next Saturday is the day set for the killing."

"If you know all that," I ansers, "which maybe it is right, for all I know, what are you talking to me for then? All you got to do, if you are afraid of Shimmy Shaker, is just to make her a short price in your book and then if she wins she won't hurt you none."

"I can't make no profit doing that," he repplies. "The way I am built it hurts me to see money begging to be took and me afraid to take it. What I would like to do is lay a nice liberal price to this Shimmy Shaker and take in plenty of dough on her."

"That's all right with me then," I says, "go ahead and do so."

"But I don't want to do that without some ashurance that I'm not going to get stung," he says.

"What do you mean not get stung?" I asts. "If you take in too much dough on the mare and she gets down in front you're bound to lose if I know anything."

"But she mustn't get down in front," he repplies.

"Well, the way she works lately it's going to be some job to stop her," I ansers.

"Well that's your job," he says.

"What's my job?" I asts.

"To stop her," he repplies.

"Do you mean to say you are asting me to pull this mare?" I says indignant.

"Oh, I wouldn't put it just that way, Jockey Painter," he says. "Pulling is a nasty-sounding word, and a jock of your experients knows that there are plenty of other ways of making a horse lose besides pulling its head off. You could ride wide on the turns, for instants, or get into a jam or a dozen other things and still do the trick."

"Any time I am out there I am trying with all the skill I got to win," I says.

"I don't doubth it," he says, "and you are traveling on your dogs when people with some brains is rideing on rubber tires. Are you going to be a sap all your life, my boy, or are you ever going to get wise to yourself?"

All the time he has been talking I am getting more and more indignanter till it is all I can do to keep myself from calling him a robber or maybe giveing him a bust on the beezer. But I keep my temper under restraint, because when all is said and did there isn't any harm in just listening to a guy like that, even if you got no intentions of falling for his talk. So I act like I am sort of considering the matter, and say, "Well, supposing now I was to say I would look after this mare for you, how much would it be worth to me."

"Now you are beginning to talk like you are grown-up," Shults says. "I thought you had too much brains to keep on with that Sunday-school hoke. If you see that Shimmy Shaker don't win next Saturday I will make you a little present of half a grand "

"Five hundred bucks," I says. "That don't seem so awful much for turning crooked."

"Well, five hundred anyways," he says, "and if I get a big play on the mare, maybe I will make it a hole lot more, because I always look out for those that do me flavors. But at least five hundred, we will say, and maybe double."

"Is the five hundred payable in advance?" I asts.

Shults gives me a funny sort of a look when I say that. "You're not so much of a rube as you try to make out," he says. "Do you imadgine I would pay in advance and never know am I going to get anything for my money?"

"Do you imadgine I would do a job in advance and never know am I going to get the jack?" I ansers.

So we have considerable of a argument till he agrease he will pay two hundred on Friday night, and the other three hundred or more he will slip me later on provideing Shimmy Shaker does not cop. So with that I left him thinking I am going to consider the matter and give him my desision later in the week; only of course I do not have to consider it for a minute because I am on the levvel and intend to remain so, and the only reason I even listened to his talk was because I think it is a good thing for a boy to know all about the temptations of the world so he will know what to devoid in the future and all like that.

But it would sure be swell if I could only get hold of that 2 hundred bucks someway because I would put it all on Johnny Maguire to win. But I geuss it ain't possible because I am not going to make a crook of myself and pull Shimmy Shaker, although I think Shults is all wet when he imadgines it is her that the boss and his freinds are planning to clean up with. More than likely he has got wind of what they are planning with Johnny Maguire only he thinks it is the mare that they are going to bet on instead of Homeless Johnny.

HAWTHORNE RACE TRACK.

WELL things is developing fast and furious lately and tomorrow promises to be a big day for Willie Painter provideing there ain't no slip and everything goes right. This A.M. we give Johnny Maguire his finable work only today we do it in broad daylight so that all the clockers and sharpshooters can have a look. And before the work Fallis says to me, "Don't let this horse show anything today, understand?"

So I says, "I will make him look like he should be attached to a plow."

And when we go on to the track Johnny acts like he has done all his life and won't run a lick, althought it looks like I am working on him for all he is worth. So after the morning works is over and everything cleaned up, Fallis and the boss take me into a empty stall where nobody can't hear.

"Now, Willie," Mr. Robbins says, "the time has came when you got to tell all you know about this Johnny horse. Has he turned sulky again or do you know how to make him show his speed."

"I could of worked him a mile in less than 40 if I had wanted to," I repplied. "He is as full of run as a fire plug only you got to know how to turn on the juice."

"Well, how do you go about it then?" Fallis asts. "You got to come through cleen, kid, because a hole lot of money depends on everything being just right. What is the secret?"

"Well," I says, "what I found out is that this Johnny is the most pigheadedest horse that ever was and so long as he thinks you want him to run he won't run a lick no matter if you beat him to a frizzle. But just let him think you are trying to hold him, and that the last thing you want him to show is speed, and he will run his fool head off just to spite you. So when I want Mister Johnny to do his stuff I pull his head back in my lap and keep on hollering at

(Continued on Page 125)

health wins again!

Straight to the Green!

EVEN-UP at the seventeenth green! The hushed gallery wondered if Billy Vincent, after his magnificent uphill fight, could win the "tricky eighteenth." Then wonder gave way to awe as his ball soared straight to the green, 300 yards beyond. A masterful shot, which unnerved his seasoned opponent and gave Billy the match and championship!

As is invariably the case in all of life's battles, Billy's victory was the fruit of clean living and rugged health. In the professions, in sports, in business and in the home, victory goes to those mentally and physically fit.

You, too, can become fit and keep fit by proper eating and healthful living. By all means, include in your diet plenty of pure, fresh, bottled milk, for fresh, rich milk is the greatest health food in the world. Authorities say drink bottled milk at mealtime and between meals, too. Milk bottled by your dairyman, in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles, is your guarantee of full measure, always. Look for the trade-mark on every bottle.

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Always use bottled milk in cooking. Fresh, rich bottled milk imparts to foods that savory, healthful richness all good cooks demand.

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A Bottle of Milk is a Bottle of Health

Richard H. Smythe, New York architect, has ingeniously carried out a note of identity in over 200 of Thom McAn's smart shoe shops. Step into any of these stores and you step on a floor of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum—green Jaspé, and a black and cream block pattern (No. 411) separated by plain black linoleum

You can't buy a pair of shoes *without looking at the floor*

That's why Thom McAn has installed floors of Armstrong's Linoleum in over 200 of his smart shoe shops

Above, Armstrong's Inset Tile Inlaid, No. T46

Left, Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaid, No. 6068

THOM McAN makes a good pair of shoes and offers them to the public in over 200 stores.

Men and women by the thousands pause to look at his windows and to peer in through the glass fronts of his stores. When they enter, they track in the dirt, the mud, and the litter that only the streets of a busy city supply.

So McAn has a threefold floor problem: First, to make the "window shopper" really want to step inside. Secondly, to keep his floors in a "come in" attitude, year in and year out. And thirdly, he must have a floor that will do its part in showing merchandise to the best advantage.

After all, aren't the floor problems of this well-known group of stores very much like your own?

You want your floors to be permanent. The floors of Armstrong's Linoleum cemented in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt are literally good "for a lifetime."

You want your floors to be good-looking. In Armstrong's Linoleum floors you can have, in addition to plain colorings, an interesting selection of beautiful patterns appropriate for modern business use. Laid with a harmonious border, these floors are particularly attractive.

And, further, they offer advantages to be found only in linoleum. They are quiet; they muffle noises. In a retail establishment this makes shopping far more pleasant; in a business office it actually results in increased efficiency. They are comfortable to stand on; and this benefits clerk and customer alike. And they are the easiest and cheapest of all floors to clean!

A telephone call to your local linoleum merchant will bring samples of Armstrong's Linoleum and an estimate on Armstrong Floors for your establishment.

FREE—a book on the care of floors

"Enduring Floors of Good Taste" tells how a modern linoleum floor should be laid and cared for, shows color reproductions of patterns appropriate for business use, and photographs of floors of Armstrong's Linoleum in business establishments.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 825 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

PLAIN ~ INLAID ❀ JASPÉ ~ PRINTED

(Continued from Page 123

him to stop; and as long as I do that he runs, and the minute I ease him off he stops."

"So that is what ails him," Mr. Robbins says, "and to think of all the wise horsemen that have burned up their kale on this horse and never found it out. Well, Willie, either you are lucky or else I have been wronging you in my estimates of your intelligents. In either case Johnny is yours tomorrow and you see that you keep a good stiff pull on him the hole journey and not ease him off none, because we don't care how far you win by, seeing that we will have probly all the money there is in the world anyways."

"If nobody don't throw a scantling on the track and trip us," I says, "we will win by ourself, because there ain't notheing around this track fast enough to even be close."

"And mind out you don't blab none, Willie," Fallis says. "Even the water buckets got ears around a race track, and if the word ever gets round it will shoot the prices all to aitch."

"I'm not saying notheing to nobody," I ansers. "So far as Johnny is concerned I don't even know he is entered till I read the papers tonight."

"Well, don't talk none in your sleep either," the boss says.

"I won't," I promises. "What about Shimmy Shaker? Are you going to start her tomorrow too?"

"Oh," the boss says, "I forgot to tell you. She goes in the same heat with Johnny."

"In the same heat," I says, "surely you don't mean that."

"Sure, I mean it," the boss repplies. "There has been considerable gossip around that I am planning to make a killing with the mare, so I thought it mightn't be a bad idea to let her go in the same race with our friend Johnny and sort of help to detrack any attention from him. I will probly go into the ring and bet a few dollars publicly on Shimmy Shaker and at the same time certain parties will be laying in the real dough where it will do the most good."

"That sounds reasonable," I repplies, "every clocker on the track has been tabbing Shimmy Shaker as being ready. But who will ride her, seeing I can't ride 2 at once?"

"Oh, we will pick up a good boy tomorrow morning," the boss ansers. "It don't matter much who it is, because I am going to tell him to go out and try and win with her, knowing she will be lucky if she is at the 16th pole by the time you are booting home the winner."

So when I leave them I begin to think things over careful and it seems to me that here is a gilt-aged opportunity to do something for myself and at the same time stay on the strickly levvel. So I send a message to this Shults to meet me this evening; and when I see him I say to him, "Well, I have thought it over and decided to throw in with you."

"You mean you will run Shimmy Shaker in the can?" he says.

"I won't go so far as say I will run her in the can," I says, "because she is a good mare and if she was to run too rotten a race those dam steweds would maybe set the boy that had her down for life. But I will gurantee you she won't win."

"You mean that," Shults says.

"I sure do," I repplies.

"Positive?" he says.

"If she wins I hope I may never become the world's most champion jockey," I repplies.

"All right, kid," Shults says. "I think you are a honest little boy and would not do notheing crooked on them that trust you. So I am going to take your word for it and trust you, and anybody wanting a nice liberal price on Shimmy Shaker tomorrow, why I will try and accomodate them. Only, don't make the finnish too close and have her too near the front, because I got a weak heart and would preffer to see her trailing the bunch. Anyways, look after her for me, Willie, and see me after it is over and I will slip you something nice."

"You'll slip me right now or the deal is off," I ansers indignant. "Do you think I am some igorant punk or something to go and rist my repitation and future and not get notheing from you but promises. Come acrost, Mr. Shults, and do it quick, or else the bargain don't go."

So after a lot of argueing and whineing he hands me two hundred bucks and the ballance I am to get after it is all over. Only I am not worrying about the ballance, because the whole two hundred bucks is going to be bet on Johnny Maguire's nose, and by the time I have collected from that, a little matter of three hundred berries or so will seem a mere bagohell, as they say. And I do not think there is anything crooked about takeing the money, because the mare will not win anyways, and that is all I guranteed, not saying I was going to ride her myself. And anyways this Shults is a crook, trying to brib honest boys; and the way I figure it is not no sin to double-crost a crook.

And I have to laugh when I think of what Shults says when I am leaving. He says, "If you put anything over on me and let that mare win after taking my two hundred, I will spend 30 more to make a job of it—20 for a gunman to send you for a ride and 10 for a wreath to put on your coffin." The way folks talk about gunmen and merders around here you would think it was notheing; and my real belief is that it is all boloney, and the only crooks and stick-ups they got are in the movies. Or maybe it is because I look like I am pretty hard-boil myself; anyways I have travelled this old town earley in the A.M. and late at night, and the nearest I have came to being stuck up was when the swell looker which cashiers in the 1-arm lunch short-changes me for 30 cents.

HAWTHORNE RACE TRACK.

WELL everything come off just lovely and I got more money in my kick than I ever expected to have at 1 time. Every time I count it I think I hear somebody comeing and have to stuff it away; but I know it is over five thousand bucks and maybe nearer six. And nobody knows I got anything like that much because I had sense enough to not give the two hundred to anybody to bet for me in a lump, but spread it around ten bucks at a time.

And all the ginnies kidding me so much made it easy for me to do. Like Absolom that swipes for us tries to hand me the razz this A.M. saying, "Well, Willie, so the boss has released you from rideing the mare so you can have the mount on your speed marvel. How far do you expect to win by?" and then giveing 1 of them silly laughs. So I let on like I am sore and say that I got a good chance to cop, and when he kids me some more I say, "Well, to show you what confidents I got in my rideing, here's ten bucks which I want you to bet on Johnny Maguire to win." And of course he just laughs some more and says he would like to hold that bet hisself; but he doesn't laugh any when he comes in and hands me $410, a little while ago; and I give him the ten bucks for hisself and say, "There, Absolom, go and buy yourself something with the compliments of a real jockey," and all he can do is look at me like I am a ghost or something and say, "Yes-suh, Jockey Painter, yes-suh, much oblige."

And I done the same thing with a hole lot of the boys so that each 1 of them knows I win something but none of them knows I win all I did. And by the time they do know, it will be all sunk in some good bank where nobody can't get it but myself, because I am going to be real carefull from now on.

There isn't much to say about the race as it was about the softest I ever rode. It is a mile and a ¼ race and the 1st time we passed the stand we are running last and loosing ground at every jump and Johnny Maguire don't look no more like a winner than I look like Mary Pickford. But going into the turn to the back stretch I take a extra wrap of the reins around my rists and pull back on the bit like I am trying to saw his head off. "Whoa, you old fool you," I say, "where do you think you are going."

And when I do that Johnny cocks back 1 ear like he always does, and so I give him another yank which would make any other horse I ever rode stop dead. And when he feels that, the old fool thinks I really do want him to stop, so he starts in to run. And when he starts to travel I take a look up the back stretch and it seems to me like all the other horses in front have pulled up, we start to overtake them so fast. And by the time we are at the ½ mile post we are starting to run over the back 1's and before we are well into the stretch we have caught the front runners; and for the rest of the trip all I have to do is set there with my head over my shoulder laugheing at all the boys eating our dust. Shimmy Shaker runs 2nd. and the thing Moon is on, I don't know its name, 3rd. And it is all such a supprise to the crowd that when I ride back to weigh in, you would thought it was a church instead of a race track there is so much silents.

And of course the juges have to call me up in the stand and they question me and look me over to see am I carrying a battery or something, and keep me there about ten minutes before they will hang out the OFFICIAL sign. Finably 1 old juge says to me, "Boy, that horse ran as he never was known to run before, and we would like to know how you account for such a reverse-full of form." And I thought for a minute and then I says, "Well, Juge, the only way I can account for it is that this is the 1st. time he has been rode by a real rider."

And with that they all start to snicker and this old juge gets kind of red around the neck and pretty soon they let me go, as there is no evidents I have did anything wrong. And when I come down out of the stand I see Mr. Robbins on the track holding Shimmy Shaker but Fallis isn't anywheres around; so I give the boss the wink and walk back to the jockey house like notheing unusuable has happened. So when I see Fallis at the stables I ast him where he was all the time, and he says, "When I see how far you were winning by, Willie, I come here to the feed room and try to look as much like a bale of hay as I can, because I think every minute that those juges are going to send for me and put me through the catacism."

So I say, "Why, juges are not notheing to be ascared of." And Fallis repplies, "Neither is a electric chair but still I don't beleave in fooling around with either of them."

So then him and Mr. Robbins goes off and I bet they are haveing a big celebration tonight. But I am not celebrating none, because I am going to stay right here with my welth till Monday morning and I have got a big pitchfork beside me, and if anybody even sticks their head inside the tack-room door that I don't know, I will make them look like a pin cushon.

And Monday morning I am going to start me a bank account and only hold out a few hundred dollars to buy me some new cloths and a ring and a stick pin and a few needcessities like that. And I must go around and see Shults, too, not that I expeck he will give me the ballance of what is comeing to me, but more to make it look right because he will be looking for me probly.

HAWTHORNE RACE TRACK.

WELL this is a aitch of a world and this is a aitch of a city and all that they ever wrote about Chicago being tough is true and more besides. What is the use of a boy trying to be honest and industriess and working hard and striveing to save money and all like that, when they allow folks to do what these crooks done to me. Now after all my efforts I have not got no more bank account than a snake has feathers; and all I have got is a bump on the back of my dome and a puzzled feeling in my brain as to what come off.

The mistake I made, I geuss, was in not going right to the bank the very 1st. thing

Sauerkraut Leads Among Popular Foods

PEOPLE are fast accepting Sauerkraut as one of their favorite dishes. Its health giving properties, its wholesomeness, its appetite-whetting qualities, its economical appeal are finding high favor not only in thousands of homes, but in hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, hospitals, sanitariums—wherever proper food is served.

Four years ago few knew its richness in lactic ferments, vitamines and mineral salts. But merit always wins, and today it disputes first place among the popular foods. The proof? Here it is, and *disinterested* proof, which we are privileged to present.

The publishers of "Hotel Management" recently sent out 7,841 letters to managers, stewards and chef-stewards of hotels all over the United States. Among the questions was, "What is the best seller in food? This includes food combinations."

Number one among nearly 4,000 replies was "Mixed grill dishes."

But number *two* was "Sauerkraut Combinations—Spareribs and Kraut—Boiled Ham and Kraut—Pigs' Hocks and Kraut—Cold Meats with Kraut—Miscellaneous, including Salads."

To restaurants outside of hotels, 6,201 identical letters were sent and the replies showed Sauerkraut *Number One as the best seller.*

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15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

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This New-Type Lather softens your beard at the base—*scientifically*

—brings comfort you've never known before

"The small bubbles go down deep"

A new shaving experience awaits you—an experience such as you have never known before.

It is a complete new shaving method—developed by Colgate chemists to meet today's need for a scientific softener of the beard.

It is really shaving cream in concentrated form—a super water-absorbent that soaks the beard soft with moisture at the base, right where the razor work is done.

And remember, water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

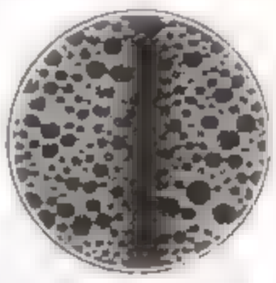
In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows. This gives two distinct advantages: (1) They hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with the beard. (2) They penetrate right to the base of the hair.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the film of oil that covers each hair in the beard.

Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair. Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened down at the base, where the razor does its work.

In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where the cutting takes place. "Razor-pull" is entirely banished.

In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—lets it glide across your face without catching, dragging or jumping. And it leaves your skin clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.



ORDINARY LATHER

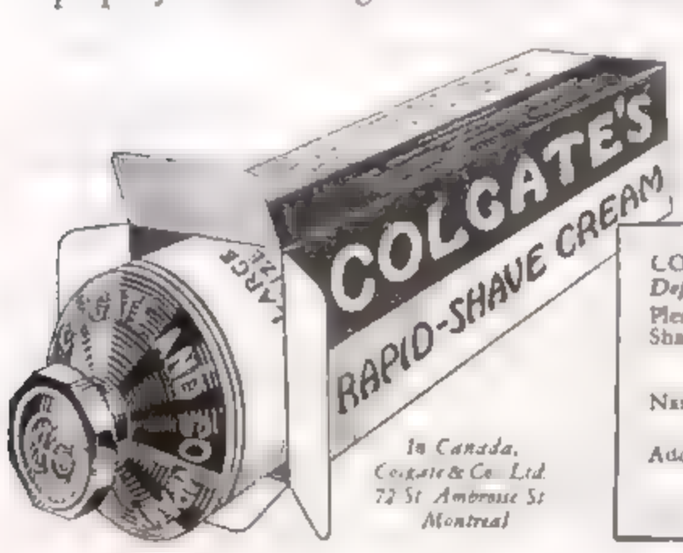
Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. The large dark spots are air—the white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

Here is a shaving experience such as you have never enjoyed before.

Clip and mail the coupon printed below—just to learn what Colgate's offers. Compare it with any other shaving method you have ever used and note the remarkable improvement it brings. Once you try Colgate's, you'll never be satisfied with any other method.



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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

this morning; but I have got so kind of use to carrying all that dough around all day Sunday that I think I will go down and see Shults 1st. and if I can shake him down for a little more, why it will make my bank depposit just that much bigger.

And when I get into Shultses office he looks at me very sour. "Well, you little double-croster," he says, "you sure got your nerve comeing here, what do you want."

"I come for the money you owe me," I repplies. "Didn't the mare loose just like I told you she would."

"Yes," he says, "she loose; but at the same time you win on that Maguire thing and hit the books the biggest bump they have had in a long time."

"Why," I says, "surely you did not take in much dough on Johnny."

"We didn't need to take in much," he ansers, "laying 40 and 50 to 1 on him, it didn't need much to make a hole in the profits. Besides, there was more bet on that Maguire horse than I like to think about it. Whoever was the engineer of the deal sure knew his onions, because they layed it into us ten or twenty at a time and with us thinking he was notheing but a stiff, we didn't keep no track of it, thinking it was already in the box. And when we come to pay off, every book at the track found hisself a looser and a big looser too; and that dam Fallis and that boss of yours are around town bathing in wine and saying how they put 1 over on us."

"Well," I says, "all I told you was that Shimmy Shaker would not cop, so I think you owe me three hundred and if you do not pay me, why I think you are a dirty crook."

And with that he somehow starts to get sore, and 1 word leads to another word, until finably he calls me a igorant little whelp. So that gets me mad, and I say, "Yes, maybe I am igorant, but I had sense enough to lay in your two hundred bucks on Johnny Maguire and if you don't want to pay me what is coming to me I should ought to worry, because I got plenty."

So then Shults sort of clams down. "Do you mean to tell me you had two hundred rideing on that thing?" he says.

"I sure do," I repplies.

"I don't beleave you," he says.

"Then maybe you'll beleave this," I says and reaches into my pockets and pulls out my dough.

So then he gets kind of solem. "That's a hole lot of money for a little lad like you to be carrying," he says, "what are you going to do with it?"

"I'm going to start me a bank account."

"What bank," he says, "1 of these downtown here?"

"No," I says, "there is a bank not far from the track and I am going to patternize it because I like for to have my jack near me."

"What way are you going there," he says, "if you go on the trolley somebody might roll you."

"I geuss I can afford a taxi," I says.

"Those taxi drivers are all tough," he repplies. "Now I maybe said some harsh things to you, Willie, but I have liked you a lot since ever I met you. So I am going to call up a freind of mine and ast him to take you safe to that bank in his car. And just to show that I am on the levvel with you, here is the three hundred bucks which was comeing to you, because you are a smart boy and bound to go a long ways, and I want to always be your good freind like I am now."

And with that he telephones and after a while a man comes in which I did not like his looks very much but Shults intraduces him as 1 of his best pals.

"Listen, Steve," Shults says to him, "Jockey Painter is carrying a big bunch of money on him—real important dough, you understand, five or six grand. Understand me, Steve?"

"Sure, I git you," this Steve says.

"And being a careful young man, Steve, Jockey Painter is going to put this important dough in the bank out in Cicero. Now, what I want you to do is take Jockey Painter in your car out there, and guard him all the way good, Steve, because it would be a terrible thing if some of those alley gangs were to get to him and take this dough off him. Get me, Steve?"

"Sure, I get you," Steve repplies again, and I say, "Well, with the 2 of us guarding it, we should be all right because Steve here looks like he could handle hisself pretty good, and I am not so poor in a scrape myself."

So with that I say "Good-by" to Shults and go out and get in this Steve's big car. And he drives me all the way out here to Cicero, pointing out to me all along the way places where bandits hang out and places where merders have been did until I begin to feel sort of nervous. So when we get pretty close to where the bank is locate it, Steve suddenly says, "There are 4 of the biggest crooks in the State standing on that corner, I beleave they must be waiting for you."

So I say what will we do. And Steve says, "Let's get out of the car, and take a short cut through this alley, which will bring us out right beside the bank you want to go to."

So with that we get out, and I go down the alley 1st. with Steve right behind me, and it is a nasty-looking kind of a alley and I wish we hadn't came; and when we are about ½ way through, all of a sudden my cap is pulled down over my eyes and I feel a terrible bump on the back of my knob. And that is all I rember until I wake up laying in a puddle in this alley and a Wop lady lookeing at me and saying, "For shame, a young boy like you getting drunk so earley in the day."

And when I go through my cloths I find they haven't left me even carfare so I have to walk all the way to the track; and when I get there I can't tell nobody about my trouble on account if I do all my dealings with Shults will come out; which while they were on the levvel so far as I am conserned, maybe they would not sound like it to other folks who mite think I was trying something crooked.

And when I call Shults up on the telephone and try to tell him what has happened he says that he don't know Jockey Painter personabel and don't want to, and the only time he has saw him is rideing at the track.

So that makes me kind of think that this Shults must know something about the crooks which slugged me, althought you would hardly think a welthey gent like him would be in with stick-ups, and anyways how could he get word to them about me haveing all that jack, unless that Steve was a crook too. Still it looks kind of queer to me, but never mind I will get even with them some day if it takes me all the rest of my life; only when I do get even I will not start to give them the razz till the jack is safe in the bank. But I will sure have my revendge some day; I almost think I would consider doing something not quite strait to do it, althought otherwise of course I will stick on the levvel like I always have up to now.

But even worse than I would like to get even with Shults, if it was him done it, I would like to get square with the big bull I reported the robbery to. "Listen, officer," I says to him, "I been stuck up and robbed down that alley."

"Well," this policeman says, lookeing me over, "they didn't cut you up none that I can see."

"But listen, officer," I says again, "I tell you I been robbed of a lot of dough."

"Well," this bull says, swinging his club and leaning up against a corner, "well, what do you want me to do—kiss you?"

So from now on I will stick to the strait and honest path and not go into no crooked deals with nobody, and not go into no Cicero alleys for any reason. And so long as I am in this town or anywheres near it, four bits is going to be the limmit of all I will ever carry in my pocket at 1 time. That is, provideing I ever manage to get as much as 4 bits at 1 time again.

THE *TOKEN* PACKAGE
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FOR THE "WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE", THERE CAN BE BUT ONE GIFT OF CANDY WHICH SUBTLY PAYS TRIBUTE TO HER SENSE OF THE SOCIALLY CORRECT: HUYLER'S—FOR THREE GENERATIONS THE MOST EXQUISITE OF CHOCOLATES AND BONBONS FOR *LA FEMME DU BON TON.*

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THE GIFT CANDY OF AMERICA

Parents who count household costs will be interested in these "Better shoes for less money" for boys and girls

"A word about outsoles: The leather outsoles you find on Endicott-Johnson shoes for boys and girls are all 'bend' leather—the very best part of the highest grade hides we can find. They wear. Don't ever buy shoes without inquiring about the quality of the outsole."—GEORGE F. JOHNSON, President, Endicott-Johnson Corporation.

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PRICE $5

Look for the Endicott-Johnson trade-mark on the sole

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

Better shoes for less money

DEFENDERS OF THE BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 21)

"Yep," said the milker. S-s-s-s-sh! S-s-s-s-sh! went the milk against the cup's side.

One or two of the first-squad gunners had already been served and were stirring up their canned coffee in the warm contents of their aluminum cups.

"Um-m-m!" said they. The milker continued to milk, and a man whose cup had just been filled stepped away, while another took his place.

"Gonna have enough to go around?" asked Umpire with an attempt at a grin. He leaned familiarly on the cow and patted her round flanks.

"Gwan! Lean off that cow!" said the milker harshly. "You're makin' her nervous."

"Pony," said the corporal of the second section desperately, "how's chances on a cup o' milk?"

Corporal Pony Moore was silent. He himself had already been served and he gazed meditatively at the contents of his cup.

"I don't think I ought to give you any," he said, "out of justice to my men. My first thought must be for them. This here lady bull is liable to run dry, you see, and then what would my section do for breakfast?"

"Listen, Pony!" cried the other corporal. "I got you an' your whole squad drunk many a time, an' now you won't even give us a cup of milk!"

"I'd give you a cup," said Pony calmly, "but all your gang of gold bricks want some too. You'd think this was a bread line! Well, it isn't! We're at the front and every man for himself. The fields are full of cows. The refugees just went off and left 'em loose. Go find one for yourself!"

"An' you ain't gonna give us no milk?" demanded Umpire.

"If I were you," said Pony, taking a long draught of coffee, "I wouldn't leave my gun unguarded so long. There may be—there may be—boches around."

The corporal of the second squad gasped for words.

The lieutenant, in his improvised observation post on the balcony of a building in the corner of the square, looked abroad over the city. The shadow of Hill 210 lay upon the houses, but their roofs still glowed in the setting sun. A vast city, dead; as solemnly awful as a human body from which the soul had departed, for the inhabitants are to a city what the soul is to a body.

The sergeant on the roof was watching the white ribbon of road that wound out of town under the poplars, and down which any attacking force from the upriver towns must come.

The lieutenant below on the balcony could see in one direction a little bit of field and the placid river. The view in the other—that is, to the west—was cut off by houses and a church steeple, but he had a fine view of the square, the mouth of two main highways and the street going into the upper town.

Out of that street came suddenly a man, lithe, active, walking quickly on his toes like a hunter; and, like a hunter, he carried a rifle ready for action. The lieutenant ducked and brought his field glass to bear on this man. The lenses brought things closer, and the officer could see what had been impossible with the naked eye—a thin line of men edging along in the shadow of the houses.

They were boche scouts. The lithe man crossed the street, looked up and down it, and then beckoned. The thin line moved forward, crossing the opening one by one.

The officer on the balcony flattened himself against the white wall, where he could be plainly seen by the second section. He thrust his fist energetically to the right—that is, toward the enemy—in a signal that means "Action!" in any branch of the service. The officer then swung about and turned his glasses on the street to watch for the effect of the first bursts. It might be necessary to correct the fire.

No sound from the gun! What was the matter? The other end of that street was on the river bank, and those Germans made a target against the sky that a blind man could hit. Again the lieutenant gave the signal. Silence! He looked at the house that sheltered the gun through his glasses, but could see nothing save the open door and the little window that lighted the hall where the watcher was supposed to be receiving his signals.

The lieutenant turned his glasses on the Germans a third time. A man passed before the lenses, another, and the street was empty. The scouts had crossed over, disappeared among the houses, and were now between the Americans and the river. How about the French? Were there any there? Be that as it might, there was a gun here that was not working and this required attention. The lieutenant left the balcony and took the stairs in one leap. On the ground floor the door opened directly opposite the street where the first section had their gun, and, coming out of this door, the first thing the lieutenant saw was a dark group of men in the street. He ran in that direction, and as he came nearer saw that it was a cow that occupied their attention.

"There may be—there may be—boches around," said Pony Moore. At this instant the officer seized the corporal of the second squad by the arm.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted.

"Sir," replied the corporal, "this here robber won't give us no milk."

"Milk? I'll milk you! What do you think this is—a picnic? Do you know that all the boches between here and Berlin walked across the street in front of your gun muzzle just now? Milk! You're under arrest, all of you! Posts! I'll skin your sleeve, boy, and don't you forget it! Posts! and *priesa* if you don't want a shove with a .45 slug! The boches are on our necks!"

"Boches!" The two sections scattered, and while the lieutenant still sought for adequate words, the street was empty, the first squad pounding up the stairs to their gun in the garret and the second squad clattering through the courtyard to theirs in the hall of the corner house. The lieutenant was inclined to follow them, but a second thought decided him to stay where he was. There was no time for recriminations now. The Germans were in the town and the situation must be considered.

The French had at this time no cavalry that, forming a rear guard to the retreat, could have maintained contact with the enemy and observed the direction of his advance. The densely wooded country north of the river prevented airplane reconnaissance. The French did not know whence the thrust would come, from the upriver towns or from the north. Either direction was practical. One thing only was clear—that the enemy would make every attempt to seize the bridge across the river that had been left intact to allow the retreat to cross to the south bank. To cover this bridge, a force had been sent into the north quarter of the city and disposed, following the necessities of the ground, in a rough triangle. The two machine guns were at the apex and the sides were formed by French infantry.

"That," muttered the lieutenant to himself, "was the plan. And if the French followed their part of it, that boche patrol is going to run into some resistance mighty quick."

There was a sudden clamor of dogs barking. Men appeared at the corner of the square where the second squad had their gun, and these men alternately kicked at the dogs to make them stop barking and waved their arms in the lieutenant's direction. A stout and a thin figure that the lieutenant recognized as belonging to Umpire and Hoop detached themselves from the agitated men and dashed toward him. He met them midway.

"We seen the boches!" they panted. "We went up to the roof to look around an' we seen 'em!"

"They show up a mile away against them white roads," continued Umpire. "They was goin' up that big road that goes up the hill there."

"Were there many of them?" demanded the officer.

"No, I guess not. They kinda snuck along under the trees. They was goin' outta town."

"That must have been the same patrol," said the officer quickly—"the one that I saw. They made a circuit and went out again. The French must have left them alone so that they'd report the town unoccupied, and then when the main body came in we could ambush them. You hop down the street to the first squad, tell 'em to pull that gun out of the attic and stand by with it in the street. You"—to Umpire—"there's a French P. C. at the head of the bridge. Go down and tell 'em that we've seen the boches and where they went. There's an interpreter there, a gimmick with a khaki uniform and a sphinx on his collar. Tell him the story."

Hoop departed one way and Umpire the other. In a minute or two the first squad arrived with their ammunition and gun, and the officer found them a place in an alley mouth, where they could not only cover the square but had a nice fire lane behind them in case of attack from the east. Now let the boches come on!

The second squad, lying down around their gun, waited tensely for the German attack that they felt was impending. When hobnails clattered up the street behind them, and a man flung himself down panting, the squad nearly jumped out of their skins and every man there felt his hair rise.

"Fellers," panted the newcomer, "whaddyuh think I found?" He gasped for breath, for his running had exhausted him.

"Spit it out, Umpire," ordered the corporal. "What yuh found?"

"A caffy! The door is—huh-huh—blown in by a shell. It smells like a barrack the morning after—huh—pay night. Oh, man, I'm outta wind! Huh-huh. Full o' broken glass, the place is. I bet there's lots there that ain't broke!"

The squad scrambled to its feet. "Where's this place at?" they demanded.

"Now everyone hold his horses!" barked the corporal. "This here is a war. I ain't gonna have no bunch o' drunks fallin' all over each other when I need 'em to shoot this gun. Everyone stay right here! I don't crave to get my arm skun just to please a bunch o' gold bricks like you!"

There was a long period of sad, thirsty silence.

"It's gonna be colder'n hell here before the night's over," said someone. "One bottle o' coneyac wouldn't hurt us."

"It'd just keep the chill out of a man's bones," observed another.

The corporal coughed as if his throat was dry. The German attack did not seem to be materializing, while the night was rapidly becoming very cold. It felt as though it might freeze before morning. And one bottle wasn't much.

"Umpire," said the corporal, "go down an' bring us up one bottle o' coneyac. Just one! Hoop, you go with him to see he comes back. You birds can have five minutes, an' if you ain't back at the end o' that time, I'll turn yuh in for quittin' post an' duty in the face o' the enemy."

Meanwhile the lieutenant walked about nervously, straining his eyes across the dark square, listening to the clocks striking and the distant guns growling. Since nightfall the Germans had dropped no projectiles in the city. This might indicate that they had scattered forces of their own at hand that they feared the shells might fall upon. Had the French any recent information?

Beauty—worthy of a sacred memory

THIS is a place of memories. Branches droop near in gentle shadow. Beneath them, the stately purity of a Guardian Memorial gleams without a stain. You are comforted that this final tribute of your love marks the place of silence and rest with a beauty everlasting.

For a Guardian Memorial is diamond-like in its hardness. Time cannot touch it. Dripping rains cannot discolor its polished or tooled surface; nor storms make less flawless its graceful contour. "Stone everlasting" . . . it is hewn from Barre Granite, in Vermont—from one of the most famous quarries in the world. And is richly gray—so fine of grain even the most delicate carving retains its beauty.

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Our engraved certificate of security given with each Guardian Memorial guarantees it against any imperfections whatsoever. *Guardian Memorials are distributed exclusively by reliable retail memorial dealers.*

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A post-card will bring you a free copy of our book, "To Mark the Place with Beauty Forever." It tells all of Guardian Memorials and will name the Guardian Memorial dealer nearest you. THE JONES BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc., Dept. A-10, 10 High Street, Boston, Mass.

"Mark every grave"

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of Everlasting Beauty

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A safe, natural way to Good Digestion

This new delightful Swiss food-drink relieves most cases of digestive disorder

Here is some common sense about your stomach.

A way to help you without drugs or medicines. We offer you here, a trial.

As you no doubt know, most digestive disorders come from overloading the stomach. From unbalanced food. From food hard to digest. "Nervous stomach" and also restless sleep, usually come from the same cause.

That is why thousands of doctors now recommend Ovaltine. Not only for cases of feeble digestion, but also to restore *faulty* digestion to a normal, healthy condition. Ovaltine is a delicious food-drink introduced into this country from Switzerland.

How it acts

FIRST—Ovaltine digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. Thus it rests the stomach.

It combines in *concentrated form* certain vital food essentials often lacking in your daily fare. *One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to *digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods* which may be in your stomach. Thus, it lifts the burden from your digestive organs. This quick assimilation is restoring to the entire body. Digestion goes on smoothly and efficiently without strain. Your mind and body quickly respond.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use abroad for over 30 years. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

Hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for feeble digestion and stomach trouble, but also for sleeplessness, malnutrition, nerve-strain, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

A 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Let it help you for a few days and note how you feel. Use Ovaltine with your meals. Ovaltine will supply the extra nourishment. Drink a cup especially at night before you go to bed. Note how much better you sleep. How quickly you get to sleep. How much more zest you have in the morning.

You can buy Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use, at your druggist's or store. Or drink it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send you an introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon and 10 cents.

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Builds Body, Brain and Nerve

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Before taking "Ovaltine" my stomach was always full of gas and would swell up every time I ate. I was in misery after every meal. Now I feel all right and sleep good.

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I should have written [illegible] before to tell you what Ovaltine has done for me. Before taking Ovaltine I was so completely run down that I could not be complimented of having pains in my stomach. My face was very pale. The weeks since taking Ovaltine are that my son have been benefited with the pains in the stomach and [illegible] are a great deal better.

We think Ovaltine is a great [illegible]

Mrs. Della M. [illegible]

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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(One package to a person) *Write plainly*

"Corporal Moore," said the officer, going over to the first squad, "slide down to the bridgehead and see what the chances are on some information. Ask the interpreter there in the P. C. if he knows anything. And by the way, see where that man is that I sent down there a half hour ago."

The corporal hastened down the dark street, crossed through to the next street to the west and turned toward the bridge. Suddenly he stopped. An odor assailed his nose—an odor reminiscent of hot mince pies. Also he heard voices.

"What's this?" came from the darkness.

"I dunno. It tastes like vin rooge with water in it. Throw it down an' try this one." A sound of breaking glass, and then a slight smacking followed by subdued coughing

"Try this," gasped a voice. "Yuh'll think yuh swallered a jumpin' jack!"

Corporal Pony Moore advanced in the direction of the sound of voices and his feet crunched upon débris.

"Halt!" said a stern voice.

"It's me, Pony Moore," said the corporal confidently.

A long silence.

"He says his name's Pony Moore," came a whisper from the dark.

"If he comes any nearer, it'll be mud!" remarked another unseen speaker.

"Naw," whispered the first, "but this guy says he's Pony Moore, an' I'll bet he's a boche!"

"Forget it, you two rum hounds!" said the corporal sternly. "You know who I am! Lay off the comedy!" He did not move, however, for he was undoubtedly covered by these men's guns, and any nervousness on their part might be fatal for him.

"Gwan back to your Kaiser!" replied the man in the dark doorway. "Pony Moore is the buckin'est corporal in the outfit. He wouldn't leave his gun an' go wanderin' around lookin' at the stars."

"Listen, Umpire!" raged Pony. "Don't forget I'm a corporal and that Judge Duffy works every day in the week and twice on Sundays. I know you've got a lot of booze in there. Give me a little shot of it and I'll go away and let you drink yourself black in the face."

Another period of silence, then a gentle gurgling noise, followed by smacking.

"Um-m-m, that's nice!" came from the obscurity. A sigh of contentment. Pony cursed horribly.

"You boche," boomed Umpire's voice suddenly, "git away from that door before you get a .45 slug shoved up your nostril! Pony Moore would never ask for a drink in the world. He's got a cow he can get his drinking material from. Us birds that ain't got no cow gotta drink likker, but them that has cows drinks milk!"

Feet tramped down the street.

"Who's that?" demanded someone suddenly. It was the voice of the corporal of the second squad. The prolonged absence of Hoop and Umpire had disturbed him, and he had come down with a few spare gunners to carry them back bodily if necessary. He did not know, in the intense darkness, that every member of the gun crew, sensing a chance for liquid refreshment and trusting in the obscurity for concealment, had come with him.

"It's Corporal Moore," replied Pony angrily. "I came over here to ask for a little drink and these two stew birds want to shoot me for a boche. I'm going to turn them in for being drunk on duty."

"Got a gas mask for that cow of yours?" asked the corporal of the second squad meaningly.

"Aw, nix!" said Pony. "I was only kidding. I was going to give you all the milk you wanted, only the looey came down just then and we all had to beat it. Give me just a little jolt, enough to wash the dust out of a guy's throat. That's all I want. I don't want to take the place away from you."

"My first duty is to my men!" said the corporal of the second squad. "Suppose this place should run dry. What would my men do for breakfast?"

"For breakfast!" cried Pony. "Why, there must be rum enough in there to keep a division pie-eyed for a week!"

"You been soldierin' with us for a year or more," said the corporal coldly; "you oughta know by now that my squad's famous for its holdin' powers. Nix, Pony, gwan milk your cow! The town's full of rum joints. We found this one, go find one for yourself!"

There was nothing to be said after that, and shortly the men of the second squad heard Pony going away, cursing between his teeth.

"Umpire, you an' Hoop come outta that!" called the corporal

"Corporal," replied the unseen Umpire, "just give a look to see what's in this place. Man, yuh wouldn't believe it!"

"There's champagne enough in here to swim in!" came Hoop's voice.

"Come outta that!" said the corporal, but his tone lacked firmness.

"Let's go in an' drag 'em out!" suggested someone.

"Come on," agreed the corporal. The men of the second squad thereupon entered the odorous interior of the wrecked shop.

In the darkness of the square, the lieutenant sat on the doorstep of the house he had selected as an observation post. The sergeant he had ordered off the roof—there was nothing to be seen from there but black night anyway—and told to get some sleep. The officer now faced the prospect of a long cold vigil, listening to dogs howling and to the distant bells echoing the boom of the *mairie* clock. Where was the corporal that he had sent to the P. C.? Was it possible that the two messengers the lieutenant had sent had had an attack of nerves and beaten it across the bridge? It was possible. No, someone was coming down the street from the direction of the bridge, and coming at a run, for the street echoed with his hobnails clattering on the pavement.

The lieutenant suddenly leaped to his feet. That silent ghostly city had stirred to life. There was a sound as of wind sighing through tree tops, the sudden rustle that precedes the rain in a thunderstorm. And while the lieutenant still tried to place the sound, the storm arrived—shouts, cries, rifle shots, distant men running.

"Lieutenant! Lieutenant!" called someone.

"Here! What's the matter?"

"It's Corporal Moore," said the other. "I've just come back from the P. C. The frogs are falling back right and left. An order came down half an hour ago that the bridge would be blown up at daybreak. They got into a panic. They're afraid the bridge will go up and leave them on this side!"

"Come with me!" directed the officer, and ran at top speed down the street. A platoon of French infantry had appeared in that street from somewhere, and through them the lieutenant and the corporal had to fight their way. There were more French along the river bank, and still more on the bridge. There was no doubt about their falling back.

They poured across the bridge in a steady stream. The officer paused in indecision, but at that moment he felt his arm seized. A man who had every appearance of being a French officer stood beside the American, and the Frenchman disgorged torrents of words, accompanying his recitation by upward motions of his hands.

"They're going to blow the bridge all right!" decided the American officer. "Skip back, corporal, wake up the sergeant, he's in that building where I was, and send him down here with your squad. Go over and notify the second squad and tell 'em to get down here pronto. I'll stay here to make sure they don't let her go before we get across. Beat it! Here you, Vin Rooge, or whatever your name is, you stick around right here!" He seized the French officer by the wrist. "If your buddies get to doing any blowing up, you just sound off and let them know you're still on this side"

Continued on Page 133

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Tarpon catch near Sarasota sketched from photograph taken during the 1926 Venice National Tarpon Tournament

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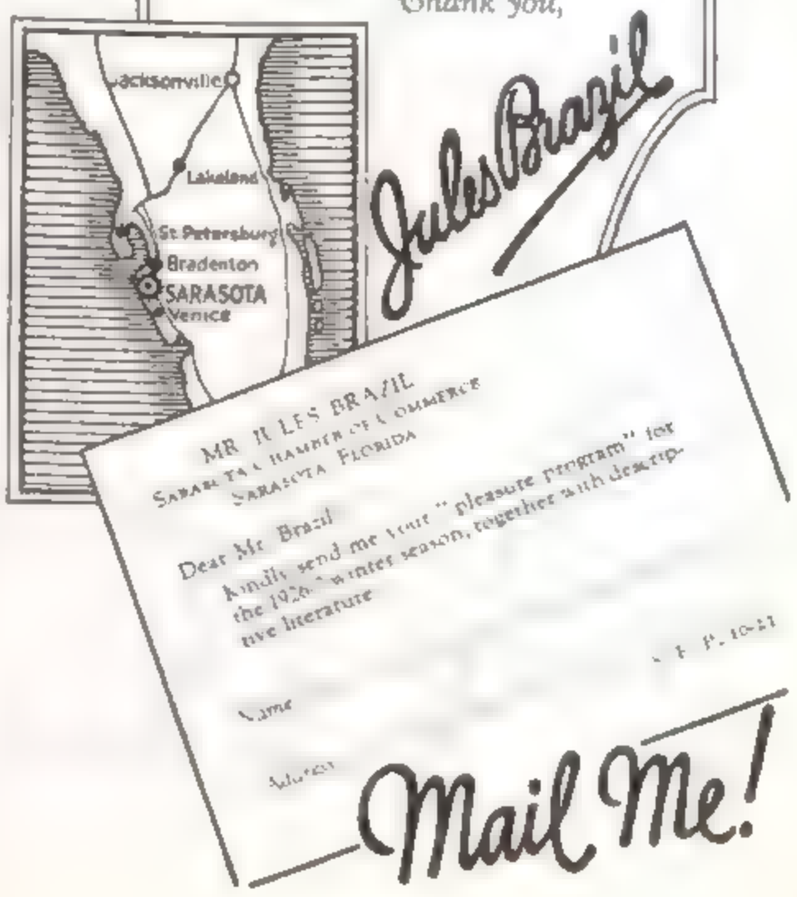
Thank you,

Jules Brazil



SARASOTA, FLORIDA

WHERE SUMMER STAYS AND THE NATION PLAYS

Sarasota Country holds a world of opportunity for recreation, agriculture and industry

Continued from Page 130

Pony Moore ran back to where his squad awaited him breathlessly, sent a man to rouse the sergeant, ordered the gun dismounted, loaded the spare gunners with all the ammunition they could carry, and then looked hastily around to see if anything had been overlooked in the darkness. His eye lighted on a white wall that gleamed in the darkness.

"Damn!" he muttered, then grinned to himself. He remembered a half-empty can of tomatoes his flash light had shown him half a minute before. He found this can and, dipping his finger in it, proceeded to write on the wall.

"There!" he exclaimed when he had finished. "Let's go, gang!"

They took their way rapidly down the street to the bridgehead, where they found the lieutenant and the sergeant.

"Take 'em across, sergeant," ordered the officer. "Wait for me on the other side. I'm going to stay here until the second squad comes down."

The first squad obediently departed. Beside the lieutenant the French officer vociferated. It seemed the time was getting short, though squads of French, probably security patrols or outposts, kept running by and crossing the bridge. The second squad did not appear and the lieutenant grew impatient. What the devil was keeping them so long? They couldn't be lost! Someone on the far bank of the river began shouting, and the French officer, making a frantic effort, broke away and disappeared. Some French, coming down the highroad along the north bank, yelled in agonized tones. From their voices there must be nearly a regiment there. The lieutenant could hear their feet drumming as they ran. Where was the second squad?

"Well, I'll go find 'em," decided the lieutenant. "It won't take a minute to run up the square and back, and I can be back here before that bunch of frogs can get across the bridge." He ran up the street at his best speed and came to the deserted square.

"Corporal Geoghan!" yelled the officer. Silence. A dog came from somewhere, sniffing and whining at the officer's feet. The lieutenant turned toward the house and stumbled over some object that clattered on the stones. Swearing, he snapped on his flashlight. There was the gun, set up beside the door and trained to sweep the north and west sides of the square. The tiny beam of light gleamed through the open door of the house and searched the hall. There was a pile of ammunition cases, tumbled blankets, some cans of tomato and hash, but that was all. Of the gun crew there was no sign.

"Beat it!" muttered the lieutenant. "I'll bet they were across that bridge before anyone. Well, they'll find that gun on their next month's pay roll." He turned off his light, kicked the dog away from his feet and set his muscles to run.

A shout! A wild cry of warning! The lieutenant, halfway down the street, came to a stop. A long rolling, rumbling peal of thunder! C-r-r-r-rescendo!

The street, the houses on either side and even the square were lighted by a great sheet of flame, then all was dark again. More rumbling and crashing, distant yelling, then a thousand rattling, clicking, tapping sounds where débris thrown high into the air was falling again on roofs and pavement. Finally a deep silence.

The lieutenant smelled the sharp stench of burned explosives, and a great high wall of smoke shut out the stars. He hurried to the place where the bridge had been. There was a thick cloud of smoke there and the street ended at a jagged cliff. Beyond was blackness and a sound of running water. Men clamored about this cliff now, others shouted up and down the bank, a terrible chorus of agony. The officer could tell by the sounds that some had clambered down the wreckage of the bridge and were hoping to cross on what fragments might be still above water. Others, he could tell, were leaping into the river, all clothed as they were, to swim to the other bank. The lieutenant turned away. The river here was very deep and swift, and there would be no crossing. A man hampered by full pack and overcoat does not easily swim a strong current.

The officer went back to the square and sat down beside the gun. The dog still whined at him, and the officer idly patted his head. What to do now? It was cold—bitter, deadly cold, and he had no overcoat. The cries about the shattered bridgehead gradually died away and all was quiet again. The clocks still struck regularly. A German air squadron, homeward bound from a bombing visit to Paris, and using the Marne as a guide, droned overhead. His military career had soon ended, thought the officer. Here, in his first battle, he had made a mistake somewhere, and the result would be his death or capture. A chill that was not from the cold of the night tingled his scalp. These Germans were tough eggs and not at all the kind of enemy he had been led to believe. Suppose they won the war. There did not seem to be anything to prevent it. Golly!

The lieutenant lifted his head with a jerk. The silence of that dead city was suddenly broken by the sound of singing, faint, yet clearly audible:

"Turn out the guard! The officer of the day!
Never mind! The gimmick's gone the other way.
So bring us a scuttle o' beer, an' we'll sit an' drink it here,
For it was only yesterday we drew our pay."

The song was clear and joyous, lilting from throats that had not a care in the world. The lieutenant, muttering words forbidden by the regulations, got quickly to his feet and went in the direction of the sound. It was down the street that led to the bridge, but the song finished and silence fell before the lieutenant found out where it was coming from. His flashlight explored the house fronts, but all was shuttered and barred. At last the tiny beam of light flickered over a faded sign:

J. DUBOS, EPICERIE DE CHOIX. VINS, GROS ET DÉTAIL

Beneath the sign a shattered doorway. The light, gleaming across the wreckage, showed a broken counter, a great amount of bottles on a débris-strewn floor, and a black doorway at the far side that seemed to lead to a cellar. The officer entered and went to this doorway. Ah! So that was where they were!

At the foot of the stairway a candle burned, lighting a small circle of boxes and barrels, scattered among which were the bodies of several men. The reason for the cessation of the singing was plain. The singers had succumbed. One man only remained. The candle lighted his features, and the lieutenant, looking more closely, saw that it was the man known as Umpire.

Smack! The officer's fist crashed against Umpire's jaw and he collapsed into a heap, where he seemed to slumber as peacefully as a child.

Inspection with the flashlight discovered the corporal, and the lieutenant shook him by the shoulder. No response. The lieutenant kicked him savagely, beat his head on the floor, pounded him with his fists. An officer is not allowed to strike a man under any provocation, but the lieutenant hammered the corporal until his arm was sore. Then the officer remembered he had heard somewhere that slapping a drunk's face would bring him to. The officer slapped vigorously, and just as he was about to give up in disgust, the corporal opened his eyes.

"Huh? What you want?" demanded the corporal.

"Get up, you blank-dash, get up!" yelled the officer. "Get these men up!"

"Revelry's blown!" crowed the corporal. "First ca-a-ll! Ou'side t' shovel sno-o-ow!" His head fell back and he slept again. The lieutenant hurled the corporal back on the floor, gave him a parting kick and went up the street. What could a man do?

The hours that remained between then and daylight, the lieutenant spent in wandering aimlessly about. He was alone, the darkness terrified him, and he kept running back to the machine gun in a wild panic. If the boches should come, he must have a better defense than his pistol. Once he thought the enemy was upon him, for he heard a heavy tread crossing the square. It was only the first squad's cow, which, thirsty and uneasy, had broken her rope and was wandering about in search of water. Dawn found the officer on the edge of the town. It had suddenly occurred to him that he might find a boat moored along the bank, and he had followed the river clear of the last house. Day was breaking over the eastern hills, and the officer, crouching behind some brush, discovered that what he had thought to be a road was a towpath that followed the river, and the main highway was some distance to the north, bordered by trees and a house or two. Between lay fields.

The light grew stronger every minute, and in a short time the sun began to redden the hills across the river. Ah, those pleasant, tree-clad hills! There were Americans there, and in those scattered houses across the river were the men of the lieutenant's own battalion. Perhaps they could even see him with their field glasses! A beam of light shot between two hills. It lighted the fields. Hah! Before the officer's eyes was a stake to which a rope was tied, and at the other end of this rope, the black river lapping its side, was a flat-bottomed boat. More than that, there was a pole in it by which it might be propelled.

The officer leaped to his feet and started toward the boat, but before he had taken two strides he halted. There were Americans still in the city, men of his company, and drunk though they might be it was his duty to get them home if he could. He turned and began to run back along the towpath toward the city. Several hours must have passed since he had left the men in the cellar, and they might have sobered up by now. He came to the highroad, turned east along it and came to the shattered bridge, one span of which still extended into space. He turned into the street and at that second a sharp crackling came to his ears. It could be but one thing. It was the gun at the end of the street, going into action.

The sun was red upon the roof of the *mairie*, but the square itself lay in purple shadow. The officer, on his stomach, could see that it was his gun crew that was serving the gun. That was the corporal's form kneeling behind the breach. Other dim lumps scattered about were the spare gunners ready to replace casualties, pass ammunition or assist in correcting stoppages. Behind the house, a stout man that seemed to be seasick was none other than Umpire, and the man that held his head must be Hoop.

The noise was deafening. In the square was a huge black shadow with fire that twinkled under it. All around lay scattered heaps, and near the mouth of the street that led to the upper town was a low wall.

The officer got out his glasses and, edging cautiously forward, brought them to bear on the square so that he might see what all these strange objects were. The lenses showed him clearly. The huge shadow was a rolling kitchen, a fire burning in its grate. The scattered heaps were dead Germans, and the low wall clear across the square was a pile of men that had been caught in column formation. The noise was too loud to be made by one gun. There were enemy guns firing too.

A sudden rattling, as though a huge fistful of pebbles had been thrown against a windowpane. A cloud of dust rose. This was a burst from a machine gun striking the wall of the house. Another swept the stones of the street like a tiny whirlwind. Time to be going. The boches had located them.

"Hey!" yelled the officer. "Cease firing!"

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No one heard him; but at the shrill blast of his whistle he could see heads turning in his direction. He gave the signal "Cease firing!" The gun stopped. A wave of his arm to the rear, the gun was jerked from the tripod and the gun crew followed their officer. He arrived at the river bank and swung around the corner into shelter some seconds before his men arrived. They were a bit wabbly on their legs.

"Halt!" cried the officer when the men arrived, panting. "Halt now! There's no rush! The boches will machine-gun that street for half an hour before they make up their minds that we've gone. Now I'm going to speak to you a second. Look at that bridge!"

All looked. A pile of rubbish, the black water rushing around it, showed where the span had been. The north span stretched sadly out like the stump of an amputated arm. On the far side the shuttered windows of the houses looked blankly at the men

"They blew up the bridge!" muttered the corporal.

"That's what they did," barked the lieutenant, "and you men all drunk! Well, see what it got you!"

"We'll all get took prisoners!" gasped Umpire with bulging eyes.

"Right!" said the lieutenant. "You're done, all of you. You'll be killed or taken prisoners, or if you escape you'll be shot by your own men for being drunk on duty."

Dull silence.

"Ah," sighed the corporal, "I had a little thing that I wanted to do. I'd like to get back across the river for just ten minutes!"

"What for?" asked the lieutenant.

"I want to sock the dust out of Pony Moore."

"What for?" snapped the officer again. The men of the squad growled under their breath.

"Sir," began the corporal, "we was drunk an' no excuse for it. Well, anyway, we wouldn't give no likker to the first squad, an' this morning when we come to, we thought it was kind of a dirty trick, them bein' probably cold an' everything. So I sends Umpire to get them. He come back an' says they'd pulled out and writ indecency on the wall. So we all boils outta the cellar to go see. They was gone, an' they writ 'Take care of the cow!' on the wall of a house. Just then the boche chow gun comes into the square, and after that a whole flock o' jerries. The gun had been all ready since last night, so we just turned her loose."

The roaring of the German machine guns in the square was drowned by the explosion of a shell near at hand. As though the first had been a signal, a rain of high-explosive shells fell on both banks of the river. Dirt, stones, tiles, flew, and a cloud of dirty gray and yellow smoke began to gush from the town.

"Follow me!" barked the officer. He ran as fast as he could along the river road, and when he came to where the towpath turned off, he looked over his shoulder to see if his men followed. They were laden with gun and ammunition, and must be suffering from their excesses of the night before. He was, however, astonished to see how far behind they had fallen. The corporal could be seen urging them along. There was a man with a gun, another with the tripod, and the rest strung along, laden with clip carriers. Last of all came Hoop and Umpire, carrying a case of ammunition. That was queer. The officer did not remember that they had brought ammunition in cases across the river. Well, no matter. Find the boat and get across, that was the important thing.

The lieutenant came to the stake, untied the rope and turned to wait for his men.

"Come on!" he roared. "Take the lead out of your shoes! A little speed!"

Across the river a barrage roared, spouting flame and smoke. It was a great deal lighter there than it had been when the officer first found the boat. Where was a good place to land? He looked across the river, sweeping the banks with his eye. What was that? Was he crazy? He rubbed his eyes. There was something there, as black against the sun as the bar of a grate against a fire. It was a bridge, and intact.

"We'll put the glasses on that!" muttered the officer. He swung his field glasses eastward. There was a bridge there, and French toiled frantically at one end. At the other end, hidden below the slope of the road that mounted to the bridge, was what looked like a long gray snake. It was a column of German infantry crawling upon its belly and preparing to rush the bridge. Dust flew from among the French. Some dropped and others fled. The work was abandoned. With a pounding of feet, the machine-gun squad arrived.

"Jump!" cried the lieutenant. "Boches! Action! See 'em in that line along the bank there? Action! What are you gawking at?"

The gun crew flung themselves down, the tripod was spread, the gun slammed on, a second to aim—tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat! The gray snake scattered into many running units. Bullets from the gun combed the tree tops.

"You drunken bums!" shrieked the lieutenant. "Look where those bursts are going!" He would have said more, but a German machine-gun crew materialized out of the morning mists and made a jump for the bridgehead. The American gun scattered dirt all around them, but did not seem to have made any hits, and the Germans took to ground in the rushes along the river bank. The barrage still rumbled across the river. The Germans were using smoke and gas mingled with high explosives to make considerable noise. The gas made any defenders of the south bank wear masks, the smoke blinded them, and the high explosive kept them from coming out into the open.

Meanwhile the Germans were making every effort to seize the bridge. It seemed inconceivable that after all the preparation and the sweat and panic about the big bridge, and the French galloping across it before it was destroyed, and drowning themselves when the bridge was no more, that there should be another bridge within a kilometer, and that this bridge should be intact and undefended. Inconceivable and unbelievable. But this was war, and panic was abroad. Moreover, very few, if any, of the defenders of the sector had been in it more than twenty-four hours, and had probably not known of the second bridge.

The officer looked back to the heap of dead that marked the high-water mark of the German infantry. He could see Germans running everywhere, not away, but toward the river. They had machine guns too. Across the river there was no sign of help. He and the gun squad alone must hold the bridge. The gun crackled again at his side, and some brush, not two feet away, was suddenly agitated as by a strong breeze. The breeze, however, was a leaden one with a copper jacket.

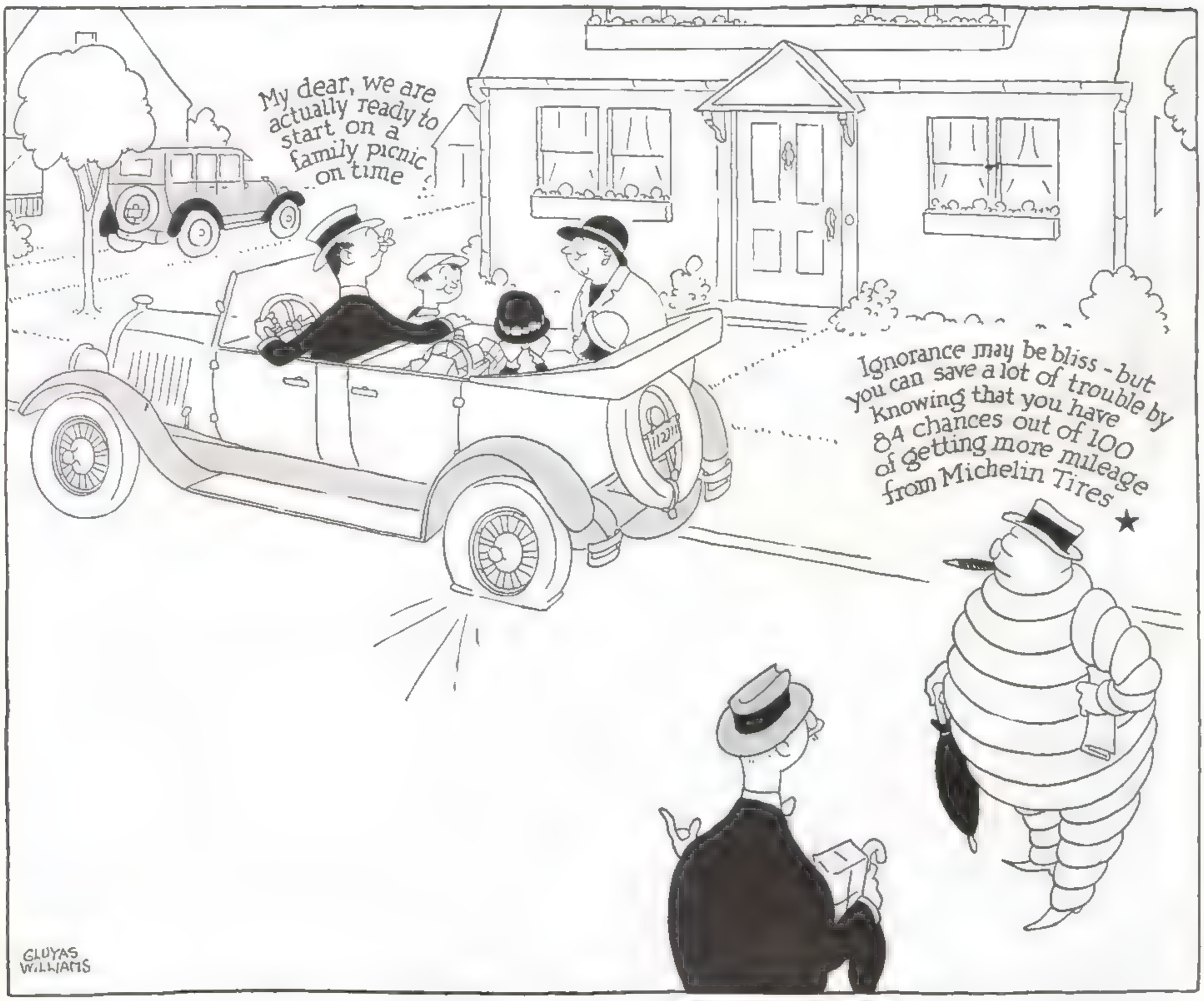
"Hi!" yelled Hoop, pointing excitedly with a handful of clips. "Lookit the frogs! The frogs have come back!"

Sure enough, a handful of French had again appeared, and crawling down the bank, were busy about the piers of the bridge. They must have seen or heard the American gun, and encouraged by its presence, they were going to see what they could do toward a little concrete demolition.

Every time the gun ceased firing, either for a slight jam or to allow a new clip to be inserted, the lieutenant's heart stopped beating, and he did not breathe until the gun functioned again. He reflected that a man would not have to be much of a shot to get hits here. There was a wheat field not thirty yards from the gun, and the lieutenant estimated that there was a German behind every stalk. He put up his head for a better view.

Zipp! He stopped one. He stayed up, however, long enough to see that there was a gang massing down the towpath, and that this gang had for its intention the

(Continued on Page 136)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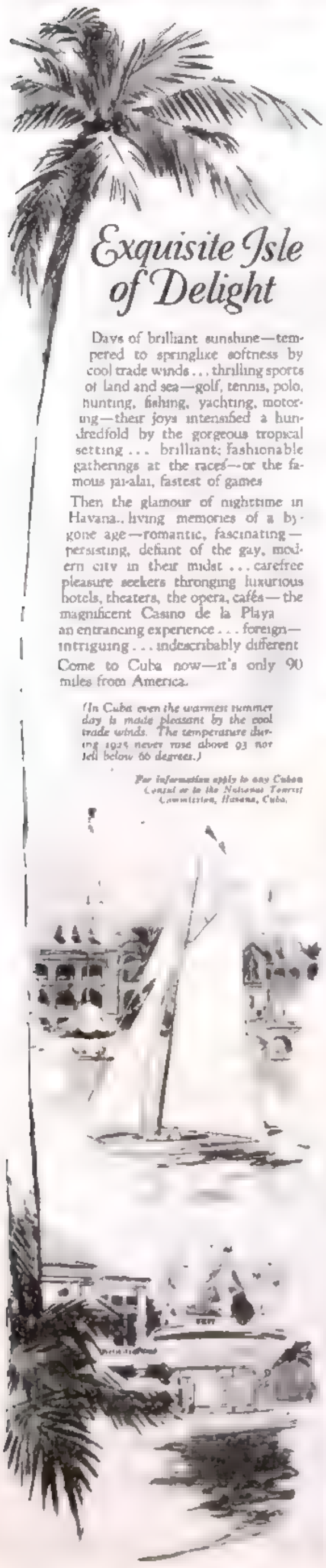

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(Continued from Page 134

rushing of the bridge he did not doubt a second. Then he went down and took a look at his wound. There was a lameness in his side and considerable blood flowed, yet his breathing was free and he felt no great weakness.

"Let's hope it missed my bellows!" he muttered. He coughed, but the pain was all in his side. Nor was he alone in his misfortune. Number One was running the gun now, the corporal was putting a first-aid bandage on a bleeding hand, and two men were in clay-faced heaps.

"Hoch!" a solemn shout, then a thudding of feet.

"Stay with 'em!" shrieked the officer. "Here they come! Stay with 'em!"

The German attack came down the path, a battering ram of big gray men, shouting and yelling hoarsely. The gun roared, pounding lead into that mass at the rate of seven shots to the second. The attack wavered, staggered, but came on. The enemy saw the gun, grenades began to burst, the gun ceased firing with frightful suddenness.

"What's the matter?" shrieked the officer, leaping over. The man at the breech and the loader turned white faces toward him.

"We're outta ammunition," they answered. A grenade thudded against the officer's leg and he had just time to twitch it into the air again before it burst, the fragments buzzing about his ears. A sudden impulse to leap to his feet and hold up his hands swept over him, for life is sweet to a young man, and in ten seconds more he might be dead.

Ping! Ping! Like the twanging of a wire. Great roses of smoke began to bloom in the ranks of the onrushing enemy. Ping! Ping! Ping! A one-pounder was working across the river. It ruined the attack, the mass broke, scattered. Some fled the way they had come, others dived into the rushes, a few came on uncertainly, with their hands in the air, to crumple to earth either from the fire of their own guns or those across the river.

A quick look cheered the lieutenant. There were Americans on the far bank now; he could see them running, he could hear machine guns purring, and the twanging of the one-pounder sowing the wheat field with projectiles as balls are thrown from a Roman candle.

Another attack seemed to materialize out of thin air. A half company of Germans appeared, crawling through the field, and being in the shelter of the raised towpath and behind the ramp that led to the bridge, they could not be seen from the south bank. And the lone gun on the north bank had no ammunition!

"Where the hell is that case of ammunition you two lugged all the way down here?" shrieked the officer to Hoop and Umpire. They looked at him with open mouths. The Germans drew closer rapidly. A sheaf of grenades burst, but they had been thrown too soon and burst harmlessly. A faint yelling made the officer look across the river again. The French seemed to be waving their arms at him. He stood up for a better look. Phitt! He stopped another, but not before he had clearly seen the French and understood their gestures. They were going to blow up the bridge and they wanted him to come across first.

The lieutenant slumped to his knees. The world rocked and spun, and he felt as he had the first day on the transport, when his stomach had turned itself inside out like a glove. With his last breath he blew his whistle.

"Beat it!" he cried thickly. "Save yourselves! They're goin' blow up the bridge!"

The lieutenant felt himself seized roughly, men shouted, a pistol cracked in his ear, and he could feel that he was being carried over very bumpy ground. Men were hit and cried out.

"Gwan!" said the corporal. "I can't carry him. I only got one good mitt! Grab hold, you Umpire, an' lemme stand off the jerries." Ensued the sharp barking of an automatic, pounding of hobnails on iron—and they were across the bridge.

There was a garden wall there, and in the shelter of this wall were French and American machine guns, firing for all they were worth. The officer's head cleared slightly. He had two wounds, his squad was shot to bits, he had lost his gun, but he had saved the bridge. The boches would have had it if he hadn't arrived with the gun just when he did. It was a comforting thought.

Had all got over safely? He lifted his head. There were two pairs of hobnailed shoes visible across the road, and a group of four men panted in the grass binding wounds and reloading pistols.

Behind the wall, the corporal of the second squad yelled to someone.

"You can be thankful I got a bum mitt, Pony Moore. I come all the way up here an' fought my way across this bridge just to hang an astonisher on your nose for writing that stuff about the cow on the wall. It's bad enough to pull out an' leave us to lick the whole German army without insultin' us!"

Eight men the lieutenant had counted, including himself. A figure in blue suddenly appeared in his line of vision. It was a French soldier, and this man crouched over a box of which he grasped the protruding handle. It was the battery box, and the man was preparing to press the plunger.

"Hey! Hey!" cried the officer. "Wait! Where are our two other men? They're going to blow the bridge!"

"They beat it back across the bridge!" gasped the men in the grass with white faces.

"Across the bridge? What for? They must be crazy! Hey, hey, hey!"

The Frenchman suddenly thrust down his arm and the plunger sank into the box. A man's hair can turn white during an age-long second like that. Nothing happened. The officer could see French running. The wires must have been cut by a bullet or shell fragment.

"Ray-y-y!" burst a sudden cheer. Two Americans appeared on the distant white of the bridge's surface, running clumsily, and bearing a boxlike burden between them. Not ten yards behind them galloped the head of a German column. Everyone yelled, the guns hammered frantically, but the Germans had too much impetus. They gained on the two Americans, and though the German ranks thinned visibly, they would not be denied. They gained the head of the bridge, poured onto it; the fleeing Americans reached the garden wall.

Kerchung! A terrific sound, like that of an enormous bowlder thrown into a bottomless pool. The French had repaired the wire, and the bridge, Germans and all, leaped high in air and fell again in frightful ruin.

The lieutenant looked with misty eyes at Hoop and Umpire, flat on their faces and gasping for breath. They had had ammunition after all. These brave men that he had called bums had not only risked their lives to carry him to safety but had again taunted death by running back to bring over the gun. The gun perhaps had been already destroyed, so they had seized this case of ammunition and brought that! There were two men that he was going to recommend for the Medal of Honor!

The lieutenant looked again at the box, and dashed a little mist from his eyes. The box bore printing, but it was not CARTOUCHES, MOD. 1886 D (A.M.) MITRAILLEUSE ET FUSIL-MITRAILLEUSE, but CHARLES HEIDSIECK, RHEIMS. And in large brown letters, "CHAMPAGNE."

"What the hell?" muttered the officer weakly.

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, appearing from somewhere with smiling countenance, "that's a case o' champagne. We been luggin' it around all the mornin', an' I don't think there'd be a better time than now to sample some of it!"

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(Continued from Page 19)

"Detectives," said Caleb, "are generally very ordinary men who happen to be detectives. It would have been as easy for them to happen to be locomotive engineers or plumbers' assistants."

"That man must be found."

"Mr. Bates? Now I do not miss him in the least. So much grandeur did not endear him to me. It was a constant reproach to the bagginess of my knees."

"People who can ill afford it will lose a great deal of money. Some will be ruined." He nodded gravely, for he knew this to be true. There were heavy hearts in Luxor that day. "Then," said Seena imperiously, "why don't you do something?"

"I?"

"You're the only man in this brainless town who can. And I know you can. I —— Oh, you have brains, Caleb Hope, if only you will use them. And if I were a man I'd be ashamed to admit that a—a nasty little dude like Lester Bates could think up a puzzle I couldn't solve."

"You flatter me."

"I don't flatter you. I don't like you, and you know it. I've told you often enough. But you can think, and now is a time to do it. . . . Oh, if you let Lester Bates beat you, I—I shall despise you!"

"You resolve it into a sort of duel between the nonpresent Lester and myself?" For an instant his melancholy eyes brightened with a light which Seena had beheld in them before—in moments of battle. "After all, most of them are my friends," he said to himself.

"And there's a reward of ten thousand."

"In your place," said Caleb gravely, "I shouldn't have mentioned that. It is not quite in your usual good taste."

"You would earn it," she said defensively.

"I should derive a minimum of enjoyment of money derived from putting a man behind the bars for a term of years."

Seena looked at Caleb sharply, stirred to a sudden and new interest in the young man, an interest which would disturb her later when recollection of it returned to her. In that brief instant she caught a glimpse of him as he was, of a quality of gentleness in him not easy to detect, of a sympathy for his fellow men which his words and manner were habitually at some pains to conceal. It embarrassed her and reproached her, and that put an edge upon her tone.

"I suppose there's no use asking you," she said.

"The worst I can do," he said lugubriously, "is to make a fool of myself trying."

Seena looked at him curiously, attentively. "Are you doing this because I asked you, or because you want to help the folks who are in trouble, or for the glory you may get out of it?" she asked.

"I'm doing it because it's good politics. I like politics because they are, or it is, similar to the retail cigar business in the respect that recommends that trade to Jinks Baker—it keeps one out evenings."

She looked rather blank for an instant; and then, because she sensed rather than perceived that here was some hidden, underlying meaning of a noncomplimentary nature, her eyes glinted.

"I think," she said, "I would prefer a dumb-bell—they're less self-centered."

"That side has all the best of the argument," he said, and, jerking at his disreputable hat, was turning away. But she halted him.

"How are you going to begin?" she asked.

"By thinking about wild flowers," he said

He did not go to his office, but walked down the street to Jinks Baker's store, where he leaned over the case in his habitual loose-jointed and sprawly manner, declined a proffered cigar and broached the subject.

"Jinks," he said, "you are reputed to be among those who were last to see the miscreant alive."

"Meanin' Lester Bates?"

"Him and no other."

"I see him all right, kind of saunterin' along with a posy in his buttonhole."

"Going which way?"

"That way." Jinks pointed like an animated compass.

"At what hour?"

"Two o'clock."

"Did he have a bag or a parcel?"

"Nothin' but a nobby suit of clothes and one of them kiss-me-quick hats."

"Did you notice anything unusual about his manner?"

"He looked about the same as usual."

"How far did you watch his progress?"

"Just seen him pass. I remember, because 'twarn't more'n fifteen-twenty minutes before the Parade come in here."

"In here? But you don't sell beans."

"He bought him a ten-cent can of tobacco."

"Um—have you known the miscreant long?"

"Eight-ten year."

"How long has he been worshiping the wild flowers?"

"He took it up about a year back, after a feller lectured here in the Congo Church."

Caleb nodded. "He started to make his plans then," he said abstractedly.

"How d'ye know?"

"Did Mr. Bates strike you as a person who would burst into tears at sight of a newborn dandelion?" Caleb countered.

"He didn't."

"This Mr. Bates was some degrees smarter than folks suspected."

"Looks so."

"Has he always been a sartorial delight?"

"He never was, not that anybody ever heard of. No, clothes and pansies was his failin'. Took 'em both up about the same time. Allus was a good-enough dresser; but, as I recall it, he never made a business of it till about the time he come down bad with mandrakes and smartweed."

"We progress. You are a mine of precious information, Jinks. Now we have arrived at the pinnacle of knowledge, from whence we may see that Mr. Bates definitely perfected his nefarious campaign to loot about a year ago. For a year he has been perfecting it, until, to a man up a tree, it looks as if it was perfect."

"Anyhow, he got away with it."

"The question," said Caleb, "is how far. A plot—a well-laid, meticulously detailed plot! And two of the brightest gems in its crown are little wild flowers and spangled cravats. When we can perceive how these so divergent interests spun themselves into a single coherent strand we shall be well on our way. I shall now go and sit very still and hold my head, assuming the position of a man in deep thought. I wonder if he read detective stories, and I think I shall peruse his collection of pressed fronds."

Through a certain pressing influence with the sheriff's office, Caleb got possession of Mr. Bates' collection of dried plants, and also was granted the boon of examining Mr. Bates' rooms. In the rooms was little of interest; they were severe to asceticism. Aside from essential furniture and an abandoned wardrobe, there was little there to be scrutinized; a few botanical books and a set of Edgar Allan Poe.

"Ah," said Caleb, "Mr. Poe was that author who used more than any other the rather cumbersome word 'ratiocination.' I never cared for it. Possibly Mr. Bates did. But possibly the books are for ornamental purposes." He sought light upon that fact. No, the volumes had been read, and one of them, upon taking it into his hand, dropped open at a story called The Purloined Letter.

"Just," said Caleb, "like an old horse that turns in at a place where he is accustomed to stop. . . . The Purloined Letter! Now why, I rise in place to ask, does that particular *tour de force* in Mr. Poe's favored ratiocination intrigue Mr. Bates? We shall lay it aside with his other little oddities for future consideration."

Seena Rooney, who never bowed to the proprieties when the proprieties impeded her desires, called upon Caleb in his office that afternoon. He was doing nothing in what looked to her to be a sinfully luxurious manner; in fact, he might have been asleep, so motionless and comfortable was he. But he was not asleep.

"You don't seem to be doing much," she accused him.

"One great defect of a by no means perfect world is that it overvalues muscular activity," he said somberly.

"You promised," she said.

"I'm performing, but not acrobatically," he answered.

"Have you done anything? Have you made any progress whatever?"

"I've taken gigantic strides. I have demonstrated past argument that Mr. Bates has disappeared."

"I didn't come to be made fun of."

"Would you care to consider a hypothesis—in fact a couple of them?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Number One: If a vanished man has not been seen using any road, is it not thinkable that he did not travel any road?"

"I suppose so."

"Number Two: If the same vanished man has not been seen in any other place, is it not possible he has been to no other place?"

"Possibly; but where does that get us?" She paused. "Surely," she said, "you don't mean you think he hasn't gone away at all?"

"No, I was merely considering the paradox of one who goes away but does not go any place. The mere fact of departure proves a destination. Also, is it possible that Mr. Bates is a victim instead of being a miscreant? A hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a great deal of currency; it might tempt evil persons to go to unpleasant lengths."

"Are you suggesting that Lester Bates has been murdered?"

"Not suggesting, only considering. If we could be assured that Lester has traveled to the bourn from whence no traveler returns, the problem would become more open-faced."

"That's nonsense."

"Doubtless. But that Mr. Bates was a deep student of the obvious is not so nonsensical. He read Poe, Miss Rooney."

"What of it?"

"I think Mr. Poe gave him his idea, whatever it was. The obvious, the shriekingly obvious, pushes up its face wherever we look."

"That sounds like Lewis Carroll."

"I'm not hunting the snark nor yet the Jabberwock. Mr. Bates read many times, one may say habitually, Mr. Poe's great fictional treatise on the obvious. In other words, he was attracted by the theory that if you wish to hide a thing you should display it brazenly."

"Which means nothing to me."

"Mr. Bates was given to display. He began his displaying a year ago, in two fields. First he brought himself into the public eye as a—I believe you called it a dude."

"He was."

"And secondarily he advertised himself as a botanist."

"But what has that to do with his disappearance?"

"Everything, I fancy. I don't know how it worked. Probably it is too obvious. But a year ago, when he made his plan to loot the bank, he became a botanical dude. The pressing question is, why? As to the botanical side, one can guess. It was to give him opportunity to wander the woods unquestioned. But again, why?"

"What do the detectives think about it?"

"Curiously," said Caleb with deep melancholy, "I have not discussed it with them. Detectives often have such loud, raucous laughs."

"It sounds silly to me."

"It does to me, and that's why I'm sticking to it like a yellow puppy to a patent-leather shoe. . . . Absurd." Suddenly his eyes widened. "The *reductio ad absurdum!* I trust you know geometry. A thing must be something because it cannot possibly be anything else!"

"Must be what?"

"How should I know?—whatever it is whatever it is absurdly. There's an idea. When we find the solution, and if we find the solution, we probably shall refuse to accept it because it is so absurd. Now we are getting somewhere, and by no muscular exertion. . . . No, don't go, please. I'm using you to whittle out thinks. . . . To braid the hair one must have three strands at least—three—and I have two. You haven't another strand about you any place, have you? One to twine affectionately in and out of raiment and wild flowers?"

"I think you're crazy," she said.

"All great thinkers have been deemed insane by their benighted contemporaries. . . . You may go now if you like."

"The idea!" she exclaimed, for it was not in her experience thus to be cavalierly dismissed.

"Nothing personal, I assure you," he said vaguely, and promptly forgot she was present. She hesitated and then went out slowly.

"Obvious! . . . Obvious! . . . Obvious!" Caleb repeated to himself over and over again.

IV

CALEB dropped in at the bank to ask questions. "Did Bates have any special days when he went sweethearting among the posies?" he asked.

"He was pretty methodical. Usually Monday afternoons, and if he went a second time, it was of a Thursday."

"It was Monday when he vanished?"

"Monday at two o'clock."

"Yes, I've met that hour of the day before. You don't happen to know where he went when he was pursuing the pigweed?"

"Just wandered around, I guess."

"Wearing his coat of many colors? He never dressed for the woods."

"Never."

Caleb was apparently satisfied. He walked to the door, where he stood absently whistling between his teeth. Nor did he move onward until the Parade had passed, trundling his toy wagon and flaunting his turkey feather in the breeze. Caleb had always wanted to talk to the man, to ask him questions, to find out whence he came and why he remained; but there was no Rosetta stone of speech to make them intelligible to each other.

The Parade did not write, or refused to write. He was not conversant with deaf-and-dumb finger speech, so one was compelled to accept him as his outward appearance disclosed him. There was no cranny through which one might peer at the man who resided within.

Caleb continued to stand; his eyes grew vague, his face became expressionless. The Parade went into the grocery after his weekly ration of baking beans, and came out again presently to put his package in the cart. Once more he shuffled up the middle of the street in the direction from which he had arrived—and disappeared. Caleb sighed lugubriously and went about his business.

He walked up the hill toward the residence of Marty Rooney, and did so with marked unwillingness, though with a secret eagerness which he was at pains to suppress. There were points about that eagerness which he distrusted; it boded no good. As a matter of fact, he told himself,

(Continued on Page 143)

Cleans faster and deeper and better

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

HAD ordinary methods of cleaning rugs and carpetings been generally satisfactory, there would have been no need for the new and greater Hoover.

But because they were *not* satisfactory—because good housekeepers sincerely sought *deeper, better* cleaning—the new Hoover has taken household America by storm.

"Positive Agitation," a few months ago only an unfamiliar phrase, today is a nationally known and accepted standard for electric cleaning efficiency.

The new Hoover embodying this revolutionary principle does its work with such undreamed-of thoroughness and ease, it surpasses even the famous standard-design Hoover in these important particulars:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.

2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt.

3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.

4 It is virtually service-proof; every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.

7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

If you want *faster, deeper, better* cleaning on *your* rugs and carpetings, assuredly you want the new Hoover and "Positive Agitation." Your Authorized Hoover Dealer will put this greater Hoover, complete with dusting tools, in your home today, for only $6.25 down, and the balance in easy monthly payments.

The New HOOVER

It BEATS ...

POSITIVE AGITATION as accomplished in the new Hoover is *beating*—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag.

Here is the Difference

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

Gasoline Mileage

The New HUDSON

Greatly Improved

Steel Body, Fine Performance and New Lines of Beauty and Color

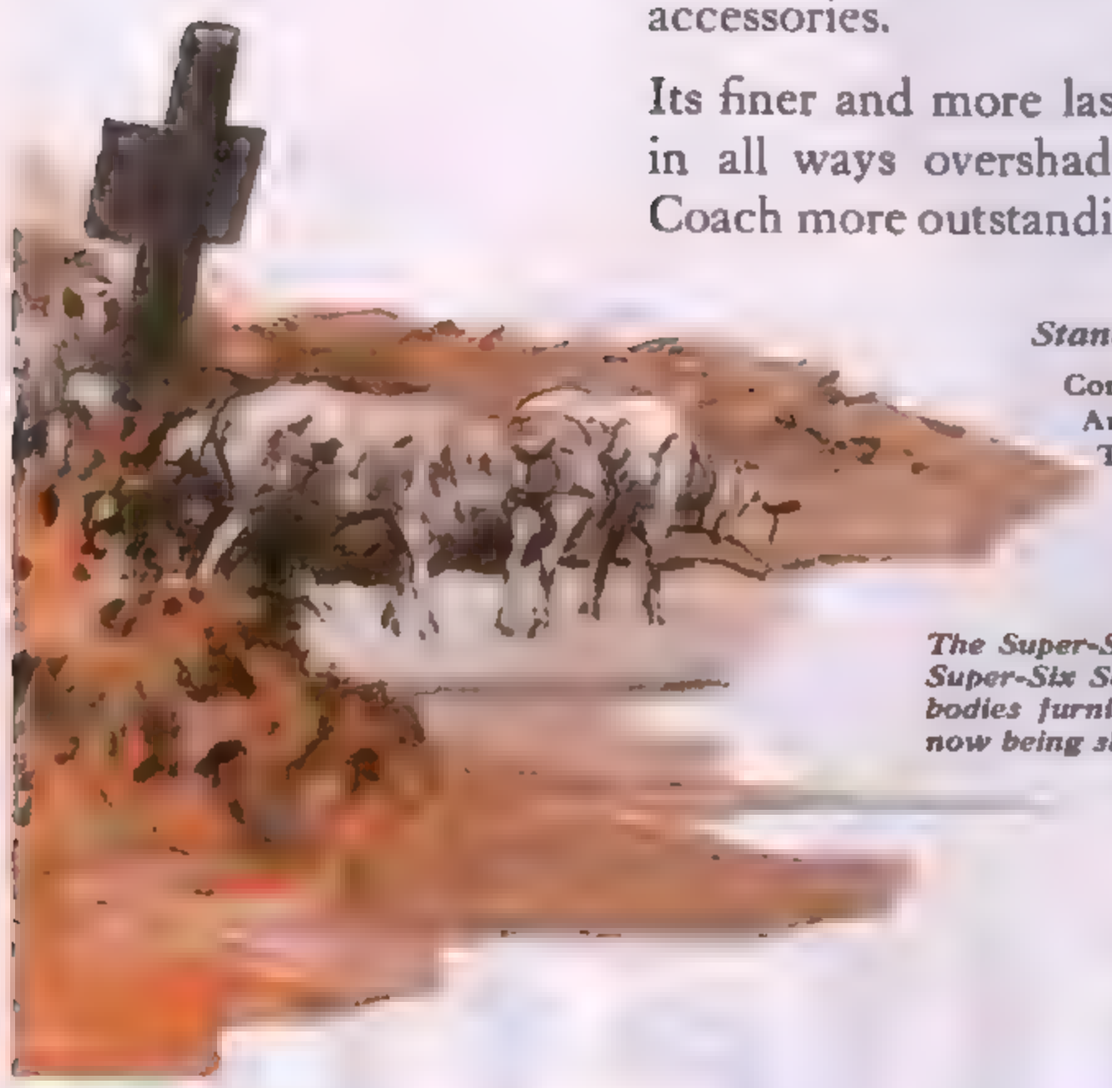
With its new steel body in new lines and color, and as rigid as a steel building, the New Hudson Coach brings even greater improvements in the finest Super-Six chassis ever built.

Perfected carburetion means greater economy, more power and smoother performance.

The Super-Six principle, which for eleven years has given Hudson exclusive mechanical supremacy through elimination of vibration, is supplemented by a balanced flywheel increasing smoothness, power, performance and reliability. Vibration is practically eliminated. Motor life is increased. New springing and steering give greater comfort, and freedom from shimmying at all speeds.

Gasoline, cleaned and strained, filtered air, and motor protected from dust and dirt, are all taken care of in Hudson design without the added cost and complication of special accessories.

Its finer and more lastingly beautiful body and a chassis that in all ways overshadows past Super-Sixes makes the New Coach more outstandingly than ever the World's Greatest Buy.



Standard Equipment Includes:

Combination Stop and Tail Light
Automatic Windshield Cleaner
Transmission Lock (built-in)
Rear View Mirror
Radiator Shutters
Moto-Meter

The Super-Six Brougham, 5 Passenger, and the Super-Six Sedan, 7 Passenger, are all-aluminum bodies furnished in attractive colors. They are now being shown by Hudson dealers.

SUPER-SIX COACH

76 out of 100 Government Executives agree on one Razor—Gillette

THE very nature of their occupation requires that those in charge of affairs of state be groomed perfectly. When a careful inquiry reveals that 76 out of 100 shave each morning with a Gillette, it is another real proof that, *based on the perfection of its shaving service, Gillette pre-eminence is an accomplished fact!*

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons" —a new shaving booklet just published in a new edition. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

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$5 to $75

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In Gold Plate, $6.
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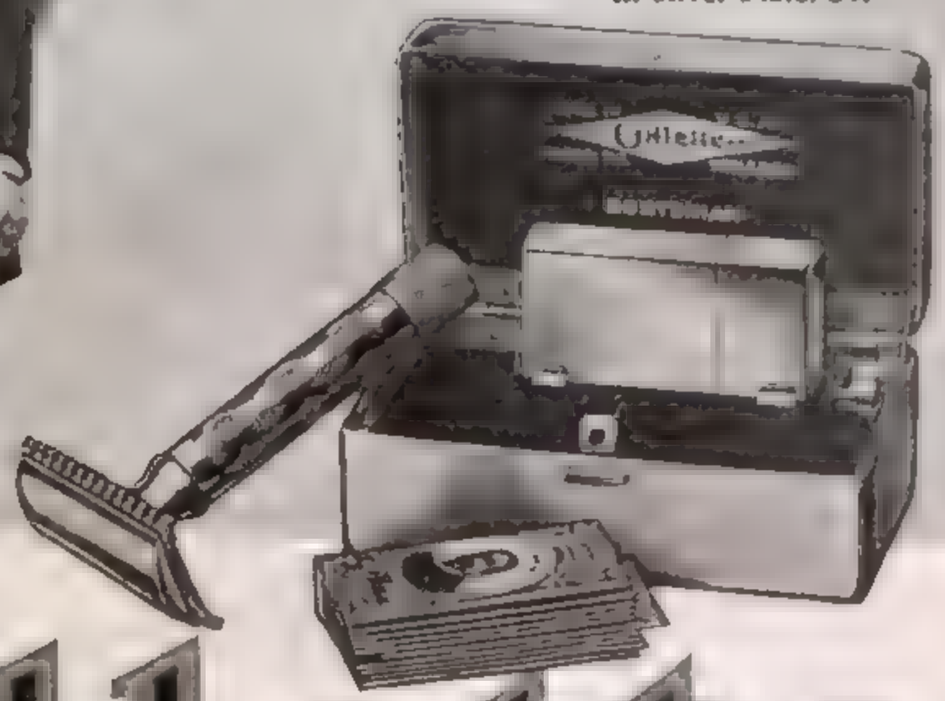


The New Improved **Gillette**

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 138)

it was unnecessary for him to make any report to Seena Rooney. What Seena desired was results, not reports of progress. But on the other hand, he did not seem able to prevent himself from accounting for his conduct.

He frowned, hesitated, came to a full stop; but presently continued on his way, filled with perturbation.

Miss Rooney was seated on the piazza and marked with astonishment Caleb's approach. For him to call on her partook of the characteristics of the upsetting of a natural law, yet here he was, actually turning in upon the walk. He mounted the steps, a picture of depression.

"It's all so absurd," he said without preliminaries.

"Is it?"

"So absurd it is impossible," he said.

"Do you mean— have you come to tell me you've done it—that you've found him?"

"Not exactly. Not precisely. But I've found a strand to braid with the two others. It braids, but it may be the wrong color or something." He shook his head. "You know, it's impossible, and so I conclude it must be the one."

"Would you mind being moderately intelligible?"

"Why, yes. I've been looking for the obvious. I've found it, but it is such an absurd obvious that almost nobody would have anything to do with it. I'm not sure I shall. It is a terrible thing to arrive at a conclusion satisfactory to pure reason, and to have your common sense shout to you that it is ridiculous."

"What is it? What is it?" Seena demanded impatiently.

"I didn't come to tell you that. I just thought it would interest you to know I have reached a conclusion."

"It doesn't. All that interests me is finding Lester Bates. Can you find him?"

"I can demonstrate mathematically where he is, but probably he isn't there at all."

"You make me perfectly furious."

"It is provoking. It provokes me. I am peevish."

"Will you tell me—yes or no—have you discovered anything?"

"I've discovered that I'm absurdly afraid to put my reason to the test. I'm sure I should never trust it again if it failed me this time. But I suppose I shall have to."

"When?"

"Some Monday," he said, "or else some Thursday."

"Or some Tuesday or some Sunday, I presume."

"No days but Monday and Thursday will do."

"Why?"

"Because," said Caleb, "those are the days when Mr. Bates went into the woods to prove that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"Are you serious?"

"Preposterously serious. Having reached a preposterous conclusion—shall we say Monday then?"

Seena bit her lips. She could not settle in her mind if he were tantalizing her for some warped and curious purpose of his own, or if he had really arrived at the objective of his search. Yet how could that be? He had not searched. True, he had asked a few questions and said a few paradoxical things and done numerous difficult tricks on flying dialectical rings; but for the most part he had been in his office staring at the floor.

"We shall say Monday," she replied.

"At, say, 2.40 by the clock in the belfry?"

"Yes."

"On the steps of my dispensary of legal acumen?"

"Yes."

"I warn you, you won't believe it. Because I don't believe it myself. Probably I shall continue to disbelieve it after I see it; though, in advance, I know it to be true. It's got to be true, because nothing else can be. . . . Reduced to the absurdity."

"I shall be there Monday on the dot," said Seena.

Between that day and the following Monday, Caleb was curiously restless. He avoided people, and even failed to drop in to chat with Jinks Baker. More than one fellow citizen hazarded the opinion his stomach must be out of order from the hotel cooking, but none diagnosed his true malady. It was a sort of stage fright, a distrust of himself, a painful reluctance to face the issue. It was such a silly conclusion he had formed—by reasoning of unchallengeable correctness! It was as if he had walked a walled-in path of solid granite to find himself suddenly flying through the air on a crazy quilt. The reasoning led to the crazy quilt, but such a crazy quilt had no decent business to lie at the end of any roadway of logic.

He had no appetite for dinner Monday noon. When he went to his office and found Seena waiting there he was silent.

"Well," she said, "I'm ready."

"Two and two make four," he said, but more to himself than to her.

"Let's see the four then," she challenged. "Or do you have to wait until the Parade passes?"

He looked up the street, for there, indeed, came the Parade, shambling along, his little cart empty and waiting for its weekly supply of white beans. He came abreast of the office and Caleb stepped from the walk and into the road.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

The Parade blinked at him, mouthed, uttered animal throaty sounds, and attempted to brush Caleb out of his way.

"I'm sorry," Caleb said, "and presently I shall apologize more profusely—possibly. But meantime I must give one wholehearted tug upon your whiskers."

So saying, he performed the described action vigorously, at the same time striking the hat from the Parade's head. Both hair and beard responded in a most astonishing manner, disclosing a closely shaven face and mouse-colored hair. . . . Seena uttered a little scream, for it was the face and hair of Lester Bates!

▼

MORE than one person asked how. Seena, torn between curiosity and reluctance to make plain to him how he had impressed her, could not restrain the question: "How—how did you know?"

"It was the obvious. Bates planned far ahead. It was clear the wild flowers and the immaculate dressing were a part of it - but they failed to fraternize. He wanted to fix in everybody's mind the picture of him as he appeared every day—beautiful and wonderful. Clearly he went in for botany so he could disappear into the woods at will. . . . Then there was The Purloined Letter."

"How did that come in?"

"It showed he was all glowing with admiration at the idea of concealing a thing by showing it to everybody so they could not miss seeing it. After that I looked for the obvious, but he had advertised it so well I did as he supposed everybody would do and gave it no attention. . . . The Parade! When has Luxor seen anything more noticeable than the Parade?"

"But the Parade was here while Lester Bates was."

"That," said Caleb, "was the third strand, which, braided with the two others, made the complete pigtail. . . . I searched and remembered and investigated. Nobody ever had seen Bates and the Parade at the same time. I recalled the days I had seen the Parade and remembered that on each of those days I had met Bates coming home with a wilted posy in his hand. Bates hunted plants on Mondays and Thursdays; the Parade appeared for his beans on the same days."

"Yes. . . . Yes."

"Then there were the hypotheses, if you remember them: That if a man was not seen to travel roads, perhaps he did not travel them; and if a man was not seen in some other place, perhaps he was not in some other place.

"It was all I had. But it made up the axiom that things which are wholly unequal to the same things are equal to each other, if you follow me. Parade was everything Bates was not. Bates had built up a personality the remote opposite of the Parade's. And the Parade was so impossible. He couldn't be himself, don't you see, and he couldn't possibly be anybody else, therefore he must be Bates. Every one of Bates' foundations had been built to sustain the Parade.

"And besides, it couldn't do a frightful lot of harm to pull a dumb tramp's whiskers, even if they were hitched to his chin. So I took a chance and pulled, and there was Bates."

"But the money?"

"The sheriff has it. Bates wouldn't tell, of course. So I told the sheriff to go out to Camp Six, where the Parade lived, and to bring back whatever hit him hardest in the eye. . . . Still the theory of the obvious. . . . The sheriff opened the door and bumped his head on a tin pail hanging from a wire—to catch a leak. It was the most visible thing in the room, and it hit him on the eyebrow, if not in the eye. So, being literal, the sheriff cut it down and there was the currency. And that's that. Now, if you don't mind, I should like to devote my very real talents to my clientele."

"And you get the reward of ten thousand dollars."

"Your uncle, Mr. Rooney, has tendered it. But Mr. Bates looked so unhappy that I found I couldn't use it. I'm willing to make a criminal unhappy for nothing, as an amateur, you might say. But I wouldn't care to think I'd taken money for putting that dreadful, cornered, hopeless look into any man's eyes."

"That's silly. Ten thousand is ten thousand."

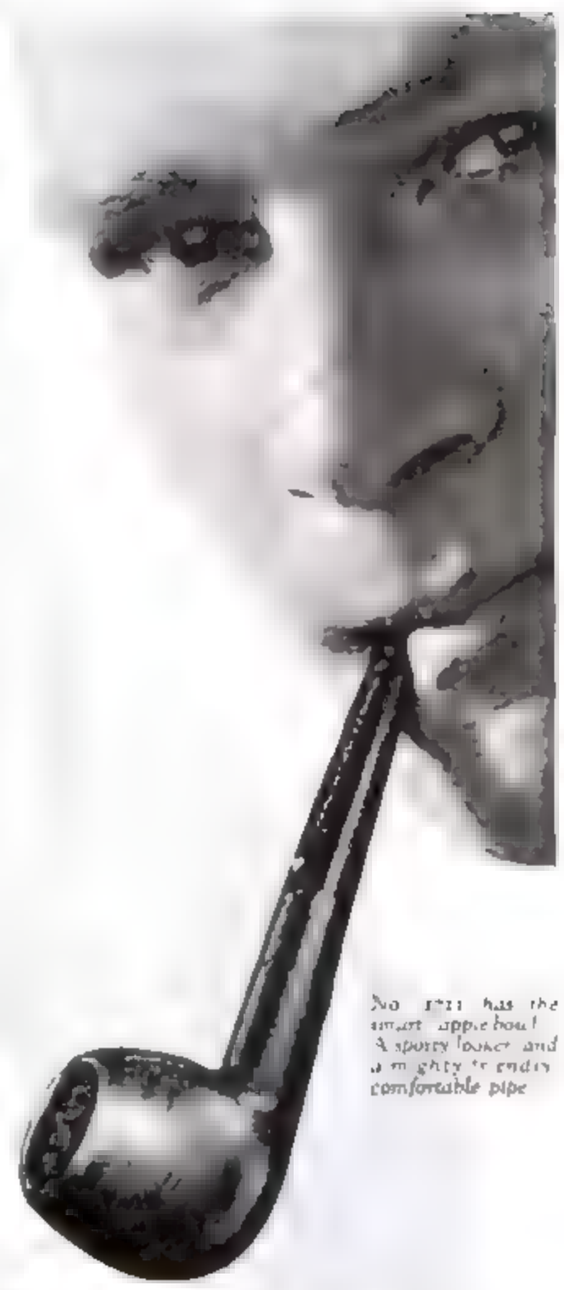
"And a poor devil is a poor devil," said Caleb, "and, so far as I'm concerned, never the twain shall meet."

Seena arose. There was something about him that impressed her, and she resented it. She did not like being impressed. Therefore she vented her irritation upon the man who had caused it.

"It was all nothing but guesswork," she said.

"Exactly," said Caleb. "Everything is guesswork until somebody adds it up. Harvey guessed the blood circulated; Newton guessed the force of gravity, et cetera and so following. . . . I would rather," he said, "be an accurate guesser than the best posted of men. You can win more bets."

A Winter Scene in California



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The Sweetest Pipe In The World

Century-old briar from the hills of sunny Italy goes into Milano's bowl. Seasoned to a turn. Aged to perfection. Hand fashioned into beauty.

Milano's the sweetest pipe in the world—the truest friend a smoker can have.

Milano comes in 37 smart shapes, smooth finish, $3.50 up. Rustic models, $4.00 up. All are "Insured" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

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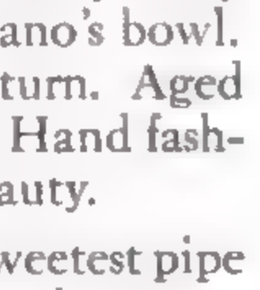

MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"
"It's a W D C"

Let it RAIN!

Lead paint sheds water like a duck's back

"EVERYBODY talks about the weather, but nobody *does* anything about it."

Mark Twain was wrong. Decidedly. But he plied a pencil, not a paint brush. For painters, who work with an all-lead paint, will tell you that a lot has been done about the weather.

Rain, snow, sun—all the causes of weathering and deterioration—are turned aside when they strike the strong protective film of an all-lead paint.

This superior, long-lasting paint has been used for centuries. And still today in Dutch Boy pure white-lead, all who live in houses have the same sure and truly economical means to "do something about the weather."

Boards can't warp and decay when protected with Dutch Boy white-lead paint. Made from the metal lead, Dutch Boy white-lead is impervious to moisture. Spread over any surface, it forms a tough yet resilient film that will not crack with expansion and contraction. Instead, this long-lasting paint film wears down gradually and evenly, making repainting a simple process entirely devoid of the expense and bother of burning off old, weather-cracked paint.

Those who like fine things will appreciate another side of this all-lead paint. It can be easily tinted to any desired color. That means you get just the tint or shade you want. And this paint holds its color indefinitely. That means beauty that lasts.

There are several other economy sides to Dutch Boy white-lead. It can be mixed in any desired quantity—a half pint or twenty gallons. It can be bought in small or large amounts—1-pound tins up to 100-pound kegs. It goes far. One gallon covers, hides, protects, from 550 to 650 square feet of surface. And it can be used for almost any kind of painting job—a chair or your whole house, inside and out.

Ask any good painter. Or if you wish helpful information ready to refer to at all times, send for this

34-page home-owners' paint guide

"Decorating the Home" it is called. Full color illustrations show unusual outside and interior effects. Easy-to-follow paint formulas, 50 color chips, and many money-saving handy hints alone are well worth a letter.

Just address your request to our Department of Decoration in care of our nearest branch listed below. Any special questions you may have will also be gladly answered by the color and paint specialists of this department.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway
Buffalo, 116 Oak St.
Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.
St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.
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Makes an all-lead paint

EVERY pail or keg of white-lead bearing the Dutch Boy trademark is a guaranteed all-lead product, made from the metal lead. This well-known trademark also identifies as standard quality—flatting oil for mixing an interior white-lead paint, red-lead, solder, and babbitt metals.

THE GRANDFLAPPER

(Continued from Page 13

And a nice friend the same as yourself," he added. Then he thought a minute.

"I suppose," he said, "that some people think I'm a bum because I live off of her. But it's a hard position, Goldie. I can't begin to earn what she's earning right now, and couldn't in a thousand years. And since she can and does earn it, what right have I to expect her to give it up and live on what I could drag down per week? About all I can do is to be a practical help to her. You see, it isn't as if I was executive, or something like that. So I do chores. I think she's got her start now, and if I do say so, I think my sweeping out and delivering the stuff and packing and all like that has helped over the very tightest place. I tell myself so anyhow, times when I get blue about it. But it's a kind of mean position for a man, someways."

"I guess you're telling it, Len," I says, sorry for the poor feller. "But Tacy appreciates it, you can bet."

"I sometimes wonder," he said, half to himself. And then Tacy came in, looking like a rosebud and smelling the same. She was so taken up with what was on her mind she didn't even say hello to Len, much less kiss him.

"I've made a decision," she said. "I'm going to open a place on Fifth, in the Forties." It was like a business man coming home from work. Yep. The petticoats were the only thing different. It struck me hard, because Len had bought her some roses, and she didn't even notice them. A year earlier she would have been raving.

"On Fifth Avenue!" says Len. "Oh, but can you swing it, my dear?"

"I'll swing it or swing for trying!" she said. "There's no use playing a piker's game if you ever want to get anywhere. I've been tramping up and down Schultz's office all afternoon, talking him into financing it, and gee, my feet are tired! Where are my slippers?"

"Pettie," said Len, "go get mamma's slippers!" And Pettie run and got them just as cute, one at a time.

Tacy had a smile for that. She always had a sweet word for Pettie, and it was the one subject her and Len raved about together in a kind of chorus.

"Isn't she too sweet!" says Tacy. "Mamma's beautiful darling."

"Poppa's darling pet!" says Len. Then Tacy went right back to her business plans.

"I've taken a lease at the corner of Forty-seventh, Len," she said, "and I want you to go down first thing in the morning and see how much of the work you can do yourself. I mean the preliminary stuff, getting ready for the decorators. I hate to ask you to do it, dear, but we must save all we can. I am putting all our money into this jump, and every nickel saved is going to be a big help. And remember, it's for us both, dear!"

Can you imagine? Then, on the other hand, although she had been pretty busy all day, she hadn't forgotten him. Quite to the contrary, she had stopped on her way uptown and bought him three neckties. Not the usual wife kind of tie, if you get me, dear, but real ties, from a leading haberdasher's, the seven-dollar kind. Len was crazy over them.

I know all this sounds as if Len was a terrible cheese, but he wasn't; you just simply got to take my word for that. If he had been married to a fifteen-dollar-a-week stenographer, he would of been ruling a Harlem flat with a rod of iron. But he had married a young power plant instead. He loved her, and he had intelligence enough to do his bit in her business instead of laying down on the job, or just plain going to the bad. The attention he used to pay to everything she said about the business was remarkable. When a whole lot of other men in the same position would have been out playing golf or something, he was learning about cold cream and the best kind of new curling iron, or how to ventilate the dressing booths. As for the mud, he was the only other living person outside of Tacy who knew exactly what went into that, so naturally he spent a good deal of time in the laboratory when the orders got big. He could not have invented that mud in a million years, but he certainly could pack it good. Excuse me, dear.

What's that? A gentleman wants to know can we grow him a mustache? No, no, we don't take them. Send him over to Plastoria et Cie on Fiftieth. That's where we always send the gentlemen, Miss Ella.

Well, dear, as I was saying, even things like giving Pettie her bath and combing her hair was left to Len at first. Only, of course, when Tacy could afford it, she got a maid to do that. The only actual thing like work I ever knew Tacy herself to do for Pettie was that permanent wave. Yep. When Pettie was about five years old Pettie's hair was naturally kind of straight, so Tacy gave her a permanent. She did the work herself, too; wouldn't let a soul in the shop touch her, and it was some job, what with the wiggling that went on! But it sure looked lovely, after.

Well, dear, the enormous success of Method Parfait is a matter of history now. But like most histories, there is a side to it which isn't generally known, and that is the part about that sheik, Mr. Paul Perry, when he come into the picture, and how!

It all happened pretty near twelve years after Tacy first started her little walk-up shop on Sixth. The Method Shops was scattered, alike as so many pale-green peas, all over the country. Tacy had her apartment on Park Avenue, her high-powered cars, and Pettie had a personal maid, and Len had a bay window on the front of him, a mushy, wrinkled face and an untidy flock of iron-gray hair on the top of his head. He had three squares a day and no job.

"I want Len to take it easy for a while," Tacy told me one day. "The poor dear just about wore himself out at the start, and now I want to make it up to him. I want him to have leisure and a good time. There is plenty of money—why should he work? It isn't as if there was anything he really could do."

It was pretty soon after that very remark when Tacy decided she would have to get herself an assistant, kind of a near-general manager, for she was doing the general stuff herself; she never took her own hand off the business for one moment. But she needed help. So she put an ad in the papers for an able young man of good appearance, and the sheik's parade commenced. It was a regular show to watch them come in and pretty near jump out of their skin when they set their eyes on Tacy. In the dim light of her lavender-and-gray office, she didn't look a day over sixteen, she being so petite and all, and it seemed to stop the most of them. All but Mr. Paul Perry.

Paul was one of these boys that all they need is the sheet for the costume to be complete. Ku Klux? No, no, dear. Sheik! From his lavender tie to his tinted socks, he had put into practice what most men merely read about in the theater programs. Yep. His head shone like a newly polished stove, and was just about as solid, only lacking the fire, if you get the pretty metaphor. He wasn't over twenty-three years old, but you could tell at a glance that he hadn't so far wasted a moment of what little time he'd had. In my opinion, as an assistant manager he would have made a perfectly lovely ukulele player. But not so Tacy. And how!

"I beg your pardon," he said, when he came in. "But it was madame herself I wanted to see—your mother, I suppose?"

Tacy gave a little laugh, tickled to death.

"No, it's me," she said. "I'm the chief."

"But a kid like you!" he cried. "Why, it doesn't seem possible! At the head of a big business like this! Did you inherit it?"

"No," said Tacy. "I made it. And I'm my own ad. You seem to be sold—at least you would be if you knew my age."

"I'm afraid you'll think I'm beastly rude," said he. "But you took my breath away. You see, it's what every man in the world keeps looking for—the experience of years, the good sense and understanding of an older woman, in the person of a—a flapper, if you'll forgive my saying so. It's astounding."

Tacy was used to this sort of thing from women. But I'm pretty sure this was the first time she had ever listened seriously to it from a man, and a handsome young one, to boot. She's been a lot too busy. Her whole life had been nothing but work. And besides, she wasn't that flighty kind. Work, her home, Len and Pettie—that was all she'd known or cared about. But now work had slackened up a bit. And so had Len, with his fat stomach, his sloppy clothes and his careless-looking gray mustache with the stains on it. I guess it was Len's appearance which wiped any idea out of Tacy's mind of using Len for her assistant. He certainly was no type, not now, to go out and vamp the lady buyers and give a Ritzy air to the home office.

Mr. Perry not only was cut to order but he came along just at the right time. He was one of these wise young fellers, and to hear him talk, he might have been forty, same as most of these modern boys. But he was the first of his tribe that Tacy ever met up with, although, as a matter of fact, he was as typical of his times as a pocket flask is, and about as reliable.

But Tacy hired him. It was the first fool thing I ever knew her to do. Honest, it made me kind of sick.

"He hasn't had much experience," she explained to me, just as if I needed to be told that. "But he's just the type for the job, and we can teach him a lot. He's really quite an unusual young man."

"Unusual in your society," I agreed with her. "And we may find something he can do. Does he play the saxophone?"

"No," said Tacy dreamily. "But he can Charleston, and he's going to teach me."

If my hands hadn't both been on the manicure table at the time I would have thrown them up in horror. She was being an old fool! Still, she didn't look it, and why not Charleston if she wanted to? Heaven knew she'd earned the right to stand on her head if she took the notion. I couldn't get really mad at her. Besides, it wasn't as if that Paul Perry had been altogether a fool. It wasn't long before we commenced to see that he took quite an interest in his work. He had lovely ideas about decorating the shops and the right kind of snappy advertising. And first thing I knew he was beginning to take care of some of Tacy's more personal affairs—writing letters for her, helping her choose the upholstery for her new limousine, and all like that. And he took her out quite a lot, evenings. Len had never cared much about going anywhere nights, and for years Tacy had been too tired. But now she began to feel that it was time she saw a little of what happened in the big city after the lights went on, and I'm telling you, the Perry person knew just where to go. But I must say, in fairness, that to anybody who didn't know the difference in their ages, they certainly made a handsome pair. While Len appeared to be perfectly content at being left at home with his pipe and his evening paper. Excuse me a moment, dear.

What's that, Miss Cohen? The lady in Number Ten wants to know if she can use the mud on her husband? I don't know, she'd better ask him. Does she want to throw it at him, or merely use it in the regular way? My stars! The questions they ask! If I could answer them all, there wouldn't be an uncertainty left about life.

But as I was telling. You know, dear, that where there's smoke, there's bound to

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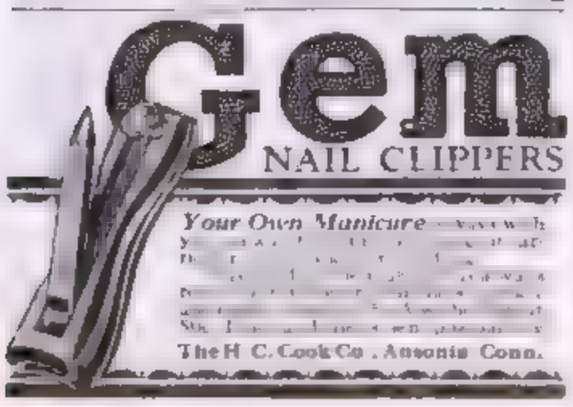

be a little fire, even if it's only a dying cigarette butt, and heaven knows those harmless things often smell the worst. And as time went on and so did this affair, I begun to worry. Here was the famous Method Parfait herself, at the very height of her success, in danger of making a mess of her life. You see, dear, by now, she had only one real rival in the face-construction and beauty-parlor business, only one. Yep. Can you imagine? And that was Plastoria et Cie. Their method was just about as popular as ours, and there was no doubt but that they hurt our business some. We could have had twice our trade if she could have bought them out. But nothing doing, they had a good thing and a big following, and they wouldn't sell. It got Tacy's goat sometimes, for she was far too smart not to know a real competitor when she saw it.

"I'd get them if I could, Goldie," she told me more than once. "It's a peach of a concern, I must admit, and I'd like to control it. But it seems as if that manager was impossible to deal with. He has all the influence in the world with the stockholders, but I can't budge him."

It was the only fly in her ointment, or I suppose I should say mud. Things were going fine in every way, and here she had to go and make a fool of herself over that Paul Perry, a mere kid, almost half her age. The time she put in examining her face in the mirror was a caution. She had me give her a facial almost every day, and she would turn to me a lot for reassurance.

"Do I really look pretty good, Goldie?" she would say, kind of pitiful. "Honest? Tell me the truth now; you know you can't hurt my feelings. If you didn't know me, how old would you take me to be? Honest now!"

"Not a day over twenty-five," I would say, truthful, "except for a kind of look. I don't know what it is. But it's the expression in your eyes, I guess, that don't exactly go with your having no lines or wrinkles."

"Have I a tired expression?" she at once wanted to know, anxiously.

"No, not a bit," I hurried to deny it. "It's not tired; it's—it's uncanny, sort of. Don't get mad, dear; it's nothing bad; it's just something I can't explain."

"I'm glad I don't look tired," she said with relief. "Pluck my eyebrows gently, dear. I got to look good tonight. I'm going to the Bombo Supper Club with Paul."

Two days later she sprung a bomb on me. She called me into her private office and shut the door. "Goldie," she says solemnly, "I'm going to divorce Len."

I sat down so sudden, dear, that I pretty nearly broke one of her Louey Quarts chairs. Yep. I was reducing, even then.

"No!" I said, meaning yes. "Don't tell me, Tacy, that you've lost your head over that young—young jelly bean!"

"No," she said; "I may have lost my heart, but not my head. I'm in love with him, I admit, but our conduct could be examined with a microscope, and nobody could complain. However, it can't go on like this. I'm not capable of two-timing anybody, Len least of all. Everything has got to be done on the level. Paul loves me and wants to marry me."

"And are you sure you really love him?" I demanded.

"I've given him my very soul!" she moaned, like a love-sick high-school girl, the old idiot. It made me mad, that did, and I tried to shoot some sense into her.

"By this time you had ought to have learned to take men casual, Anastasia Jones!" I said angrily. "This business of giving men your soul is the bunk. To begin with, it scares 'em off. They've got all they can do taking care of their own and they certainly don't want yours! Come on now, don't be silly—at your age!"

"Paul says my age doesn't matter a bit!" said Tacy tearfully, but wiping her eyes careful so's not to spoil her make-up. "He says that his mind is as old as mine, and that certainly I look young enough. He says younger women simply don't attract him; they bore him to death. It may seem strange, but I really believe he's sincere. No, I'm going to have it out with Len and get a divorce. I want a little real happiness before it is too late."

Well, dear, I didn't hardly know what to say. Plainly, she had it pretty bad. "But how about Pettie?" I said, in desperation.

"Len can have Pettie," said she. "Pettie is twelve now. It can't matter much about her, at that age."

That was the finishing touch. When Tacy could speak like that about Pettie, I knew she was too far gone to save. All I could do was stick by her as I had always done. She gave me a sly look out of the corner of one eye, as if she was a little ashamed of herself, and begun her alibi.

"Look at Len!" she said. "The way he's let himself go! Fat, gray, sloppy! He never does the least thing to attract me. He's settled down like some worn-out old woman that's sure of her man and thinks that the marriage tie can chain him up without anything to help it hold. How can he expect that a person who has stayed young, like myself, isn't going to be attracted elsewhere? I want companionship, love and ——"

"Hold on, Tacy!" I says. "What you really want is a smart suit of clothes and a slicked head of hair, isn't it?"

"Well, suppose I do!" she said defiantly. "That's only human, isn't it? People who pretend that kind of thing doesn't count are only kidding—but they don't kid themselves. Every woman likes a smart, good-looking boy. Why, if I was a business man and fell in love with a pretty, capable young stenographer, you wouldn't blame me, would you? You'd think it was the most natural thing in the world. But because it happens the other way around, you sit there looking at me as if I'd suddenly gone crazy. You don't often hear of a middle-aged business man picking out something of suitable age, do you? No, ma'am! He chooses something young and attractive, and so do I."

"But if Len has grown old and gone to pieces, kind of," I said, "it was in your service, Tacy, in unselfishly helping you to make your success. It isn't fair for you to throw him over now for a younger man. What reason are you going to give him?"

"The truth," said Tacy, rather unhappily. "That I don't love him any more, and that I do love Paul, and want to marry him. I know it's dreadful, but it's got to be done."

It seemed cruel, selfish, hard. She couldn't really love that smirking Smart Aleck of a Paul Perry. And it stood to reason that he wouldn't stay stuck on her for long, even if he felt that way now. Her money must of had something to do with it, but there was no use trying to tell Tacy that. All she answered was that it didn't matter who had the money where love was concerned. I could of wrung that impudent young feller's neck when I thought of the fool he was making out of her. And yet, for all I thought her so mean to poor Len, I couldn't help but see something in her point of view. A handsome, attentive young man is attractive, and there isn't any sense denying it. Excuse me a moment, dear.

What's that? Lady sent over to us from Plastoria et Cie? Wants her mustache taken off? Why, certainly! Miss Ella, take this client into Number Seven, and be sure you explain to her about our wonderful mud pack.

Where was I, dear? Oh, yes! About poor Len. Well, it seems he took it without hardly a murmur, as he always had taken whatever Tacy decided on. I guess his being allowed to keep Pettie helped some, but his love was the kind that gives instead of demanding, which isn't always a good thing, no matter what the popular idea to the contrary may be. It seemed Tacy had given him a pretty clear idea of why she was leaving, and it struck him all of a heap, but he didn't kick. He flatly turned down the settlement she offered him, however, and made just one condition: That Tacy was to wait a year before commencing suit. She was to meet him in their lawyer's office at the end of that time, and if she still wanted the divorce, why, he, Len, was willing to fix things up so's she would be able to get it right away. He didn't, apparently, hand her out a single word of reproach—which was the very smartest thing he could have done.

Tacy sniffled around the office all morning after that interview, dabbing at her nose with a chiffon handkerchief that wouldn't have provided a good cry for a lady flea. Then towards noon Paul came in, flapping a new pair of flapper pants, a big box of fancy cigarettes for her in one lily mitt, and his usual soft, snappy line. Tacy threw back her shoulders and quit crying. She looked me up in my booth.

"Well, what's done is done!" said she. "It's all over now, and there's a new life ahead. I do feel terrible about Pettie, though. She looked at me so sad when I kissed her good-by! However, you've got to have something stronger than tears with which to mend a broken house. Come on, give me a nice facial, Goldie dear. I'm going to be young and happy if it kills me!"

Can you imagine? But love is sure one wonderful thing. Not that I can see how a woman can fall for a line like that Paul Perry's, or be willing to make a show of herself running around in the rôle of lady kidnaper. Yep. I'd hate to see myself being such a nitwit. But Tacy seemed to thrive on it at first. She would come in of a morning, happy as a lark, and tell about the grand time she and her Paul had been having the night before. She could Charleston now, pretty well, and showed me a few steps. But when she had done it she had to sit down, panting and laughing at the same time. It gave my heart a little twinge to see her.

They were out every evening some place or other, and Tacy began to have a new set of friends. Kids. Yep. Belonging to Paul's gang. Tacy called them by their first names, and I guess she generally called for the check when the parties they pulled were over too. But for weeks she seemed in the seventh heaven.

"Oh, such a time last night!" she would exclaim, sinking into the big chair and laying her head back with a sigh, ready for me to give her morning treatment. "What a wonder that boy is! There don't seem to be any limit to his energy. When we got out last night, after the theater, there was a moon, you know. And nothing would satisfy him except taking out the roadster and driving all over Westchester until nearly daylight. I had a heavenly time, but I'm a wreck. Fix me up pretty, Goldie."

And as the months went on she didn't get any more rested. In fact, at the end of the first half of the year of probation Tacy was pretty near a total Hesperus. And no wonder. Night after night she was tearing around to this road house or that café, sitting up talking or dancing until two or three in the morning, and then getting up and coming to work at nine o'clock the same A. M. Tacy had been tucked in the hay by ten every evening for so many years that she really stood the gaff for quite a time longer than I had expected, but at last she showed signs of weakening. It was a long time before she would admit it, however. His Nibs, on the other hand, was running along at his natural speed. Stepping on the gas was as natural to him as blowing it out is to some people. He had the pep of twenty-three. What more need I say? Besides, he got a lot of sleep. He used to stroll into the office around eleven, fresh as a daisy, the dew still on his pretty eyelids. And while if Tacy, who was never late herself, had caught one of the girls staging that stuff she would have pulled a fast one, she never said a word to Paul. If she even looked like a storm might be on the horizon, he would beat her to it by taking her chin between his forefinger and thumb and smiling into her eyes.

"How's my honey this morning?" he would say. "You're looking hotay-totsy, baby. Awfully sorry I'm late. I stopped

(Continued on Page 151)

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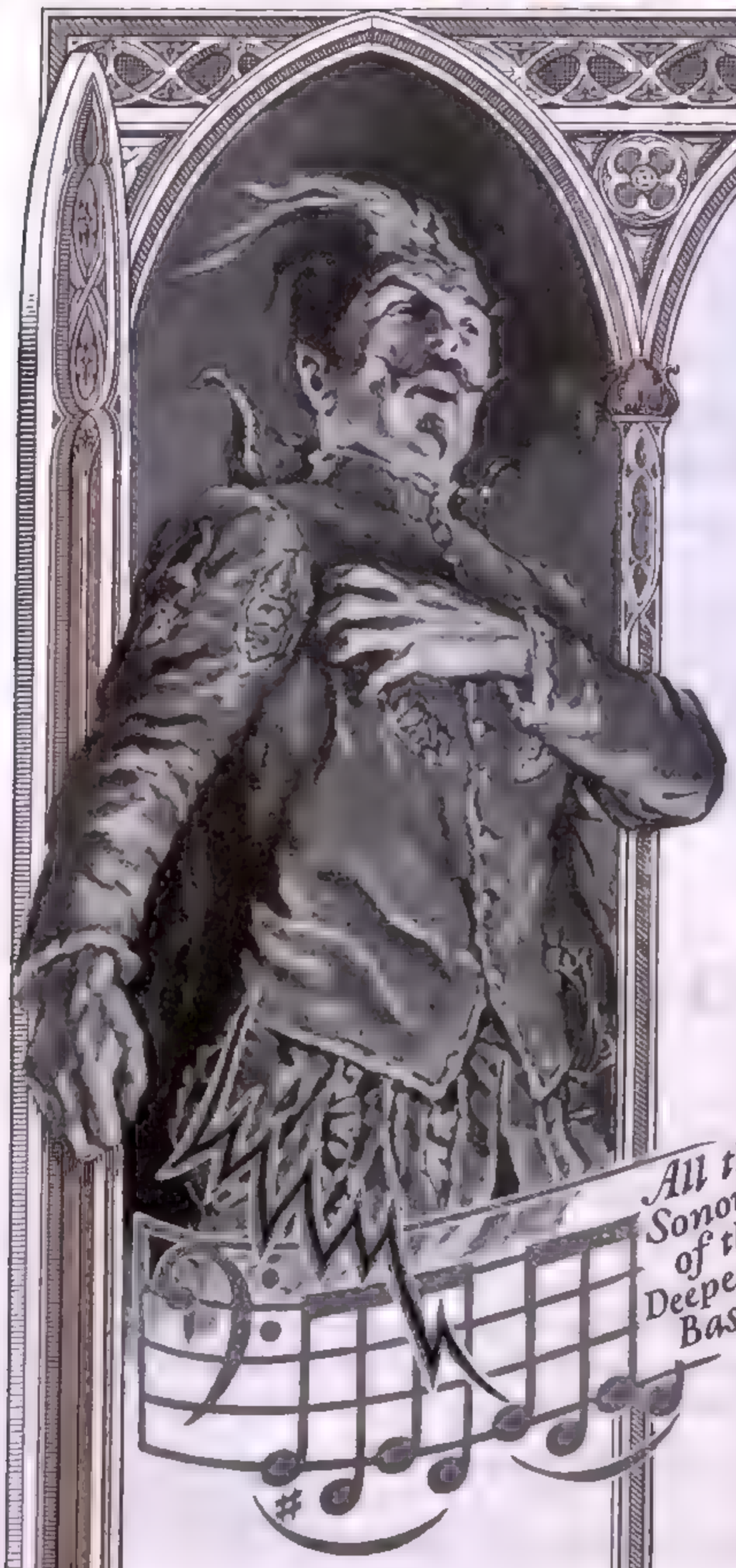

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THE WORKING CENTER IN 2,000,000 KITCHENS

(Continued from Page 146)

by to see if they'd done those things you wanted to the car." Or some such excuse. Yep. He'd been snoring his head off, that's why he was late, and I knew it. But did he get away with it? And how! Then one morning Tacy showed up a little earlier than usual, with a grouch.

"Good morning, dear," I says. "Well, where did you and the boy friend go last night?" She gave a short laugh that was meant to be careless.

"Nowhere, for once!" she said. "Paul was busy. He called up around five and said a man friend he hadn't seen in a long time was in town and did I mind if they dined together."

"I hope you urged him to go," I says anxiously, because I know how it is with men—never urge them to come home.

"Of course I told him yes," said she. "A boy like that has to have his freedom. I wouldn't keep him from his friends for anything. Besides, I didn't care to go out last night, anyhow."

Did I believe her? Yep, I did not. But naturally I wouldn't say anything; not even about the tired look in her eyes, which plainly showed she hadn't slept. Not that she had any tired lines in her face; the last lifting had stretched the skin too tight for that. The expression in her eyes was the only thing that ever made her look old. And as time went on, the look was there more often. But she tried so hard not to give in, not to be jealous especially, when she heard him call some friend on the phone. And the nights when Paul was busy began to come closer together. I heard them talking in her private office one day, and it gave me a new line.

"Oh, come on!" he said. "Why, you can't be tired as all that, Tacy. You look fresh as a rose. It's only down to Coney with the gang, and we'll get back by one or two at the latest. Be a sport. Don't let me go alone."

"But I'm all in, honey, honest," she protested. "And we have that big deal on tomorrow, remember. Let's stay in tonight. You come over to my place and we'll have a quiet evening, just you and I."

"Well, I've already promised Edith and Dick and the rest," he said doubtfully. "I can't very well turn them down now. Sorry you feel you're not up to coming along, for I hate to go without you."

Not a word about her comfort, see, or her preference. Not even a hint about his staying home with her. Nope. He had the goes, the same as the rest of the postwar members who are never at ease except when in motion, see? But poor Tacy, she just couldn't make the grade that time, and it mortified her to death and made her awful sore at herself. I could just picture how things would be after those two had been married a couple of years. Why, she was going to be lucky if he even took the trouble to phone that he wouldn't be home until late. But if Tacy saw this ahead of her she never admitted it. She could invent more alibis for him than Edison could machines. And her eyes would plead with me to second her motion. Yep. So I did, of course, and she kept it right up to the very week when she was due to meet Len in the divorce lawyer's office. Excuse me, dear, one minute.

Yes, Miss Ella? Customer has brought some mud back and says she's used it twice and it's no good? What? Well, no wonder she thinks it's no good; it isn't meant for mending china. Oh, these women! Give her her money back and a bottle of glue. Perhaps she'll put that on her face; it may keep her quiet if she does.

Well, now, dear, as I was telling. Poor Tacy had kind of a mean time of it those last few weeks. She was not only all in from trying to keep up with the flying coat tails of her young sheik but she was worrying over Plastoria et Cie worse than ever. She was bound to buy them out, for they were becoming more and more serious as rivals to us. And she couldn't stir them an inch. They just plain would not sell, and it had her pretty well hipped. By the time she had to meet Len the condition she was in was nobody's business. She was still determined to go through with the divorce, though, and begged me to go along to the lawyer's with her.

"I couldn't go back to Len no matter what else happens," she told me. "At least Paul is as handsome and snappy as ever. I adore looking at him. And he needs me too. I don't know how he'd live if it wasn't for my business, I declare. And in his heart I'm sure I'm still the first. But come with me Wednesday, will you, Goldie dear?"

Of course I gave in to her. There was little enough I was ever able to do for Tacy, and look at all she had done for me. Besides, I admit I was real curious to see Len again, although I kind of dreaded the effects of the past year on the poor, kind fellow. Tacy hadn't set eyes on him since they parted, and I had only once.

This was about six weeks after she left him, and I ran into him at noontime in a Chard's restaurant. He looked kind of low and depressed, and no wonder, for not only had he lost Tacy but apparently he had lost his appetite as well. For he was sitting gloomily in front of one measly order of fruit salad—Len, who was so crazy over his food! I was afraid he must be broke, doing a thing like that. Yep. I stopped and said hello.

"How's tricks, Len?" I asked. "What are you doing nowadays?"

"Oh, I have begun on a job, Goldie," he says. "Kind of a big job, I guess. But I'm going to stick to it and make good this time."

"Well, I'm sure I wish you all the luck in the world, Len," I said. But I didn't take much stock in what he said. Len was the kind of a fellow that pulls that line each time after he has been fired, if you get the idea. Besides, if he had started on a big job, why couldn't he afford a better meal? It didn't click, not for a second. Poor fellow, my heart ached for him. I could just see how he would go on getting shabbier and more careless as he went on down the toboggan, and so could Tacy. She had imagination, that woman, where everything except that young scamp of a Perry boy was concerned. She had a pretty clear vision of what Len was going to be like, and on our way downtown to the divorce lawyer's on that all-important morning she kept moaning about it, clutching my arm.

"Oh, Goldie dear," she said. "I can hardly bear to see him! It's going to break my heart, I know. I can't endure to see failure; it nearly kills me. And you know Len!"

"I do," I said sadly. "But buck up, dear, think of Paul, and how this simply has to be gone through with. You've got to get things settled with both of them, for you can't go on living like you have been this past year, forever."

"I know," said Tacy, pulling herself together with an effort. "I've got to be sensible, and I will be." But she was trembling and fearful when we reached the lawyer's office, just the same.

The lawyer, Mr. Welch, was a grave kind of a man, very formal and polite. We were shown right into his private office, but Len hadn't arrived yet.

"Mr. Jones has just telephoned that he will be a few minutes late," said Mr. Welch, showing us to a couple of chairs. "But he will get here as quickly as he can."

"Isn't that just like Len, to be late?" exclaimed Tacy, twisting her handkerchief and staring toward the door as if she expected to hurry his approach by hypnotism or something. But it didn't work. We had to wait fully fifteen minutes before the desk phone rang and the girl outside announced that Len had arrived.

"Show him right in," said Mr. Welch crisply, and we all three turned toward the door in kind of a nervous agony. It opened slowly, and for a long moment a stranger stood in the frame it made—a slim, elegant man, with a fine poise and manner. His face was handsome and unlined, and except for the fact that his trim little mustache and well-groomed hair was gray, nobody would have taken him for a day over thirty. He was dressed in fashionable morning clothes, spats, a cane, and wore a white flower in his buttonhole. It was not until he opened his mouth that we had the faintest idea who it was.

"Good morning, Tacy," he said with a quiet little smile. "Hello, Goldie, old dear, how are you? Hello, Welch."

He laid his hat and cane and yellow gloves on the table near the door and came forward, contained, pleasant, slightly formal. I could hardly believe my eyes.

Yep, it was Len all right; the young Len I had known at the first, only far handsomer, better dressed, more manly, than the Len of twelve years ago. Something had given him a new firmness, a sort of power.

I looked from him to Tacy, unable to utter a word. She was slowly getting to her feet, like she was in a trance, her eyes fairly bulging out of her head.

"Len Jones," she said hoarsely, "is it really you? What have you done to yourself?"

Len grinned. "It's the Plastoria et Cie method," he explained. "Pretty good job, eh? You see, I'm the new general manager over there. My own face was such a success that, combined with the pretty thorough knowledge of the beauty-parlor business which I learned from you, my dear, why, I fitted their requirements rather well. They fired the other man about four months ago, and I'm in charge, with full powers. It's a great method we've got, Tacy; almost as good as yours. You see what it's done for me—that, combined with a mighty strict diet. Remember the last time I saw you, Goldie? I'd just gone on my diet the minute you walked into the café."

But I didn't have any chance to answer him, for Tacy, after a spell of breathless silence, had rushed over to him and dragged him to the window, pulling up the shade so that the sunlight streamed in on his face.

"A good job?" she breathed with the awe-stricken admiration, not untinged with the jealousy, that only one artist can express when admiring the perfect work of another. "Good? It's magnificent! It's wonderful! Len, you look too handsome for words!" He held out his hands toward her.

"Don't go ahead with this divorce, Tacy," he begged. "Give me another chance. I'll do anything to please you. I'll—I'll get my company to consolidate with yours, and I'll be your full, sure-enough partner. Won't you, Tacy?"

For a moment she turned away from him, overcome. My heart commenced going like a trip hammer, thinking of Paul and wondering what she was going to answer. Len followed after her, his arms still outstretched.

"Come back to me for Pettie's sake," he said softly. "Pettie needs you."

And with that Lawyer Welch and me turned and left, because she had flown to his beautiful white waistcoat.

Well, dear, that's about all, I guess. Here I've talked all afternoon, and now I've got to run, because I'm going out with my boy friend tonight. Yep. Most unusual feller, really. Of course, he's some younger than me, but he's so devoted. Who? Well, to tell the truth, it's our assistant manager, Mr. Paul Perry. He's quite company for me, and I feel so safe with him; he drives my car so beautifully. Huh? What's that you wanted to know? What did Pettie say when her mother came home? And how! Now laugh that off, will you! Why, dear, she probably said bow-wow! Pettie is their Pooch!

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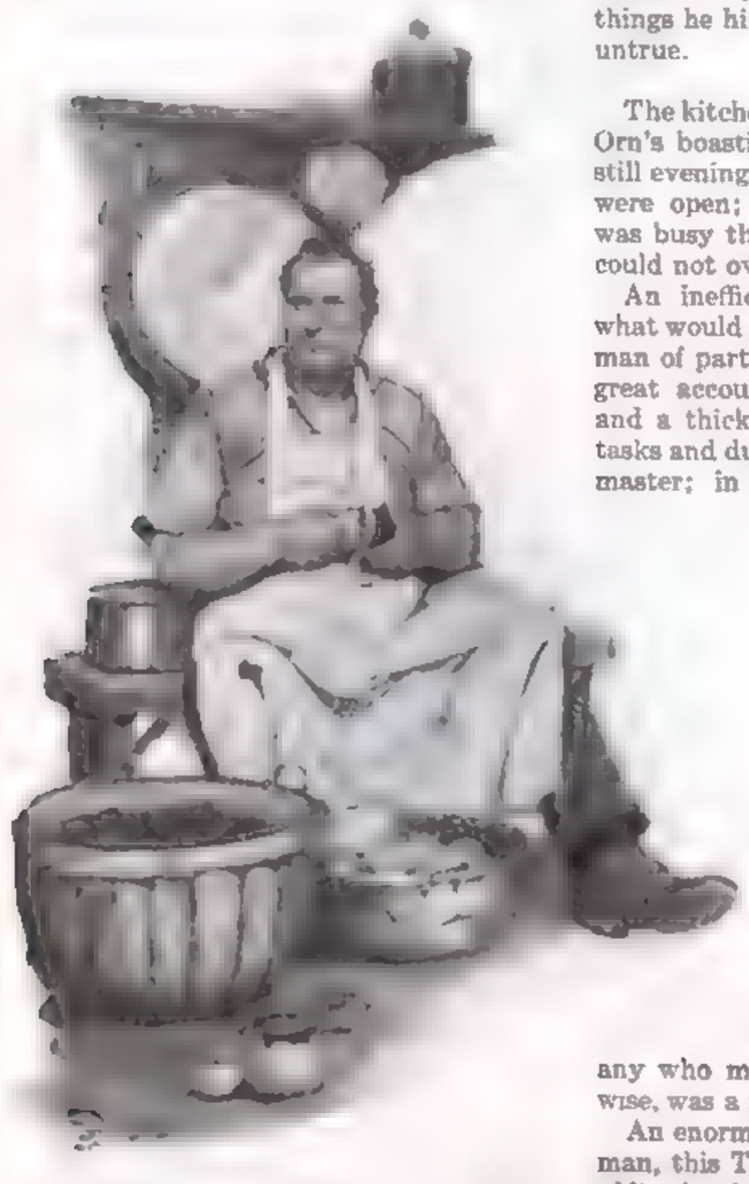
SKINS

(Continued from Page 23)

fights, when his calks got at them." He laughed, his eyes bulging, gleaming in the lamplight. "He's dead himself now," he finished saturninely, and was off upon another vein.

And again, two or three days later: "I left the day after Furd was skinned to death. Just decided I'd not stay there longer; so I footed it through the spruce, over the mountain and down to the big company's workings."

There began, when the tale had gone thus far, to be some uneasy stirrings and mutterings among the other men as they went about their daily business. Orn had that trick of putting meaning into a meaningless word, of laughing in so saturnine a wise; and his bulging eyes were affrighting. The younger men, even while they pretended to be scornful of his boastings, spoke of them together—careful to be scornful, but remembering still, and laughing as young warriors laugh at the terrors of the enemy, with a shudder in the gay throats of them. But the older men had hearts inured; their scorn was not so tainted; and



An Enormous, Sweating, Fretful Bulk of a Man, This Teedle

old Joe Kinds, from the door of the smithy, liked to urge Orn on.

Thus he called to him one night, "And I expect you'd had black words with Furd."

Orn, halted in mid-sentence, stood a moment attentive; the lamplight caught his face; they could see his eyes blink slow like an owl's. And then he shook his head and said gently, "Oh, no. No. No, Furd and I, we got along." He added then: "But I heard the crash of it when his team started off with him that day. I was in the spruce hard by. Heard them leap and go bounding." And again: "The rein must have noosed his foot as it snapped past him. It was very sad."

His tone was so gentle, so wistful, so curiously baleful then; and Teedle, helper to old Rab Spear, who had come to the kitchen door to listen while he wiped the kettle in his hands, dropped it with a crash and it rolled across the floor. Rab, sitting on the doorsill, his hands beneath his apron, his pipe between his teeth, did not even turn his head. He was used to Teedle's flurryings.

Some days later Orn spoke of Furd again. "He'd tried his snarls on me," he said "I shut him up, I can tell you, and quick too. I said to him, 'You'll not be trying it on me, my friend. I'll skin you alive.' That was my word to him—that I'd skin him alive."

And he laughed again, and opened wide his hands.

"It was because others heard me tell him this that I came away when he was dead. They might have asked me questions, and I do not like questions a little bit at all."

And Joe Kinds cackled from the shadows just within the smithy door, and he called, "Don't you count them as black words? Or did you just think of them these past days?"

"A man don't tell all he knows," Orn loftily retorted. "I'm not a babble-mouth at all."

This was so inaccurate that even the younger men about him laughed, and Orn laughed with them; but in such wise that after a moment he laughed alone and they held guilty silence there. They might jeer at the man, but secretly. After all, these things he hinted were, conceivably, not all untrue.

The kitchen, as has been said, overlooked Orn's boasting ground; and in the warm still evenings kitchen door and windows all were open; and while Orn talked Teedle was busy there. But not so busy that he could not overhear.

An inefficient man, this Teedle; but what would you have? The cook must be a man of parts, but his helper need be of no great account; need have only strength and a thick hide and a soul fit for mean tasks and duties day by day. The cook is a master; in his kitchen and in the dining room and in all his domain, his word must be obeyed. No man, not even Woodsom, entered old Rab's kitchen without invitation; no man twice tracked mud across the scrubbed floors of his dining room; and when provisions must be brought up the river, the work of the sorting boom would stop, if it were necessary, while the thing was done. For men must eat before they work, and while they work, and after too. So old Rab was no mean man, but a king in his domain. But Teedle, or any who might serve the cook in menial wise, was a menial, nothing more.

An enormous, sweating, fretful bulk of a man, this Teedle. And—here is the quick of it—fearful too. An elephant trembles at sight of a mouse; Teedle was an elephant in bulk, and he had his tremors too. And from the kitchen where he worked he could hear Orn; and he used to hang above old Rab's head there, listening, the dishcloth busy in his fumbling hands. And his eyes were at times as wide and staring as were Orn's.

Teedle looked up to old Rab, from the pit wherein he groveled to Rab's vast eminence.

And he spoke to Rab one morning of this man, this Orn.

"Have you heard him?" he asked, and looked sidewise out the door. But the island was empty, the men a mile upriver at their work upon the boom, and there was none to overhear. "Have you heard him—what he says?" he asked.

He was peeling potatoes, awkwardly; and Rab said in his dry small tone, "Scrape them, not slice them, Teedle."

"He as near as not says he noosed Furd in that rein," Teedle whispered. "Did you hear?"

"There's fools that talk, and fools that listen too," Rab told him; and Teedle was abashed and silenced then. He might be afraid of Orn, but he was much more afraid

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of old Rab; the fear of known things will vanquish the fear of shadows time on time. So Teedle held his peace, and Rab took no further care to quiet the big man's fears. Rab was, these later years, more and more silent, withdrawn from the world, alone in his great age. Old age has this attribute—it brings with it the bitterness which is the portion of the last survivor. The men he best had known were dead; these men who lived now were a lesser sort. He held aloof from them and dwelt in meditation. Teedle was not worth a thought to him; a cook can always get a helper where he chooses. The boss is his servant; the boss will provide what men he may require.

So Rab let Teedle eat his fear alone. And the fretful,fearful man cherished it and fattened it; and he began at length to go secretly to Orn, when the moment served, and offer himself as audience for Orn's discourses; sit, as it were, with forward and attentive ears and shudder at the tales he heard. And he would pale and quake and whistle and perspire, and he would cry, "But are you never afraid a man will tell?"

At which Orn was used to laugh, and to say loftily, "No one'd believe your telling." Then swing a baleful eye on quaking Teedle and so add: "But you're not like to tell."

And Teedle, shuddering, would promise: "No, no word, no word."

Orn must have enjoyed Teedle; the big man was so completely vulnerable, so satisfactorily credulous. With Orn's other auditors this was not always so. He had, perhaps, outreached himself with them; but Teedle's capacity seemed endless and insatiable. So Orn filled him full. They would spend a late hour together when the island was asleep; they snatched moments furtively. And Teedle was like a drunkard, feeding the fear that was his secret vice, and Orn was his purveyor.

The inevitable end was that Teedle nursed his terrors into flame; they seemed like to consume him; and one night, with no word to any man, he fled away. When old Rab sought him in the morning he was gone.

Rab had not been wholly blind; he spoke to Orn when that terrifying man came in to breakfast. "Have ye word of Teedle?" said Rab in Orn's ear; and Orn looked up and cried in his loud voice, "Teedle!"

"Ye've not been—skinning him alive, perhaps?" asked Rab seductively.

Orn was nowise abashed. "Pshaw, no! I'd not hurt the tub o' lard. Is he gone?"

Rab did not reply, but went nodding on about his tasks, and the men hurried with their breakfasts and departed. For Rab would need another helper, and none there coveted the job.

But it seemed at first that Rab would do the work alone. He had managed breakfast; he sent off the lunches to the men upriver; and when Woodsom—informed by Rantle, the rope handler—spoke to him of the matter, Rab but wagged his head.

"He'll maybe be back," he said. "If no, then I'll find myself a man."

"I can bring up somebody," Woodsom told him slowly. "There's more than you can do."

"I'll manage a day or two," Rab replied. "Don't you be troubling. I'll find myself a man."

So Woodsom, in his wisdom, let the matter lie; and the day passed, and the next, and the third day was Sunday, with no work to do. Some of the men crossed to the roads and went down to town; and some would sleep late; and some would pitch horseshoes in the sandy soil beneath the trees. Orn thought of going to town; he came to breakfast in some degree of finery. There was, he confessed, a woman who looked for him, and he winked upon the men.

But Rab said softly in his ear, "Orn, man, before you go, come into my kitchen. I'd say a word to you."

His voice was silky, and Orn looked up at him in pleased surprise. For Rab asked few men into his kitchen; there was honor and eminence in the affair. And Orn must have wondered what he had done to please the dry old man. But he could not read Rab's eye; it was all surface, like a crocodile's; it was unwinking and completely bland. Rab stood with his hands clasped beneath his apron, waiting with humility Orn's assenting word.

So—"Why, sure, old man," said Orn. "Soon's I've ate I'll come." And when Rab withdrew, Orn condescended to the other men.

Afterward he was as good as his promise. He was one who ate lustily, yet with a slow relish which kept him long at table. So this day he was almost the last to rise. The others had come and gone, gone on their own affairs. Upon the wooded island lay the Sunday morning peace and stillness. The river flowed serenely, and a long raft moored to a bitt upstream tailed down midcurrent, swaying with slow undulations like a gigantic serpent there. Maddix, in his shop door, was smoothing staves for pick poles, drawing curling shavings from the white spruce with sure and easy gesture. He could never be idle, found always some small business to do. Elsewhere lay indolence; only, in the kitchen, Rab washed the dishes and ordered matters for the dinner that must presently be set upon the fire.

And Orn came swaggering to the kitchen door, a match between his teeth; and he was brave in white shirt and tie, and he wore a coat this day. He came to the kitchen door and looked in on Rab and said jocosely, "Well, what can I do for you, old man?"

Rab looked up at him, over one shoulder. "Eh, then you've come," he commented. "There's a chair. Go sit ye down."

Orn saw fresh doughnuts in an earthen bowl and took one. "I'll eat dinner in town," he said. "That saves you half your stewing today, old man."

"Aye," Rab agreed. "You're a good feeder." He left his tasks, turned with his hands beneath his apron, sat in a chair in the sun by the kitchen door. And Orn felt, perhaps, some faint unease, for he said, "I've no great time before I go along."

Rab nodded. "Ye're an active man," he assented. And he added then: "Ye talk in an interesting way. I've listened to your talk."

"I've seen some life," Orn confessed. "I've seen things worth the telling."

"I've been a lumberman all my days," said Rab gently, and his eyes were mild. "There's a salt in your talk that's tasty to me—of old times. Things are different now."

Orn lighted his cigarette and puffed profoundly. "The old days," he gustily agreed. "Not many of us left now."

"Ye'll not be so old," Rab urged.

"It's more what you've seen than years," said Orn.

"I was a fighting man," Rab told him meekly. "Ye've done some fighting in your time, by the look of you."

Orn made a wide gesture. "Not to talk about. There's not the men now."

Rab leaned forward. It was curious how persistently he kept his hands beneath his apron. "I knew Furd," he said. "A fearful man."

Orn laughed. "He was if you feared him," he agreed, in a lofty tone.

And the old man, curiously, cackled. "Eh, but that was a jest," he laughed. "You warned him you'd skin him alive—and you found him skinned alive." His meek eye seemed to glow. "Furd would have grinned, himself, at that," he declared.

Orn cocked an eye. "He was not grinning," he said grimly.

Rab looked at him. "Had you part in it, Orn?" he asked softly. "In the looping of that rein—the cut across the off horse's rump? Had you now?"

Orn laughed in that startling way of his, and his eyes goggled. "A fool would tell," he retorted.

(Continued on Page 157)

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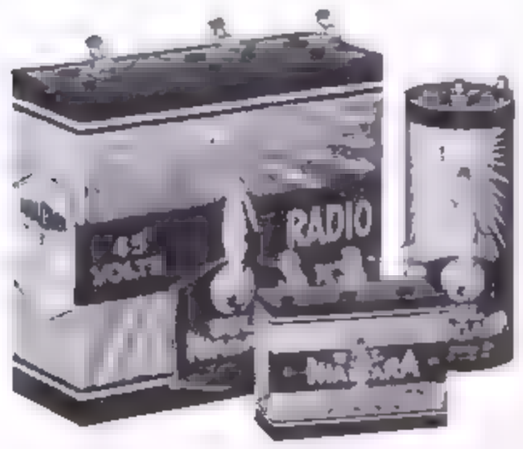

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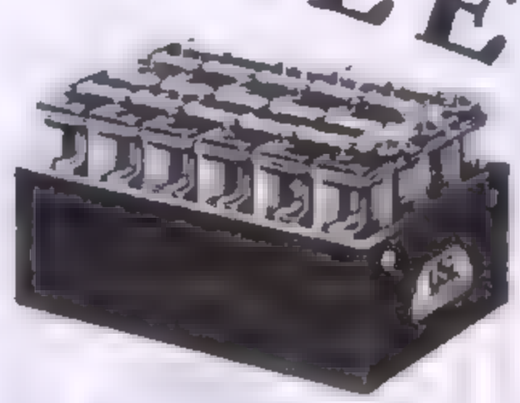

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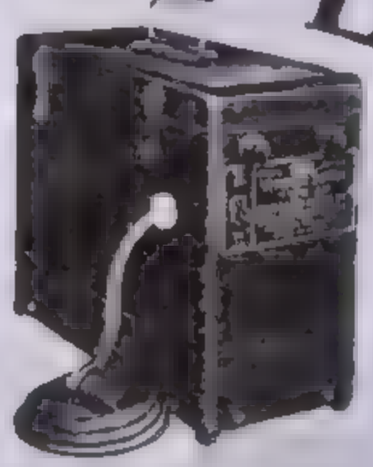

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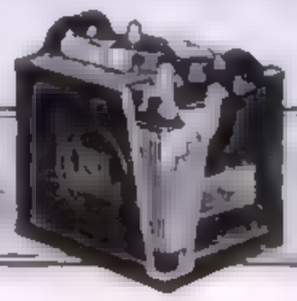

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(Continued from Page 154)

"Ye told Teedle," said Rab.

"Teedle heard many things never said," Orn declared. "He's a fearful man."

Rab nodded. "A great quivering jelly of a man," he assented. "You told him too many things, Orn. You scared the big man. He's run away."

His tone was most placative and appealing; but Orn felt, suddenly, sweat upon his brow. "Why, he's good riddings," he commented. "Not much account, was he? A mess of a man, from what I saw of him. No hand to work at all."

"All I had to help me," Rab pointed out. "And there's a pile to do here."

"You'll get somebody. Woodsom'll get you someone."

Rab shook his head. "I told him I'd find a man," he confessed, and he smiled. "You see, Orn, I was thinking of you."

Orn laughed. But he wiped his brow. "Me?"

"You could talk to me," said Rab. "I can listen, but I've little to say. You could talk as you chose."

Orn got up, a thought uncertainly. "I'll be going along," he announced, "if I'm going to get to town."

But Rab moved softly toward him, and his hands were always hid beneath his apron, and he said, "But there's dinner to get here and potatoes to be skinned." There was a great basket of them below the sink and he nodded that way, said dryly, "Stay and help a while, Orn, and talk to me. I'll listen to your talking, full and free."

Orn shook his head and shuddered, and spoke blusteringly. "You're an old man," he said, "and a cracked one. I'm a white-water man, no cook's helper."

Rab nodded his head. "Eh, yes, old," he agreed. "And no great while left me. Why should I peel potatoes?" His meek eyes lifted to Orn's and so came swift to blaze. "Ye drove my man away," he said, like fire. "Sit ye down in his chair, Orn. Ye're here to stay."

Orn stood very still, pumping up his courage, and he tried his laughter, and he goggled his great eyes. "Get a cripple!" he retorted.

"If ye'll have it so," Rab assented. "Cripple or well man, ye're the one to say. There's the potatoes, and the knife to peel them with. And here's another knife, if you want to see."

It was there, all plain enough now. Rab's hands had emerged; they had come out from beneath the apron. The blade was long; it had been whetted many years; it was no more than a sliver of steel, but very long. And it pricked Orn's quivering flesh, just above where the buckle of his belt did lie. They stood thus for a moment so, till old Rab spoke again:

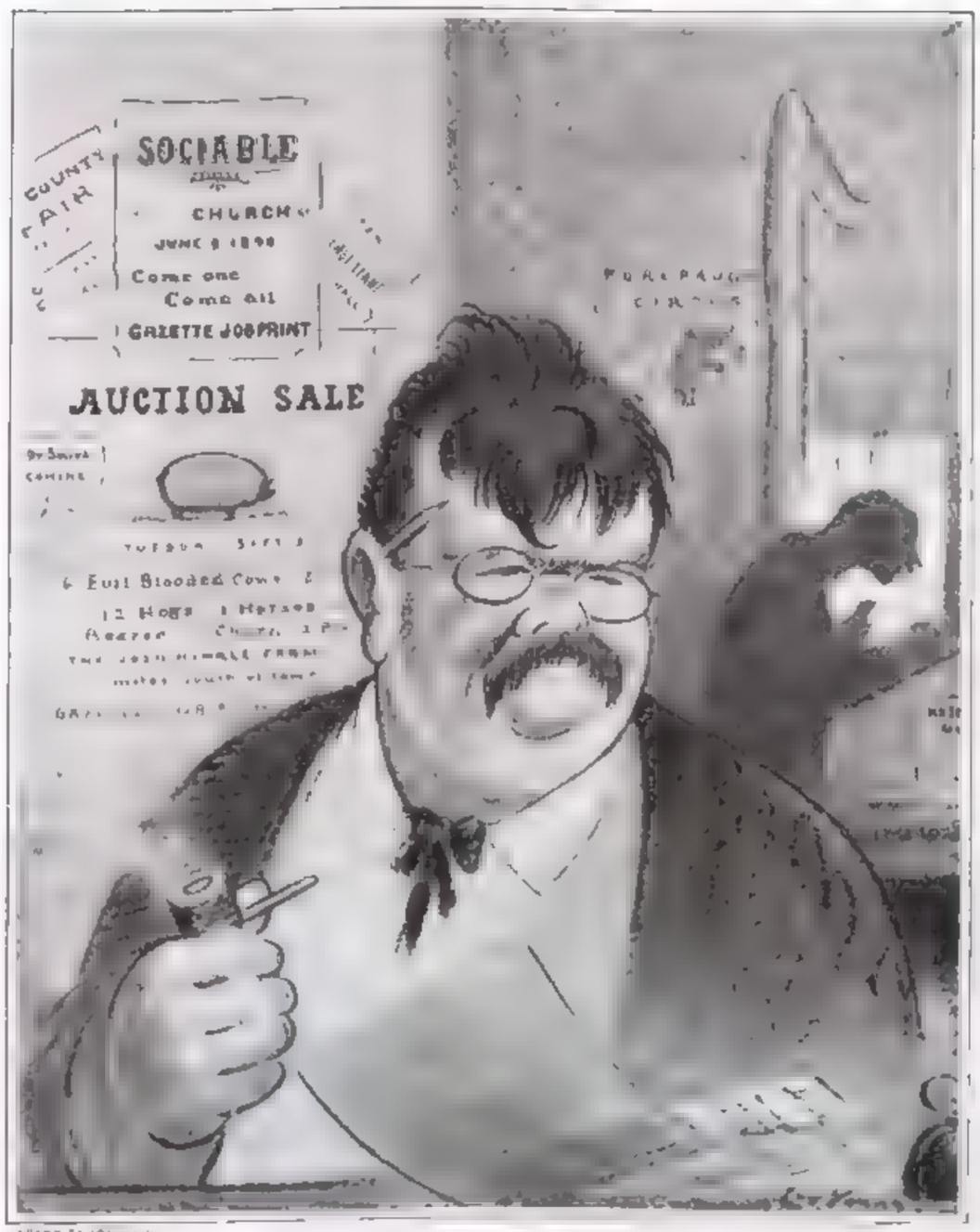
"And me old, and no long ways to live, anyway."

When Orn collapsed in palsy, Rab let him lie a while; but he had him hard at work in full time for the dinner hour.

Woodsom came next day; the grave big man looked in at the kitchen door and saw Orn busy there, potatoes on every hand. And he asked Rab gravely, "New man working out all right, Rab?"

"Oh, aye," said Rab placidly. "Eh, yes, he skins 'em alive."

Old Town Old Timers



Politically the Editor of the Gazette—"a Journal of Civilization"—Didn't Have to Bother Much About Molding Public Opinion. Except for Doc Wright, the Veterinary Surgeon, and One or Two Others, Our Town Was Habitually Republican. As for News: If "Ernie Blunt Was Seen Out Riding With His Best Girl" or "Stella Bently Went to Elm Grove to Visit Her Aunt," That Was the Kind of News That Appealed to the Folks of the Old Town. And We Liked the Genial Editor's Style When He Wrote of the Town Something Like This: "Cradled in the Spacious Valley of Thunder River, Pikeville is Destined to a Future Unparalleled in the Westward March of Civilization Toward a Climatic and Fertile Ideal"

SEND THE COUPON
10-Day Tube Free

1000 men told

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Then we made this unique creation to their order—as a courtesy to us, please accept a full 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN:—

We went great lengths to please you in a shaving cream. Then gained a great market as a result. From the beginning, men by the thousands flocked to its use.

We started by asking 1000 men their supreme desire in a shaving soap. They named four requirements. We met them one by one, then added a fifth they had forgotten.

We tried and discarded 130 formulas before we found the right one. It required all our expert knowledge as soapmakers—we're the makers of Palmolive Soap as you know—to meet those requirements.

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Now men tell us we have a creation superior in 5 important ways to any other known. The coupon below brings you a 10-shave tube postpaid. Please use it; let us show you what we have done.

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Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print) Name and address

"We had only three gallons left"

"My Telegage just saved us some trouble. Now we won't have to stop again for gas all day!"

HOW much better it is to know *positively* when you need gas—than to be caught without it, along the road.

You can always be certain with K-S Telegage—certain of how many miles your gas supply will take you—when to buy, and how much. For the Telegage is right in sight on the dashboard, where you can compare it with your speedometer readings. That is why over half a million motor car owners place their faith in the Telegage as a protection against embarrassment, loss of time and even more serious mishaps. Prove its accuracy by this test! With a gallon measure, fill the fuel tank one gallon at a time. The red column of the Telegage will rise line by line, checking gallon for gallon!

Sixteen leading cars now endorse the K-S Telegage by including it as standard equipment. Its dependable protection is also available as an accessory on many other cars. Ask your car dealer about the Telegage. He will install it quickly and easily. The tank unit fits in the float gauge opening, and a template (included) makes it simple to fit the Telegage on the instrument board. If your car dealer cannot supply you, write us. When writing give dealer's name, model and year of your car, and enclose check for $8.50, the regular retail price.

Telegage Accuracy

Checks gallon for gallon

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Wills Ste. Claire 8
Nash Advanced 6
Paige
Studebaker Big 6
Willys-Knight 66
Nash Special 6
Oakland (some models)
Studebaker Standard 6
Wills Ste. Claire 6
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Overland 6
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The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 7)

aviating so much around Europe that to go anywhere on a train seems too much like walking to me.

I left London one morning about 9:30. Flew over some of the prettiest country before striking out across the Channel. Looked over the edge of the plane all the way across the Channel, watching crowds of American Women swimming it. One old Lady was a great Grandmother and she had three generations of daughters swimming it with her. You could see crowds of men standing on the shore waiting for a smooth sea to cross it in a boat.

One woman of Irish and Jewish parentage, but who had become a naturalized American last year, was swimming over and back without touching. Another American woman of Peruvian parentage on both her Father and Mother's side was training on the shore at Dover at Pole vaulting—she was going to jump the Channel. There was two or three Ladies of recent American Citizenship who were on the plane with us; but we come down when we reached the beach and their husbands made them get out and swim across—told them they would meet them on the other side. One of the Ladies said she couldent do that; she had tried it before and dident make it, and she knew that she couldent do it. She was right away accused of being masculine, when in reality it was discovered that she was an offspring of generations of pure American stock.

The funniest sight of all I saw looking over that day was one old lady swimming it and towing her husband over on her back. There was one traffic cop out in the middle—well, what you would call a copess. She was just treading water and playing around out there, directing the other swimmers. Every few days somebody would row out and leave her some provisions. She was of Eskimo parentage, but when we took over Alaska she was in that deal and become an American.

The English customs authorities have to be very careful. When the first American contingent came to land—Miss Ederle—they held her for an hour till they could go through every pocket of her bathing suit, looking for Cigars, Cigarettes, Spiritious liquors and perfumes. A girl the other day got away pretty lucky. When she got about a mile from shore she dropped the smuggled goods and then swam back out there the next day and dived down and got them. The English authorities are pretty particular that way; it's hard for swimmers to smuggle in much. One woman did get over with a safe. She had it hid in her bathing cap.

This swimming has not only called for a new definition in the Dictionary describing which is the weaker sex but it has brought on a great deal more than that. It has demonstrated just how close together England and France are, and that's what's hurting them. Neither one of them wants to be close to each other. If we could have given some kind of demonstration that would have proved that they were really further apart in mileage than they are, why, both Nations would have hailed it as a God-given discovery. But this bringing them closer together has got them more sore at America than ever. We can do more things that get us in wrong unintentionally than any Nation in the World. So it looks like the next war between France and England will be fought in bathing suits. The way women are showing up men swimming, it's not monkey glands men need, but fish glands.

Well, after we had waved good-by to the swimmers, why, we turned up along the coast of France and Belgium and landed at Ostend. That's a regular junction point of Airships. They hollered: "Change planes for Cologne, Vienna, Paris, Constantinople and all points south! This plane goes to Rotterdam, Amsterdam. Change there for Berlin, Warsaw and Copenhagen." It reminded me of the old Frisco depot in Monett, Missouri, when we used to pull in there after shipping cattle to St. Louis to Strahorn, Hutton and Evans. You remember the train splits three ways. One goes to Kansas, one to Arkansas, and the sane one goes right on down through Oklahoma, to Claremore, the principal stop.

Well, there at Ostend they had—and do at all these airship places—a regular little Harvey eating house, where you can go in and wrestle with the food and the language. Planes was dropping and going out from everywheres. We had about twenty minutes, and I crawled back in this old Aerial Barge of ours and we breezed along on up the coast. It was mighty inspiring. We passed The Hague, looked over and saw the old Peace Palace, where they were going to meet to stop all wars. It's turned into an ammunition factory and Army drill hall.

Flying over Holland in an Airship is the only real way to see it, 'cause if you are down on the level—and if you are in Holland you will be standing on the level—Holland's highest point is eight feet six and a third inches above sea level. That is called the mountain region of Holland, that's where they do their skiing and winter sports. Mind you, it's the prettiest little country you ever saw in your life. Just look down and see those hundreds of canals and boats going along all of them. Your farm is not fenced off from your neighbor's; there is just a canal between you and him. You either visit by boat or holler over. If your next-farm neighbor starts to walk over to visit you some night, he may get there, but he will arrive wet. There is no road-contracting graft in Holland; no road commissions. All roads come under the heading of Harbor and Dock Commissions. If there is a flivver in Holland, it has oars on it instead of wheels.

She sure is a pretty dairying Country. Those old big black cows with a white bandage around their stomachs don't seem to mind it at all. You don't have to brand your cattle and your herd will never get mixed up with your neighbor's unless they develop web feet or grow a rudder in place of a tail.

That windmill Gag that every Artist always pictures with Holland has been kinder exaggerated. Higgins, Texas, has got more Windmills than all Holland, and what I did see looked like they were sorter tired out; they wasent doing much; they just seemed to be like a lot of things all over Europe—they was just trying to get by on tradition. They wasent what I would call turning out 100 per cent production. I had always thought they were located by a little white house. Say, there is not a little white house in Holland. There's not even a Big white house there. It's the only country in the world where there is absolutely only one color, and a paint man would starve to death trying to sell any other. It's a kind a red, or a dark bay. So don't you believe Pictures any more, Boss; you just wait till you hear from me. What makes everything look white is because it is so clean and neat and nice.

Looked for the old Kaiser out in the yard chopping wood some place, but everybody was burning coal that I could see. Guess the old Boy was setting in the house, brooding over making the wrong jump out of the King row.

Amsterdam was the next stop—changed planes for Berlin. Everybody got out and had a few Sandwiches and a couple of steins of Holland Gin. Into a German plane and out over Germany. Say, they was farming too. Little long strips of land laid out instead of having it all in one big field. They

(Continued on Page 161)

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

Locomotives and Skyscrapers

LOCOMOTIVES and modern buildings have one organic and vital thing in common: Arteries of Pipe.

Without its entire network of steam, water and air pipes functioning properly, the giant locomotive is as helpless to move as a powerful bull with a blood-clot on its brain. The train, and perhaps the whole line, is "plugged."

Without good pipes, the modern skyscraper, now teeming with life and activity, becomes a vast tomb, unsanitary, damp and uninhabited.

In large and small office buildings, hotels, hospitals, residences, and other structures, the systems of steam and water pipes are extensive and complex. And the pipes are often accessible only by tearing up expensive interior finish, walls, etc., which makes renewals costly.

When practical men go in search of materials which will, at a reasonable first cost, give the maximum assurance against pipe failures, wrought iron arrests and holds their attention.

This age-old metal, as made by Byers and always used in the manufacture of Byers Pipe, like none other available at so low a cost, offers so much resistance to rust, vibration, and physical stresses.

Back of it lies a long record of dependability and endurance. Ahead of it lies a field of usefulness which is every day widening apace with building development, railroad and industrial expansion.

So Byers is confidently chosen, on its unequalled service record, by America's leading railroads, as much as by its leading architects and engineers.

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the *Spiral Stripe* protects you against mistakes and substitution

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IMPORTANT TO EVERY AMERICAN USING A SAFETY RAZOR

Making your regular *safety razor* ***extraordinary***

DARWIN BLADES
with their
Super-Cutting, Rustless Edges, Revolutionize Safety Razor Shaving

Nothing has contributed so much to man's personal convenience as the safety razor.

But it has always had one drawback—the nuisance of frequently changing the blade.

Safety razor blades are generally made of ordinary carbon steel. The adoption of Sheffield's new Patent Cobalt High-Speed Steel has completely transformed safety razor shaving.

This new steel admits of *mass-hardening with absolute uniformity*—a feature hitherto impossible in safety razor blade production.

DARWIN blades, with their super-cutting *rustless* edges, are as different from ordinary blades as pneumatic tires are from solids. They give you a degree of shaving comfort never before even thought of. *Every* blade in *every* package is perfect, and lasts *many times longer* than the average blade. They are a *revelation.*

FREE SAMPLE BLADE

We will mail to anyone in the United States a FREE SAMPLE DARWIN BLADE direct from the Sheffield Works in England. Send us an envelope addressed to yourself and bearing in the top right-hand corner the name of the holder you require the blade for. Enclose this envelope with 6 cents in stamps to cover mailing expenses, and post to **Darwins Ltd., Sheffield, England,** and the sample blade will be sent to you promptly. Postage 2 cents. Write no letter.

The price of DARWIN Blades for all popular safety razors has been fixed at $1.50 for 10 blades. They are NOW OBTAINABLE *exclusively* from our American Mailing Department, **Darwin & Milner, Inc., 1260/4, West 4th Street, CLEVELAND, Ohio.** Send cash $1.50 per package of 10 blades post free, stating type of blade required.

After February next, DARWIN Blades will be purchasable throughout America from all dealers.

Please note that the free sample blade can be had only direct from England, not from Cleveland; also that packages of 10 blades can be bought only from Cleveland, not from England.

Pass this information on to all your friends. Everybody can verify forthwith the complete change in shaving conditions created by the Darwin wonder-blade, either by purchasing the blades from Cleveland, or by sending to Sheffield for a free blade. No one need wait to avail himself of this real boon.

DARWIN

PATENT COBALT HIGH-SPEED STEEL

Safety Razor Blades

DARWINS LTD. FITZWILLIAM WORKS, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

(Continued from Page 158)

do that so they can rotate the crops on the different pieces. Forests, the most beautiful forests, all out in rows. Every time they cut down a tree it looks like they planted two in its place. Every time we cut one down, the fellow that cuts it down sets down to have a smoke and celebrate. He throws his cigarette away and burns up the rest of the forest.

We hit Berlin at 5:30 that afternoon. Just think! Left London at 9:30, had these stops, seen all these wonderful countries and was clear over in Berlin in time for a drive around the city and dinner. I was going to stop in Berlin on my way back out of Russia, so at two o'clock in the morning, or night, I left for Russia. You go to By Konigsberg. Well, I had been in planes in the daytime, but driving away out there in a taxi alone and crawling into an airship in the nightime is no particular relief to a Comedian. This was a big German Junker. Not only had two engines and two propellers but three, one big one in front and two others as assistants.

Well, when a German outfit say they are going to leave at two o'clock, don't you get there at one minute past two. If you do, you will just hear the propeller buzzing around up in the air. She was dark as we left. We had about twelve on board. She gets light pretty quick and early up there; and seeing the lights down the streets as we flew over the city and out across country, day soon begin to break and the fog and clouds in the low places made you think every minute you were flying right out over the ocean, and these clouds looked like big waves. There was a regular light line miles apart that was a big light revolving with different colors and no matter how dark, the pilot could see where he was going.

But she was light within less than a hour. They had a wireless or radio on there, getting weather conditions ahead of them. We got into Königsberg about eight o'clock, went in and had breakfast and come out, and there was a German Fokker. It was the one we were to make the long hop from there to Moscow in. It was piloted by the funniest looking old chuckleheaded, shavehaired Russian boy that dident look like he was over twenty. But say, Bub, that clown could sure rein that thing around and make it say Uncle and play dead and roll over. He was an Aviator.

It dident do my nerve any good when they pointed our plane out to me, for it had only one engine. You know, there is some confidence attached when you know there is a sort of bevy of engines, and if one goes wrong, why, some of the others will keep percolating. But I looked at this one and thought: "Sister, if you stop on us, we are just smeared over the landscape of Western Russia."

A single Engine looks awful scarce after just emerging from one of those Pullman-looking layouts. She looked to me like she was naked.

Now a while ago I said that was the plane that we were going to Russia in. I was mistaken—that was the plane that I was going to Russia in, for I constituted Russia's sole aerial immigration that day. Well, in one way, I am generous. If I am going to drop, I don't want to have the pleasure all to myself; I want to share it with somebody. You never want company till danger comes—then you like to look around and see that somebody is sorter with you.

The plane really could seat about five passengers. There was just room for one, the Pilot, out in front; and the Mechanic was in the sort of a compartment with me. As I got in I commenced to think of all the jokes I had told about Russia. And then I remembered that people had remarked to me they dident know why I had been given a passport into Russia, when it was so hard to get one. Well, come to think of it, I dident either. Then I thought, "Mebbe they know about some of the jokes and this Aerial Cossack is about heading right off to Siberia with me." I commenced to think what kind of an act I could do for my fellow exiles away off up there. I dident know a word of Russian, and this lad in the compartment with me, or the Pilot either, dident know a word of American—not even English.

This littlier plane seemed mighty small and jumpy to me. But this old Russian boy pulled the slack out of his reins, kinder clucked to her, and I want to tell you she left there right now.

We headed off for what the ticket said was to be Russia, but he could have been going toward South Africa as far as I could tell anything about it.

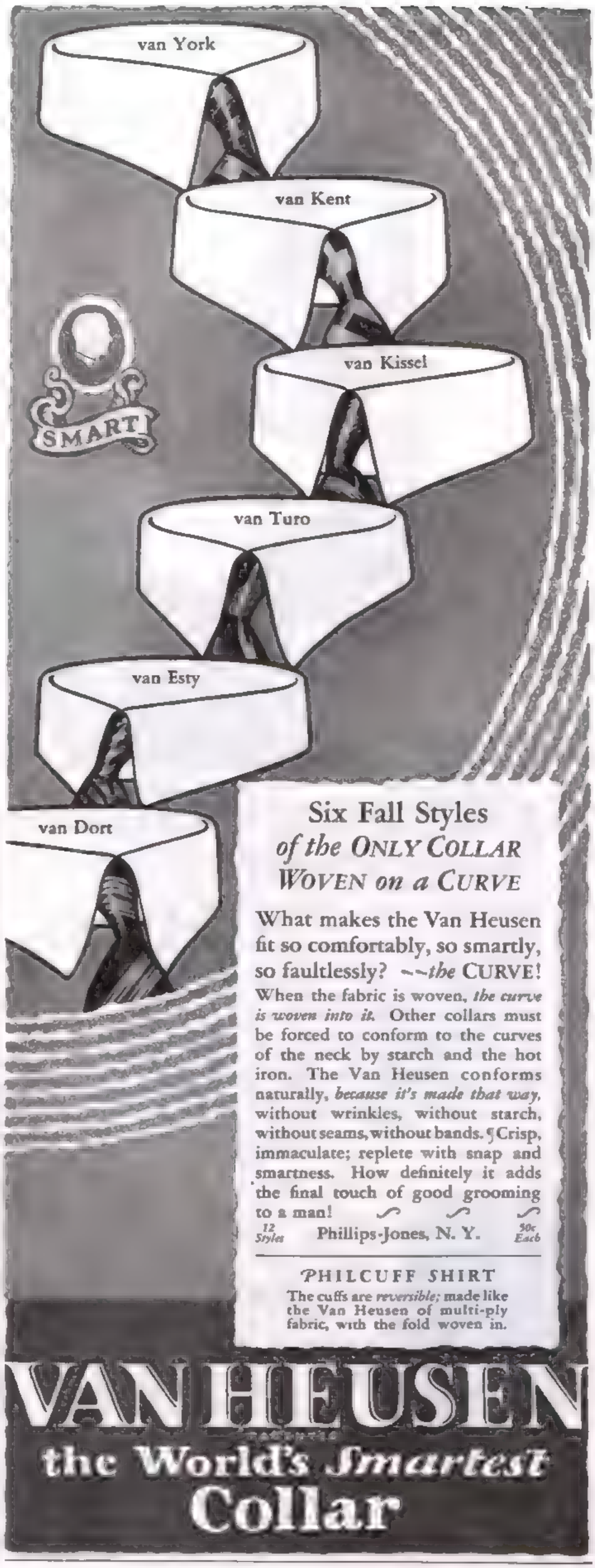
Now this is 8:30 in the morning, and—barring accidents—this same old wash boiler is scheduled to breeze into Moscow at 6:30 that same afternoon, with only one stop, and that was to be at Smolensk. I could tell the way he started out that no matter where he might be headed for, he was certainly going to do no loitering up in that air. He just give her her head, and dident seem to pull up for rivers, Railroad crossings or mountains. Sitting in there kinder give me time to think things over, or, as the novelist calls it, soliquizing: Just why was a bonehead like me breezing off into Russia, or off into anywhere else? What was the matter with the Verdigris bottoms down in old Rogers County, Oklahoma? Why, there I used to be scared to climb up as high as the barn loft unless they was a load of hay being pitched in. I could understand a man flying out of Russia, but not in there.

Well, we are just vaulting from cloud to cloud and the Country is looking mighty nice down below, but not good enough to fall on. I dident know where this Smolensk was, or what time we was supposed to get there. You know, I think that what worried me more than anything else was being somewhere and not being able to talk to anybody. I wouldent have minded having a wreck if I could just have asked him on the way down "How fast are we falling?" or any little casual remark, just so he would have got it. It wasent the height as much as it was keeping my mouth shut a whole day.

Then I dident know whether I would be any better off for talk after I did land there. You know, the thing that impressed me more away up there, away over in Russia, was this: Here I am, for no apparent reason, able to fly from London, England, to Moscow, Russia, in two days, part of it over a country that we laugh at and look on as backward and primitive; and here we have hundreds of business men in Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, New Orleans, Talala, and hundreds of Cities like those that want to get somewhere, mebbe on account of illness, or thousands of other reasons, and the best they can get there is just like their forefathers got two generations before them. We do more talking progress than we do progressing.

You should jump into an Airship in New York in the morning, go to a show in Denver that night and on to Los Angeles, with enough daylight to spare, the second day to see Mary Pickford's home, buy a lot and cuss the climate before bedtime. Just think of being in something that would go by Chicago without having to stay over all day and change depots. Look at the lives it would save there, passing over where nobody could shoot you.

No, sir, air is the thing—get people used to getting up into it. The next war is going to be all in the air. Nobody ain't going to hand you a pair of putties and a Helmet in the next war. They are going to slip a throttle of an airship into your hands and say, "Go aloft and see if you are lucky enough to come down of your own accord or will somebody have to bring you down." It will be as big a disgrace ten years from now not to know how to run an airship as it is now not to know how to run a flivver. The day of the old General on the gray horse, standing up on a little mound, waving his sword telling the other boys where to go—that's museum stuff. In the next war the guy that can grab him a single-seater and go up and lay behind a cloud



Six Fall Styles
of the ONLY COLLAR
WOVEN on a CURVE

What makes the Van Heusen fit so comfortably, so smartly, so faultlessly? ~~*the* CURVE!

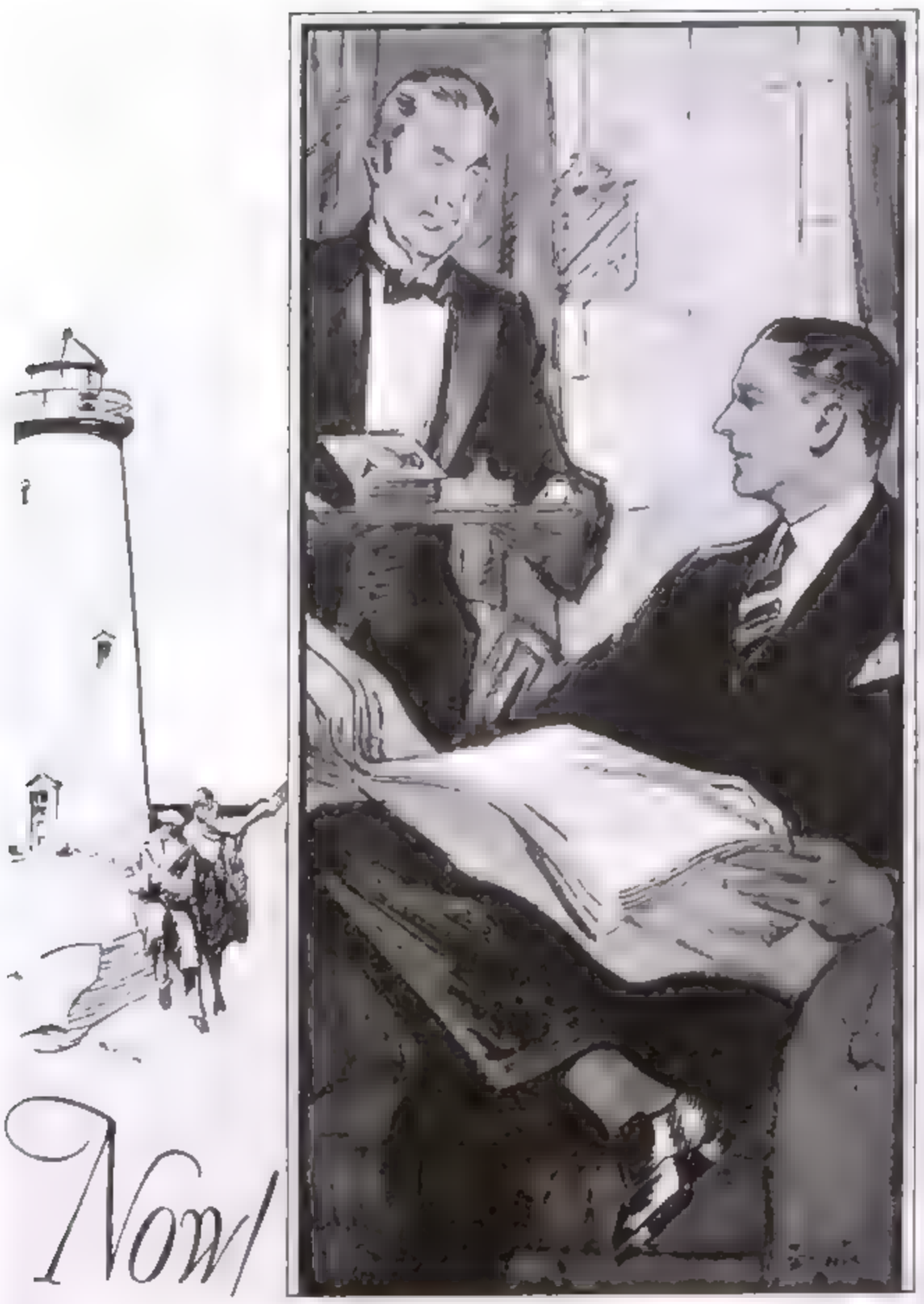
When the fabric is woven, *the curve is woven into it.* Other collars must be forced to conform to the curves of the neck by starch and the hot iron. The Van Heusen conforms naturally, *because it's made that way,* without wrinkles, without starch, without seams, without bands. ¶ Crisp, immaculate; replete with snap and smartness. How definitely it adds the final touch of good grooming to a man!

12 Styles Phillips-Jones, N. Y. 50c Each

PHILCUFF SHIRT

The cuffs are *reversible;* made like the Van Heusen of multi-ply fabric, with the fold woven in.

VAN HEUSEN
the World's *Smartest*
Collar



Now!

Smart, trim-fitting Wool Hosiery -that really wears

an amazing new process invisibly reinforces the entire sock

NATURALLY, you will wear wool hosiery this Fall, for never before has real comfort been so combined with smart appearance as in the new sheer weight, trim-fitting Trufab models for Fall and Winter wear.

And never before have you seen such attractive patterns and unusual designs. Frankly the Trufab designers have simply outdone themselves in the new Fall creations, now on display at the best shops. You'll want to see them today

Smart enough for the most fashionable, correct in every detail—yet priced within the reach of every man. Made of finest virgin Australian wool in combination with Rayon, and other materials, at 50c, 75c and $1.00.

And because of the amazing Trufab Process, Bi-Spinning, which invisibly reinforces the entire sock by doubly strengthening every thread, Trufab Hosiery wears months longer.

Select a half-dozen pair today. They'll last till next Spring. Remember every pair of Trufab Hosiery is guaranteed to give full satisfaction or your money will be instantly refunded.

Other Trufab numbers, smartly styled in a wide range of materials, are priced from 35c to $1.00. Bi-Spun Golf Hose, unusually attractive, at $2.00.

Very modern, yet entirely [illegible] rayon model that is proving highly popular at $1

CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS
Founded 1913 ATHENS, GEORGIA
New York Office 366 Broadway

Tru-fab Bi-Spun HOSIERY FOR MEN

and tell the boys where to go is the real coming general.

There will be a great change of public statues in a few years. The fellow standing there with an old Musket will have to share honor with the statue swung down from the clouds on wires, representing a fellow shooting through his propeller with a machine gun.

And I am mighty glad, Mr. Coolidge, that Henry Ford finally convinced you that airplanes were practical. It looked kinder bad for you there for a while. I dident think you was going to be able to see it. Now you know that Ford wouldent leave the ground and take to the air unless things looked pretty good to him up there. What Borah is to Politics and fantastical things like that, why, Ford is to practical business needs. So keep one eye on that old Boy. He knows more than what a Ford car is made out of. I see where you and him are working on it. I knew he had gone about as far as he could go on the ground unless you breed more people.

So if you want an issue that you won't have to be ashamed of, or stand astraddle of, why, you shout Airships—commercial, Private, Government, Army, Navy; and even the air department can do with another one. You string with Ford and he will get you further than Stearns or Butler or any of that gang. Listen to him and America won't have to sit all day in a day coach to get a hundred miles. And say, these trips over here cost you just about what they would by first-class fare on the trains when you consider sleepers and all. It's not expensive traveling. Now do something on this and don't let it get in with that bundle of suggestions marked Farmers Relief.

Well, I must get back up in the air again and quit monkeying my time away trying to advise you Republicans. We are flying along, and all at once I feel the old Overland stage a-kinder doing like she was circling. I couldent imagine what that was for. I dident know we had to fly around any corners or sharp turns in going from one place to another, unless they was fixing the road and he had to detour. Then I felt her nose heading down like a bronc when he starts to swallow his head.

I looked out to see if there was going to be a traffic accident or what we was dodging, and below was a little town along a river. He kept circling and getting lower, and there I could see right under us then an aviation field. You could see other planes down there. Well, the main thing you got to watch in an Aviator is how he gets down. All of them have got up, but few can get down right. This bird could have lit on an egg and never broke it. We skimmed along like a flat rock on the water and he brought her up short and nice like a real hand reins a good horse.

We piled out and I noticed these old Hombres getting out their passports and I started reaching for mine. That's the one thing you want to carry in your hand anywhere in Europe. It might be a forged one and no good, but they just seem to get a pleasure out of having you dig for it. Well, the officer that took it started in yapping about something, and I told him he was fooling away his time and wasting some kind of mighty good language on me; that I dident even know what the language was, much less the words; that I spoke only English, and that up to only two syllables. He went off and dug up another one that knew a little of it. There was a lot of Soldiers and a lot of activity there.

This new one said to me, "You have no Veesay." In other words, I dident have an O.K. on my passport.

Well, that sho threw a scare into me. Here I have come all the way here and gone to all that trouble, and now there is something the matter with it. I grabbed at it and showed him what damage the Russians had done to it in London for quite a few dollars.

"Yes, Russia, but no Lithuania."

"Lithuania? Lithuania? Why, I never even heard of it, much less getting a passport to it! Where is it? Where are we anyway? I thought I was going to Russia."

Well, they soon made it known to me that I had better have done some studying on Geography since the Versailles Peace Conference—that really wasent a Peace Conference; it was just a map remodeling. Say, but I want to tell you they had them a Country, all right, from the looks of all the officers running around there. I saw one of them kinder looking out toward his little army and getting them ready to call into action. At first when I saw them around there I thought they were making a Picture; it looked just like Hollywood. I soon found it was on the level.

"You should have Veesay." I had to tell them that I dident even know I was flying over their country much less landing in it. It seems that this was not a regular stop; this Aviator has had to come down for something. They called a general war conference to see what to do with this American who had dropped in on them without a calling card. They then decided to phone down to the town, which was Kovno, and is the Capital.

Well, down in town they called the House of Parliament or Congress together to devise ways and means to deal with such an unusual case. So instead of phoning back, why, they sent a soldier back on a Bicycle. It was quite a ways out of town. He had the news that I was to pay $3.50. I gave them a Russian ten-ruble piece—that's about five dollars in our money. A ruble is worth fifty cents in Russia and about two cents outside of there. They wasent any too anxious to take it, but they did, and went off for change, when I told them that that was all right; just keep the change and let the Army have a drink on me.

If I had just thought and told them I was a friend of President Wilson's, I would have got by, because he is the one that laid all these countries out. It was one of those Self-Determination of small Nations. No man ever lived that had more noble ideas than Mr. Wilson, and any time a committee would come to him with ten names signed on an application, and tell him that they wanted a Country, why, he would give them one. If they dident know exactly where they wanted it, and couldent decide, why, the League would give it to them off of Russia. Different little Nations gnawed so much off the edge of Russia that on the map it looks like a piece of pie that somebody with every other tooth out has bit into. Right up above them is another troop called the Lats, of Latvia, then several others. They are all pretty fine little Nations. But it's a pretty tough struggle to get a new Country started, though they are all making a pretty good fight. This one had a mighty nifty-looking little army. All had on nice neat uniforms, and the Officers looked great. Made the Red Army in Russia look like a burlesque for appearance. So I am going to send the League of Nations a bill for $3.50 for finding one of their Countries for them.

Say, here is a little inside Diplomatic stuff too. There was a French plane up there among them, and this Frenchman was showing them how to do it.

Well, I gathered up my two Russians and we hooked up the traces, clucked to the old Fokker and we was off somewhere else—I dident know where. But I warned them in my best pantomime not to be hunting around for any other new Countries, but to find Russia. If it wasent big enough to find, why, we better go down and borrow a map.

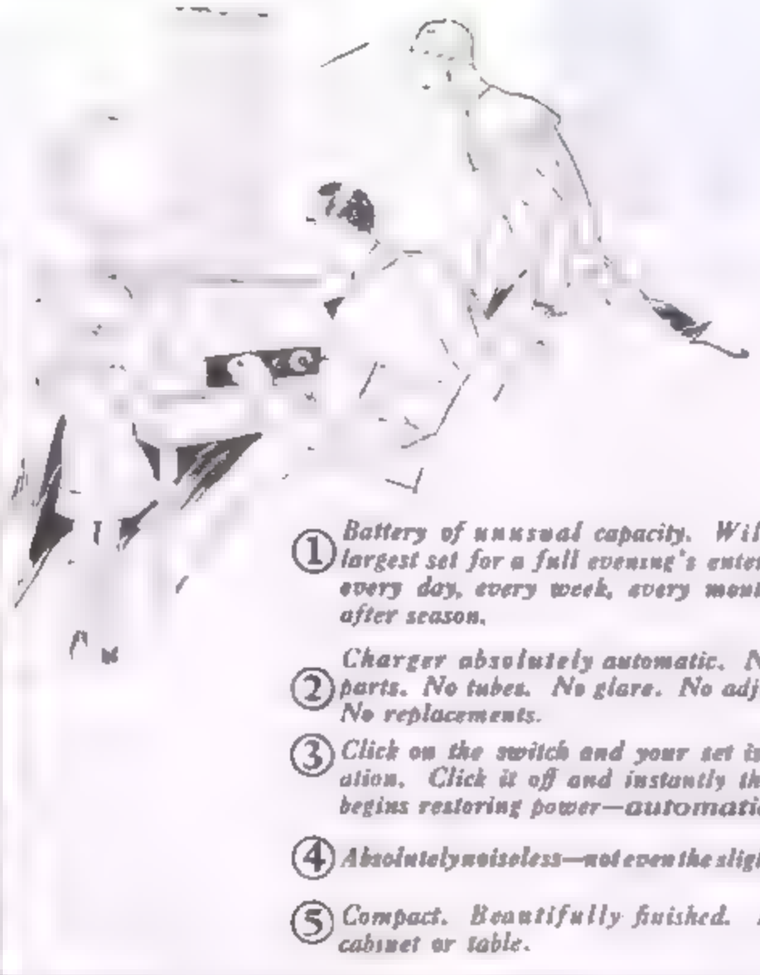
Well, all this delay had kinder set us back in time, and this old Bolsheviki Boy just looked like he took a string and tied his gas throttle right down to the floor. She was wide open, and we started in hunting Russia. The clip we was going at I knew we couldent land in any little Country. We was going so fast we would have gone plumb through it before we could have come down to earth. So I knew then it must be Russia, for it was the only country in the

(Continued on Page 164)

Always - unfailing "A" power for your radio

Complete unit $30

Slightly higher west of the Rockies



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One of the most famous Westinghouse products. Known everywhere for dependability and long life. Sold at thousands of service stations—and at a most attractive price. Look for the blue and white sign.

JUST plug the Autopower into your light socket and then forget it. That's all you need do to assure full, even "A" battery power for your set and the finest kind of reception.

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Any radio or battery dealer will tell you about the Westinghouse Autopower. By all means see it. It will end your "A" power troubles once for all.

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WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

$20 for 20 Hours!

"My first 20 hours of spare time work paid me about $20 00," said Mr. Guy McKittrick of Pennsylvania. "and I have since made $8.00 for six hours' work."

Mr. McKittrick needed more money. Today he is making it—easily, pleasantly—just as you, too, can surely make it if you have a little spare time and the "urge."

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Exquisitely beautiful, yet no delicate parts to fray or wear out. Can be attached to all watches. Made to fit any wrist, for man, woman, or child. Claspets are priced within the reach of everyone—$2.50 to $500 00. Jeweled, platinum, solid gold and gold filled in white, green and yellow, also in sterling silver.

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Continued from Page 162

world that could furnish that much ground to whiz over. All I was scared about was that we would wind up at Vladivostok or in Japan.

Now in going into Russia I think I am just like the majority of people—we don't know or have any idea what it is like. My one impression of Russia is a sleigh going through a forest, with deep snow on the ground, pulled by a horse with a big high Yoke up over his neck and the wolves jumping up biting at the horse's throat, and some others trying to devour the inmates of the sleigh. Now that is the picture that I have had uppermost in my mind of Russia all my life, and I bet a lot of you have the same. We always associate that picture with Russia, just like we always associate the Delaware River with the picture of Washington standing up in the middle of the boat, with the ice all around, not rowing himself but telling the other boys which way to row. He was a natural Commander. I have often wondered what he would have been doing if they had had to swim the river.

So, after thinking of that picture and the wolves, I believe that is why I took the airplane in there. I felt pretty safe up there from the wolves. The way we was going, any old wolf would sure have had trouble jumping up and snapping at us. If he had ever jumped up at us, he would have bit the fellow in the plane on the same route next day.

We was flying nice and low and you could see all the people out in the fields working—well, not exactly all the people, but the ones that were women. Then every time we would pass over a little town or village you would see a kind of a market place, and all the men would be gathered; or you would see them driving in or out of town in little wagons with one horse.

I think the men are pretty good that way in Russia. They make mighty good husbands. If the wives raise anything, why, the Husbands are perfectly willing to take it to town and sell it.

It's not a bad arrangement, at that. You know a lot of these countries have got things that I would like to see put in over in Cuckooland. If they can go out and swim all the Channels they can find, why, they certainly ought to be able to pitch some hay. So I can't think of a better arrangement than these Russians have for all parties concerned—that is, as long as the wife raises something. The women in Russia cultivate the land and the men cultivate their whiskers. The men are the best farmers—they have never been known to have a bad whisker crop. No such thing as a failure. When in doubt, raise whiskers.

All the western part of Russia is level, with slight rolling hills. Very few farmhouses are off to themselves; they are in sorter a little bunch. The houses are low, built of logs, and have straw-covered roofs. The house and the stables are all built into one, generally in a square shape. It's a beautiful country to look at. And grass? Oh, Boy, I just thought if some of my old Western ranchmen could see all that big fine grass going to waste—millions of acres and very little stock on it, with plenty of water. There was quite a few herds of goats, a good many horses, and cattle mostly milk stock. Everything fat and fine.

And here is one thing I want to tell you too before I forget it: Even in Moscow, where the old fellow that is driving his Droshky—or whatever it is they call those old kind of one-horse-buggy things—may look like he hadent had anything to eat in a week, but I tell you his horse is sure fat. They got the fattest, best-looking horses there I ever saw—never saw a poor one.

One of the only mysterious occurrences of the trip happened just before we got into this Smolensk. This Mechanic in there with me pulled the curtains tight over the windows on both sides and I couldent see out. Then I felt the plane turning and knew we were landing. He left me sitting there looking at myself till we were entirely stopped. There was nothing to see after I got on the ground. There was some kind of military operations going on around there, as they are always arguing with Poland and this is near the line. They think France is backing Poland. Every nation in Europe goes to bed with a gun under its head.

Well, whatever they were trying to keep from me, they kept it. I went into a neat little eating place there and got my first crack at some Russian Tea. They serve it in big high glasses like Lemonade; no cream, but they use Sugar. It's mighty good, and after I tried their coffee I went right back on this ration of Tea. I had these old Russian boys come in and eat with me, and we made a lot of signs and had a lot of fun, loaded up with gas. It's along in the afternoon now, and this old Russian Casey Jones grabbed his throttle and this other old Nester kept his blinds pulled till we were away out of town. We are breezing along and I feel him kinder tack off to one side and I peep out and I see a big black cloud ahead. Well, sir, he went over to the right to try to take roundance on the thing. Then he decided to go under it; then he changed his mind and went over it. Of all the dodging and twisting and ducking that he did, and I want to relate to you that he sho did keep out of it. I wouldent be afraid to meet a cyclone with that old boy if he could just see her coming. She would have to do some tall twisting to catch him.

We went into Moscow right on the dot—not a minute late. That field was full of Airplanes; there must have been eight or ten single-seaters up doing their stuff. Now just the last few days you have read about the advance in aviation and the amount of planes that Russia has. Now that is what I am trying to get you to understand, Calvin. These Guys over here in Europe, no matter how little or how big the country, they have left the ground and are in the air. Nobody is walking but us; everybody else is flying. So in a few years, when somebody starts dropping something on us, don't you say I dident tell you.

Now everybody had said to me in going in, "Don't take anything in with you; they examine everything. They look at every card. Don't take a thing or don't write a thing while you are in there; everybody is a Spy and everybody is listening to what you have to say."

Well, they throwed such a scare into me that I stripped myself down till I dident have a single piece of paper about me but my passport. I tore up two handfuls of cards that people had given me of people in Russia to look up for them. I had the parents' address of everybody in New York City. Now I dident know exactly how they might stand, and if they caught me with these names, I might be suspected of being a Spy or something. Outside of my passport, if I had been run over in Russia, nobody in the world could have told where I was from or who I was.

I had an address I had to tear up that Morris Gest had given me of a good restaurant that served Kafilka Fish and Luction Soup, both of which I have learned—after strenuous apprenticeship—to like. I dident want it to get out in Russia that I knew Gest, so I tore that up. Dawes' letters to all the Financiers in Europe I tore up, for I thought the worst thing in the world you could be caught with was any connection with Capital. I thought if they found them on me they will have me in the Kremlin, waiting for daylight to come so the squad will be sure not to miss a shot. Al Jolson had given me a letter to a Jewish musician there who writes all the words and music to all his Southern Mammy Songs. I took in only one suit and four extra shirts, as I was told if I took in too much I would be suspected of capitalistic tendencies. I debated with myself a long time in the hotel in Berlin the night I left whether two extra pair of socks instead of one would constitute capitalistic affluence. I wouldent risk it. I even dident get a shave for a few days, figuring I might pass as a native.

Now, as a consequence, I dident have a soul in the world to go to, or a single address. For when you tear up the name and address of a Russian, that name is gone forever. No English-speaking person living today can remember a single Russian name. They were told they could have only so many letters in their Alphabet. Well, they took fifteen of these they dident want and traded them for fifteen extra K's and Z's So the alphabet consists of twenty-six letters, seventeen K's and Z's and nine other letters. That is the thing that has made Lenin and Trotzky famous outside Russia. They were the only ones that the outside world could pronounce their names.

Well, due to such expert advice, no one ever knocked on the portals of Sing Sing any lighter equipped than I entered the city of Moscow. I dident even have my Shriner pin or my Elk Tooth Fob. I tell you I was practically Neglige.

Now you talk about having sea legs when you get off a boat. Say, crawl out of an Airship after about sixteen hours in the air!

Your legs don't wabble like they do when just off a boat; it's your arms. They want to start flapping and you want to ascend again. I never felt anything as low in my life as that ground was. I went into a little customs office. They took my passport, but instead of like lots of countries where they take it away and hold a Clinic over it, why, this old boy give it a peek and shoved it back to me. I opened up the grip. He got one peek—dident even feel in there. Talk about not bringing in anything, why, I could have had a Grand Plane in there and he would never have seen it!

And as for looking to see what you had in your pockets or had on your person, why, I could have had a bass drum in each hip pocket, a Saxophone down each leg and two years' collection of the Congressional Records in my coat pockets. Now you know yourself that would have been the most bunglesome thing I could have had. I also had a little Typewriter. This Customs fellow thought it was a Cash Register. So, you see, there was one set of advice blew up.

I bid this old Russian Aviator Boy good-by, and when I shook his hand I meant it, and if I ever decide to take up the usual tourist trip of flying over the North Pole, why, this old funny-looking square-headed boy would be the one I would take out a stack with. But I guess the traffic will be so congested next summer flying over the pole that you would just have to wait for your turn to pass it.

Well, I got to stop now. This is about all the news the cabinet can assimilate in one setting. I got a lot of confidential Russian news, but I don't want to trust too much to one letter. These foreigners have a great secret service, so we will split it up in parts.

Yours going to any extreme to get the news

Your little thatched-roof house in Europe, WILLIE.

P.S. Will be back in time to sell my vote at the fall election.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Rogers. The next will appear in an early issue.

Sunbeam's 30-Year Heating Unit Saves 580 Watts of Electricity a Week *and an hour of work!*

The Iron that Remained on Current 11,167 Hours and did not Burn Out

THE whole electrical appliance world is marveling at the way the Sunbeam Iron defied two engineers of Armour Institute of Technology to burn it out. They kept it on current day and night for about a year and a half, and then gave up.

Now hear what a Kansas City woman says:

"The Sunbeam also makes a big difference in the electricity used, because I can iron in an hour and a half to two hours *less time*. I used to sit and sew while I waited for our old iron to heat, but with the Sunbeam I keep right on ironing."

We have scores of such written reports from Sunbeam users. And if this iron lets a woman finish only one hour sooner than other irons, it pays for itself in six months.

For an hour less ironing a week is about 580 watt hours less current. In 26 weeks that's 15,080 watt hours saved. And also 26 hours less of a woman's time, worth 25c an hour at the very least.

One reason the Sunbeam irons swifter than others is because its 30-Year Heating Unit covers the entire bottom—thus constantly heats not only the point and center, but also the EDGES. Hence the Sunbeam keeps hot when it meets damp clothes which cool off ordinary irons.

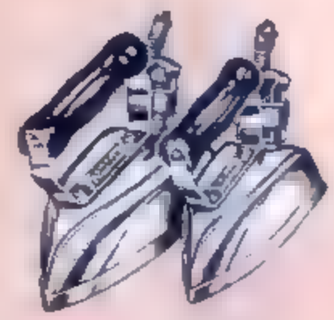
So the Sunbeam users don't have to stop in the midst of their work to let their irons reheat. Once started they iron right along until finished. And the clothes look lovely and glossy—due to the Sunbeam's mirror-smooth bottom, and pointed heels and pointed taper.

Sunbeam's record of 11,167 hours on steady current has never been equalled. So don't accept some other iron and think you have as good. Firmly request the 30-year Sunbeam. Most dealers have it, and many sell it on convenient terms. Send to us if you do not find it nearby.

"The salesman was RIGHT. The Sunbeam does save on our light bill."

Art-Steel Fire Proof Case
A $2.50 value at only $1

but only a combination with the Heavy-Duty Sunbeam or Little Sunbeam. Put away your Hot Iron the moment you're through ironing—no wait—no danger.



Little Sunbeam, $5
with small Art-Steel Travel Case, $1 more

A petite Boudoir Iron and Traveler's Joy. Illustration shows it at realize of 6-lb. Heavy Duty Sunbeam (in the background) and 3-lb. Little Sunbeam (in the foreground). Little Sunbeam in its Art-Steel Case can be snugly packed in a corner of your traveling bag or trunk

Sunbeam Table Grill and Table Stove with Exclusive Turn-over Toaster Feature

Enabling you to cook most anything at the table and to toast bread both sides without touching it, or burning your fingers. Has oven pan below for preparing right meals. Only $10 to complete

Princess—for 16 Years the Guaranteed Thrift Iron

A full-sized full-weight iron with plug, 6-ft. cord and nickeled stand. Was higher priced but popular demand reduces our costs. Now useless to pay $5, $6, or $7 for some other iron not so good. Only $4.25.

Sunbeam's 750

IN ART-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 MORE

THE GUARANTEED ELECTRIC IRON

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Spur Tie

Pat. June 15, '22 Jan. 29 '24 Aug. 26, '24 Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

all tied for you

50¢ - 75¢
$1.00

At the left are Johnny Hines and Leila Hyams. Johnny Hines is the First National Pictures star, whose latest successes are "The Brown Derby" and a picture adapted from the story, "The Knickerbocker Kid." Miss Hyams is the beautiful star of "The Kick-Off," a Wesley Ruggles production. She is now playing in William Fox films.

The *smartest* tie that ever made feminine eyes look twice

FEMININE eyes do look twice at your Spur Tie. The first glance is attracted because it is a smart, good-looking tie. The second is caused by the belief that every woman has that she can tie a tie better than any mere man.

That is a double compliment to the Spur Tie. It is already tied by feminine fingers—better than you or any other man can knot a knot. It looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie—and feminine fingers can adjust, but can't improve it.

Here is a tie that has in it the one great improvement made in men's neckwear in centuries. That is the H-shaped Innerform, exclusive in Spur Ties. It is a form that lets you shape the Spur Tie any way you like it; but, once set, the H-shaped Innerform makes it stay that way, without rolling, curling or wrinkling.

You will find Spur Ties displayed on the counters of smart shops for men. Pick one up. Feel in the wings for the H-shaped Innerform. See how you can shape the tie to suit your fancy. Then make sure that what you feel is the real H-shaped Innerform. See that the red Spur label is tucked under the knot of every tie you buy. Then you are sure of getting the real Spur Tie, the smartest tie that ever made feminine eyes look twice.

Write for the free book, "Can Do Winthrop Finds a Gold Mine," an interesting and romantic short story of business and adventure.

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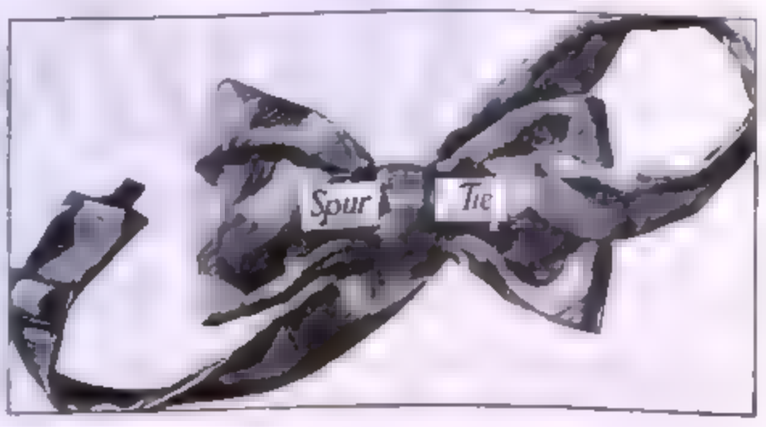
THE top picture below is a photograph of the H-shaped Innerform, the exclusive form found in the Spur Tie. This is a moldable, pliable form that lets you shape the Spur Tie any way you like it. Once set, the H-shaped Innerform makes the Spur Tie keep the shape you give it. The position of the tie around the form is indicated by an outline drawing.

The lower picture is a photograph of a Spur Tie, with the position of the H-shaped Innerform, when it is concealed by the tie around it, indicated by an outline drawing.

At the right is a photograph of a Spur Tie, showing the back of the Tie. This is a Spur Band Bow, with the silk band, of the same material as the tie, that goes all around. Spur Band Bows are 75c and $1. Spur Ties with the elastic band are 50c. Here, too, you see a reproduction of the red Spur label, which must be under the knot of every tie you buy, before you can be sure it is a real Spur Tie



SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 42)

known to our stage carpenter, Barnes, who was a very able man and who was the nonchalant wearer of an Inverness cape—the only stage carpenter of whom I ever heard who even knew that such a thing existed.

Two weeks later Batchelder called again. He was effervescing with the pride of achievement and had to uncork or burst. The fact was, he told me, that he had been to Chicago looking over the theaters there, and was particularly enamored of the seats on the lower floor of the Auditorium. By the greatest luck he had been able to purchase enough just like them for their lower floor in Grand Forks. That had necessitated having special chairs made for the loges, and these he had ordered. I ventured the opinion that the cost must be rather high for a town as small as Grand Forks. He admitted that it was; that, in fact, it was twice their estimate, and his manner showed plainly that a little thing like that left him undaunted and unimpressed.

I accepted Batchelder's offer. He met me at the station, and after I had registered at the hotel we went for a stroll along the main street, where I saw a very fine building nearing completion. When I remarked on it, Batchelder said, "That's it. That's the new Metropolitan Theater. She cost $130,000, of which only $26,000 is subscribed, but she's up."

Grand Forks at that time being a town of some 7000 inhabitants, I said, "You don't expect it to pay, do you?" And to this he answered promptly, "Of course I don't. But she's there, isn't she? And no matter what happens they won't pull her down. So whether it knows it or not, the town's got a theater."

The theater itself revealed a well-designed auditorium with a not too spacious lower floor—the bane of the drama—and two good-sized balconies. The famous chairs were there ready to place, and Batchelder purred over them as a cat does over her first kittens. Of the railing round the loges he was also especially proud. The decorations were in excellent taste, as were also the curtains and the hangings. The stage was of good size, and, under the eye of the strangely coated Barnes, who had preceded me by a week, was being excellently equipped.

When first I heard the name of the theater I thought it quite grandiose for a place of amusement in so small a town, but I was now convinced that it was appropriate, for it was, in fact, Metropolitan.

Playing to a Bumper Crop

After we had examined the theater I inquired the name of the opening attraction and was informed that it was the Emma Abbott Grand Opera Company, the most important organization of its kind then touring. When I asked what night they played there, Batchelder said, "Night nothing! We have booked them for four performances—three nights and a matinée"—a thing unheard of in so small a town.

My next query was, "What percentage do they play on?" I was informed that they would not play on sharing terms, and so the theater was paying them $4000 for the engagement. On hearing this I asked Batchelder if he had a time-table.

He inquired, "What for?" and I replied, "I want to know what time the next train goes to Minneapolis."

"You don't think we'll play to that much, do you?"

"You won't play to half of it."

"Bet you a suit of clothes we play to more."

"I don't want to rob you."

"You don't know this town and the surrounding territory. You may not be aware of it, but you are in the Red River Valley, the greatest grain country in the world. Wheat this year has panned out forty bushels to the acre, and the price has been $1.50 a bushel. The pockets of the people are bulging with money and their breasts are bursting with local pride. If we go at it right, they'll not only spend—they'll squander. But we've got to go at it right. Now I'll give you a list of the first half dozen men to see and ask for a subscription for seats for the opening night. Tell them, of course, that it is going to be a great show, but don't make it your selling talk. That must be the wonderful advertisement it will be for the town."

"But $4000 means $1000 a performance, including the matinée, before the house gets anything."

"If we work it right, we'll play to $5000—perhaps $6000. You're here now; give it a whirl."

"But I'm afraid that ——"

"You won't quit on me without even a try?"

"Since you put it that way—no, I won't."

"You won't funk it? You'll do your best?"

"I'll do my best."

"Fine! Here's the list."

With the list in my pocket and a sinking feeling in my heart, I set out on the expedition. The first name on the list was John Griggs, and I was fortunate enough to find him at his office. I told him the object of my visit and expatiated at length on the advertisement feature; showed how a magnificent opening attendance would put to shame Grand Forks' great rival, the town of Fargo; and explained how every company that played in the theater would carry news of its unexpected magnificence even to New York itself. While delivering my oration I was not at all sure of its conviction, and through my subconscious mind was running the thought "If I talk ten dollars out of him I shall think that I've qualified as a confidence man."

Subscription Poker

When my peroration was finished, Griggs cascaded his tobacco juice into a distant spittoon, where it fell with the silvery plunk of a wet dishrag dropping into a nearly empty tin pail. Then he rose from his chair, drew himself up to his full height, and for the first time I got a full view of his façade. It was a sight worth seeing. He was well over six feet in height, and, in spite of his sixty-odd years, his shoulders were square, his figure erect and his beard still retained most of its pristine redness. Instantly there flashed into my mind the picture of McKee Rankin as I had seen him in The Danites. Griggs was a man.

Looking fixedly at me, he said, "Young fellow, maybe you don't know who I am and then again maybe you do. Anyhow, I'm going to tell you. I'm Captain John Griggs. I used to drive the dog train between St. Paul and Winnipeg before a railroad up here was even thought of. Part of Grand Forks is on my original home site. I was at the first wedding here, I was at the first christening, I was at the first funeral and I'm going to be at the opening of the first opera house. Put me down for $300 for two seats for the opening performance, and if anybody sees me I'll raise him fifty."

I was in the hall when I came to.

The next man on the list was William Budge. I told him my story somewhat rewritten and with the climax built up.

"Seen the captain?" he asked, and I said that I had.

"How much did he give?" was the next question, and I told him that he had given $300.

"I'll see him," said Budge.

Not being so well versed in the vernacular of poker as I later became, and not wishing to fall into any financial error, I inquired if he meant that he also would contribute $300.

(Continued on Page 169)

The real guardians of the mouth

To protect your white teeth from decay and always keep the gums pink and sound, six small mouth glands should be working day and night. Keeping these youthful, vigorous, is even more important than brushing the teeth. The numbers show where the mouth glands are, three on each side.

You can keep the MOUTH of YOUTH

No wonder youth laughs and smiles so!

Your teeth are white and shining, your mouth and breath are wholesome all day long, if you use Pebeco. "I use Pebeco," says a well-known horsewoman, "I like its sharp, clean tang, like galloping with the Autumn winds against your face."

Renew each day the vigor of the mouth glands *to protect the teeth*

YOU can restore the Mouth of Youth with its healthful beauty—you can keep it always if it is already yours. Only wake to action the six little glands of the mouth!

Unless these mouth glands stay young and active—decay begins. Lack of exercise will slow them up. Too little chewing—soft, modern foods—will cause them to age.

But you can restore the natural vigor of the mouth glands. Pebeco was perfected not only for brushing the teeth, but to keep the mouth glands active as in youth.

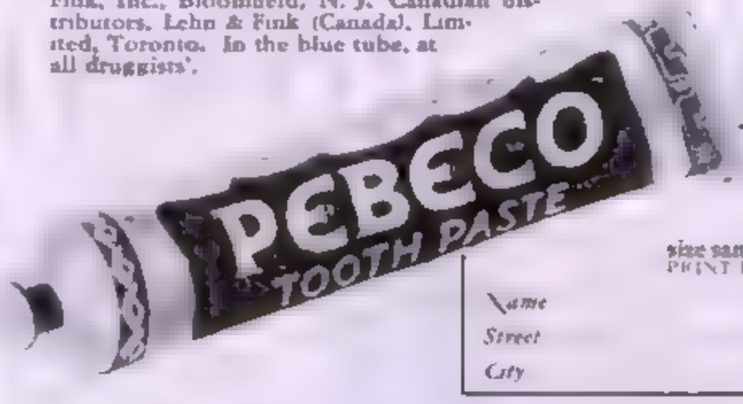
You can taste the important salt in Pebeco which stimulates the mouth glands and keeps for you the Mouth of Youth.

Brush your teeth with Pebeco. As its pure salt crystals dissolve, refreshing fluids cleanse the whole mouth, even where the toothbrush cannot reach. It renews each day the lovely Mouth of Youth.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Canadian distributors, Lehn & Fink (Canada), Limited, Toronto. In the blue tube, at all druggists'.

Unless exercised, mouth glands begin to age!

Even before our teens, the mouth glands start to slow up from lack of exercise. They are 20 times more active when we chew. Yet our soft food is so easily swallowed, hard chewing is almost unnecessary



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Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name
Street
City State

PEBECO *keeps the Mouth of Youth*

Face to the Public

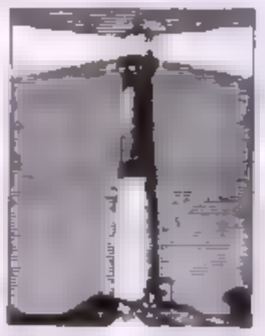
THERE is an old adage in the law courts that you can tell where the personal interest of a witness lies by the direction in which he turns his face.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN EDITOR is like that. He is a witness in court every day. By the direction in which he turns you can tell where his interest lies. *And an editor, more than any other man in public life, must keep his face to the public. For from it, he derives his impressions of daily life, his inspiration to write, his policy to pursue. The editor and his people must be one.*

✦ ✦ ✦

SINCE 1879, the Scripps-Howard newspapers have faced the public. *They have preached the doctrine of sane, American liberalism, wisely and temperately. These papers have won many battles in this cause. But they have always waged their fight in behalf of their readers.*



SCRIPPS - HOWARD

TODAY, the Scripps-Howard newspapers serve more than a million and a half families. These newspapers are published in twenty-four leading cities. This is popularity. *But the readers of the Scripps-Howard newspapers also accord them confidence and respect—the greatest reward of journalism.*

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Terre Haute (Ind.)	Post		

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Chicago Seattle Cleveland
San Francisco Detroit Los Angeles

(Continued from Page 167)

"Didn't I say so?" he barked.

Back I went to the captain. "Mr. Budge has seen your $300," I informed him.

"Raise him the fifty," he said.

I returned to Mr. Budge. "The captain has raised you fifty dollars," I told him, and his only comment was, "He wins."

There I was, with $650 subscribed for four seats by the first two men whom I had approached. Even then it seemed that there must be something wrong somewhere, so, before proceeding further, I went to discuss the matter with Batchelder. Together we evolved a plan of campaign. We arranged to get out a souvenir program on satin on which was to be printed the names of all persons who subscribed fifty dollars or more for two seats for the first performance. If the price paid were less than fifty dollars, the name of the purchaser would be conspicuously absent, and I use the word "conspicuously" advisedly. Then we invited the governor of the state to make the opening address and he accepted. The editor of the morning paper threw its columns open to us unreservedly, and we pulled some publicity stunts which had never been seen before, in that town at least.

A Nose for News

Then I went forth again with my little list. The fruit was ripe and I had only to shake the tree. No married man who had or could raise the necessary fifty dared refuse to subscribe and so have his family missing from the elect, for that program was regarded as the social register.

For the first performance we raised nearly $7000—a dollar for every man, woman and child in the town.

Only one man on the list refused to subscribe. As he was a banker, I went to him when I had no contribution less than $200. He scanned the list as carefully as though it were a mortgage on a quarter section, and then said, "I suppose you'd like me to keep up with the procession?" I admitted that it was the desire of my heart, whereupon he replied, "Well, I shan't be there. I'll take a trip to Europe instead."

Suddenly there arose the question as to what was the proper attire for so momentous an occasion; and, after much discussion among the powers, it was decided that, as it was a grand-opera performance, evening dress was the only correct thing for the lower floor. That verdict came near to wrecking many a happy home. Numerous were the domestic rows because of it, but in a majority of them the wives emerged victorious after a hard-fought battle. The result was a boom in the tailoring business which extended from Winnipeg to St. Paul, to which cities, finding the local establishments unable to handle them, many orders were sent after the receipt of a little book the title of which was Aids to Self Measurement, With Illustrations.

At last the eventful evening came. In the theater itself there was hardly breathing room. The loges and many of the best seats were occupied by men and women to whom evening dress was by no means a novelty, and in the other seats sat smiling and triumphant wives, accompanied by sheepish and perspiring husbands.

After the governor had made the opening address, in which were interspersed many references to "this magnificent temple of Thespis," the curtain went up and the performance began. When it was finished and I was sitting alone in the restaurant, Captain Griggs left his party, came to me and said, "Young man, it was fine. The ladies loved it because it was so artistic. But take a tip from me. I know this town, and if you want to make the theater a real success, see that the other shows you get have more dancing and less yodeling in them."

On the strength of the success of the opening I was engaged for a year as the manager of the theater at the same salary I had been receiving in Minneapolis. It was a year that I have never regretted. The people were cordial and hospitable, and, in a surprising number of instances for so small a town, both well bred and well read, and quite a number of them went every winter either to Florida or Southern California.

Situated in the town was the University of North Dakota, in connection with which was an Academy of Music. This led to the organization of an amateur opera company, the performances of which would have done credit to a city twenty times the size of Grand Forks. As a contrast to my native town, which had 70,000 inhabitants and no daily newspaper, here was a town of 7000 which had two; one morning—the Herald, which carried press-association dispatches—and one evening, the Plain Dealer.

The winter, according to the thermometer, was bitterly cold, but the air was so crisp and one dressed so warmly that one really did not feel it. On one occasion when we had a performance at the theater it was, at eight o'clock, cold but clear; but when the performance ended, I had to announce that, owing to a blizzard which had come up very suddenly, it was advisable for those who lived at any distance from the theater not to venture out. We cleared the stage, the orchestra played, and we had a most enjoyable impromptu dance until the morning.

One of the stores in the theater building was occupied by a barber shop. While one of the barbers was shaving the late George Boniface, he inquired, "Was you with the troupe when it played here last year?" Boniface admitted that he was, and the barber, scraping away, said, "I don't remember your face," to which Boniface replied, "No wonder; it's all healed up now."

As it was impossible to get more than one attraction a week, my work was so light that I was ashamed to take my salary for it, so I went to work on the Herald, the newspaper and the theater paying me jointly. At that time one of the great political issues was free silver, and the farmers in the West and Middle West were greatly in favor of it. One branch of the Farmers' Alliance was to have an important but secret meeting at Grand Forks. I managed to get into the building where the meeting was to be held and hide between the ceiling of the hall and the roof. A full account of the secret meeting was published not only in the Herald, but also in the Chicago Tribune and the Minneapolis Tribune, on both of which papers I was running a string—that is, acting as their special correspondent and being paid according to the amount of the stuff which they used.

First and Last Chance

Next morning I was again at the listening post. The opening of the meeting was sultry and acrimonious. There was undoubtedly a traitor among them. Charges and countercharges were heatedly made. While this continued a man went down the hall to the chairman and whispered to him. Some sixth sense warned me and I stood ready for flight.

After much banging and mallet pounding, the chairman obtained silence and said, "Gentlemen, we have a traitor among us. But he is not down here; he is"—dramatically pointing toward the roof—"up there." My exit was unceremonious, inconspicuous and swift.

Even at that time North Dakota was a prohibition state, but Minnesota was not, and their dividing line was the Red River. On one side of it was Grand Forks, with 7000 people and no saloons; on the other was East Grand Forks, with 200 people and twenty-two saloons. Although connected by a bridge over the river, never were two towns farther apart. This was especially so in the summer. To harvest her grain, North Dakota needed many extra hands. Lured by high wages and good food, there would come the riffraff and scum of the unemployed. At the end of the harvest season, or even were there two or three showers of rain, they would tramp over the

Don't trifle with their health!

GUARD your children against the dangers of chilly rooms and drafty floors. Provide comfort with even, healthful temperature—especially in the mornings and evenings.

Protect the children with the radiating warmth of a Nesco Perfect Oil Heater. *Carry Perfect Comfort with you from room to room!* Was there ever a more economical or convenient aid to healthful conditions in your home?

The name Nesco is your guide to dependability. It identifies one of the world's leading manufacturers of oil heating and cooking stoves.

Let your local Nesco dealer explain the many outstanding advantages of Nesco Perfect Oil Heaters. Write for our folder illustrating the various styles — each moderately priced.

Note these features:

Self-adjusting flame spreader automatically prevents turning the wick too high, assures a non-creeping flame, is self extinguishing, smokeless.

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Large handy opening for filling.

Nesco Positive Lock prevents all possibility of heater being opened accidentally and assures safety in moving from place to place.

Feet and base are made from one piece of steel—cannot become loose

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Hundreds of thousands of Nesco Perfect Oil Heaters now in actual use guarantee satisfactory service.

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Send me your free folder illustrating and describing the various styles of Nesco Perfect Oil Heaters.
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Plush Knit Jackets and Vests

Style—exclusive with NOCKABOUT. Colors—the season's latest. Quality—the best.

This combination has made NOCKABOUT the choice of men who like the best things to wear.

Also NOCKABOUT plain rib knit jackets and vests.

NOCKABOUT Jackets retail as low as $7.50

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Write us if your dealer cannot supply you. Descriptive folder on request.

Grushlaw & Sichel
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PIG IRON

by CHARLES G. NORRIS

When men as different as these are agreed that any novel is both "immensely interesting" and "tremendously worth while," why not enjoy it with them?

STUART P. SHERMAN
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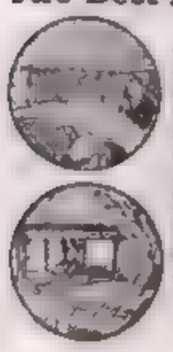

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bridge to East Grand Forks, a thirsty and law-despising army. Midway of the river, built on piles driven into the very edge of Minnesota's half, they would find the first saloon, with a large sign hanging out, on which were the words "First Chance," and on the reverse side "Last Chance."

Then lawlessness was rampant, and the various robberies, assaults and killings furnished me with many a paragraph for both the local and outside papers. The Minneapolis Tribune published so many of these that the judge who held court in East Grand Forks wrote to protest that they were fabricated and that their publication was a libel on a Minnesota town.

To ascertain the facts, the Tribune sent a special correspondent. Two days after his arrival, and while the correspondent was still on the ground, the judge, early in the morning, was found dying in the street, mortally wounded. A friend whom he had been visiting at night had been suddenly taken ill, and while on his way to Grand Forks to get a doctor the judge had seen two men trying to break into a grocery store. He had interrupted them and they had shot him. A few hours later the judge died, but no trace of the murderers was found.

When my contract expired I was again ready to move on. This time I went to Chicago as treasurer of the Windsor Theater, a house on the North Side, of which the proprietor was M. B. Leavitt, who also was the manager of a theater in San Francisco.

Fighters as Heroes

My short stay as treasurer at the Windsor has only one outstanding incident—while there I met William A. Brady, with whom I was destined to do two of the biggest successes I have written. Brady was manager of James J. Corbett and had booked him at the Windsor for the week following his fight with John L. Sullivan, the terms varying from 50 to 60 per cent of the gross receipts, according to whether Corbett won or lost. The crowds which came to see him go into and leave the house were so big that a special detail of policemen was necessary to handle them.

The supreme adulation accorded prize fighters has long been a matter of interest to me, and never have I seen it better exemplified than in Paris some four years ago. I went to see the international Rugby football match between England and France. A memorial to the football players of France who had lost their lives during the war was to be unveiled by Marshal Foch. He appeared carrying the wreath he was to lay at the foot of the memorial and he received a polite and casual recognition, but nothing more. A few minutes later Carpentier came on the field. The crowd went mad with enthusiasm. The applause that Foch received compared to that given Carpentier was as a spring shower to a waterfall. I do not attempt to explain either the psychology or the lesson of this occurrence. I simply give the facts.

After a few months at the Windsor Theater, Leavitt transferred me to San Francisco to be the manager of his house there. It was called the Bush Street Theater and was on its last legs. These I must have managed to knock from beneath it, because when the season ended Leavitt gave up its management, and I found myself thousands of miles away from home and without money enough to pay my fare back. J. J. Gottlob, the manager of a rival house, procured me a pass to Chicago, to which city I joyously went, again going to work on the Board of Trade.

A theatrical manager named J. H. Shunk, who made his headquarters in Chicago and owned the Calhoun Opera Company, was also the manager of a Swedish play called Ole Olson and of a clever but vintage comedian named John Dillon, whom he was sending on a tour of the West in a play called A Model Husband.

To advertise this play he had procured two verses descriptive of a model husband; but the author, having worked out his vein, could not write the three others which Shunk needed to complete his folder. Shunk advertised for them, offering ten dollars for each verse accepted. Next morning I appeared at his office with five, from which he selected and paid for the needed three.

In the subsequent conversation Shunk learned that I was of the theater, and he offered me and I accepted the position of business manager with his Ole Olson company when it opened in the autumn. The route was booked by Shunk's office man, Jules Murry, in my judgment the best and most efficient booker of a Western company that ever filled out a route sheet. He knew every town that was on the map and some that were not. When it came to finding places for a company to play, he was the Christopher Columbus of the Northern Pacific Railway. He knew the mileage between towns; the arriyal and departure of the trains; the cost of each baggage haul; the last one per cent the manager would pay for the attraction; which theater would guarantee and which would not; how much paper could be advantageously used without the loss of a sheet; and, if it had been necessary, so well did he know his territory, I feel sure he could have told what cereal each manager ate every morning for breakfast.

Ole Olson, as the name states to the initiated, was a Swedish dialect comedy-drama and preceded Yon Yonson, Swan Swanson, Chris Christenson and the other plays of similar names with which the West was afterward inundated. Ole was a curly, white-headed, clumsy, blue-eyed chap with an unconquerable habit of doing kindly deeds so awkwardly that it always got him into trouble. In its crude way, the character was a genuine comedy creation.

Ole was beloved of theatergoers wherever he appeared, and to the Swedes he was a thing of joy. They laughed at his awkwardness and screamed at his dialect; and when, thinking to smuggle two sacks of flour into the poor widow's long cupboard without her knowledge, he stepped into the cupboard with them and then could not get out, no situation invented by any farce writer ever received a more liberal reward of genuine and unrestrained laughter.

Seeing America First

The route booked for us was over what was called the Kerosene Oil Circuit, because in most of the opera houses that we played—the word "theater" was missing at this time from the vocabulary of these towns the footlights were oil lamps with reflectors at their backs to throw an increased lighting onto the stage. It took us through Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, South Dakota, North Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, British Columbia and Colorado; and we played a different town practically every night, with matinées twice a week. If the train for the next town left at five o'clock in the morning and it generally did we had to take it, so that we got a considerable portion of our sleep while traveling—and a parlor car was an undreamed-of luxury.

When I say that a train left at five o'clock I really mean that it was supposed to leave then Actually, it often left from three to five hours later, and we were given the choice of shivering at the station or of going back to an alleged hotel and shivering there. Of all the shivering we experienced that winter, the Montana shivering was the best. It had the most chatter and shake to it. I have never been in Iceland or Labrador, but I am willing to back a Montana railway station at four on a December morning, with three feet of snow on the ground and the thermometer at twenty below, against either one of them for the heavyweight shivering championship of the world.

We had at Denver the one-week stand of the tour, which gave us the inestimable boon of getting our laundry returned to us in the same town where we sent it out. A certain actress was playing the Irishwoman character rôle and her granddaughter was the child. The granddaughter, a girl of perhaps eight, was taken ill with scarlet fever and the actress was quarantined to stay behind and nurse her.

Six Towns Lost

We had just one week of one-night stands between Denver and Chicago, where the tour ended. The towns were billed and all arrangements for the performances made, so I determined to play them and say nothing to the office until it was done. Then and there I made my debut both as playwright and actor, for I cut the child out of the play and with the courage of ignorance went on as the Irishwoman.

After we had played for three nights and I had managed to escape arrest, the husband of the quarantined actress, who was playing the very villainous villain of the play, and who, freed for the first time from marital supervision, had celebrated it by too much imbibing, notified me while we were on the platform waiting for the train that unless he was paid not only his own salary for the week but also that of his wife and her granddaughter, he would not move from the station. So far as I know, he is standing there yet! To show my additional versatility, I rearranged the play so that the villain and the Irishwoman never met, and played both the parts for the remainder of the week.

Bursting with the pride of achievement and expecting not only a pat on the shoulder but perhaps half the three salaries that I had saved, I told Shunk what I had done. At the end of the narrative he merely looked melancholy, shook his head sorrowfully and said, "Well, there are six towns I'll never be able to play the piece in again."

At this I made up my mind never to act again and I broke my vow but once. One night, and only one—to save a performance of a musical comedy of which I had written the book, at the Park Theater, New York—now the Cosmopolitan—I played a high priest so well that the entire audience thought he was a snake charmer.

There I was, back in Chicago, once more jobless until the next theatrical season opened some four months later. To tide me over, I went as bookkeeper for a printing house, but the tide soon washed me out again. Then I became the renting agent on the premises for a block of flats on the South Side; and, not without pride, I record the fact that I was undoubtedly the most comprehensive failure the real-estate business has ever known. Here I claim a record, for not only did I not rent a single flat, but of the three families who had moved in previous to my advent two of them promptly moved out after it. On the last Saturday that the owner of the flats paid me my wages he indignantly asked if I was not ashamed to take the money I admitted my shame, but took the cash.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Broadhurst. The next will appear in an early issue

The Day

HE GOT THE CONLEY CONTRACT

¶ . . Caesar decked his heroes with laurel

¶ . . Napoleon bestowed medals

But Holcomb had the happiest plan of all. He gave watches—slim medallions of elegance and usefulness. Gave them to men for outstanding sales records.

« ¶ *And well might one prize the gift. For these gaily ticking timepieces were few and far between. . . . .*

It was Holcomb's way to make an impressive occasion of these presentations. Squirming there a bit uncomfortably, in the dim grandeur of the Board Room, you almost wished you hadn't landed that Conley contract after all. But when at last The Chief arose, and presented the watch with a smile and a handclasp . . . .

Ah, man! There's a moment to meditate! An impression as delightfully enduring as the gift itself

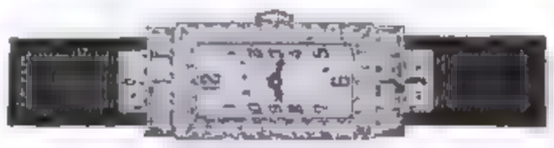
A watch is a symbol of faithful service. Every man has wanted a really good watch since the day of earliest memory. A modern watch is not only a cherished companion, but a faithful daily servant.

"*This is the watch they gave me!*" . . . . How often the devoted owner invents excuses to display his treasured token. For there is something about the friendly faithfulness of a fine modern watch that assures increasing pride of possession as the years roll by.

✣

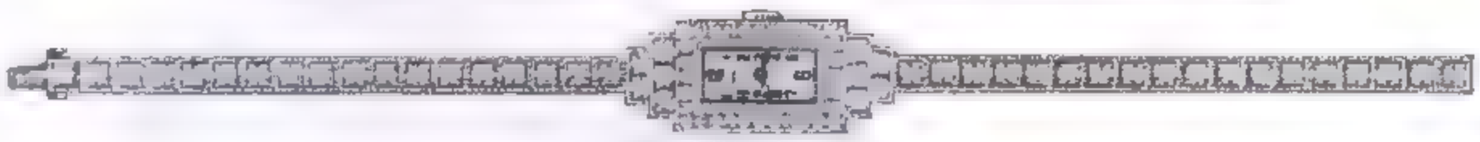
Gifts GIFTS THAT *LAST*

Consult your Jeweler



Gruen Wristlet 3Q 105
17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $1595

Gruen Wristlet 3S 105
17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $1095



Gruen Wristlet A-847
18-jewel Duttrich Gruen PRECISION *movement*, $1985

These three wristlets are full-paved with diamonds, set in white-platinum cases

The sale of Gruen Watches is confined exclusively to the better class jewelers in each community. Their stores are marked by the Gruen Service Emblem

NOW --- *diamonds that carry their own certification*

Gruen Cartouche 153
Set with 2 diamonds, $75

Gruen Cartouche 23
Set with 4 diamonds, $85

Gruen Cartouche 121, set with 4 diamonds, 2 sapphires, $100

Gruen Cartouche 161
Set with 6 diamonds, 2 sapphires, $125
With solid gold mesh bracelet, $165

Gruen Cartouche 28, set with 4 diamonds,
17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $150

Gruen Cartouche 189
Set with 12 diamonds, 8 sapphires
17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $175
With solid gold mesh bracelet, $215

NOT only when you buy them; when you wear them, too!

Even to the unexpert eyes of your friends and associates, the name Gruen on the dial of your wrist watch immediately signifies that the diamonds with which the case is set are of established worth.

For all the precious stones selected to adorn a Gruen wristlet must meet the Guild's traditional high standards.

They must be of extra quality and of the finest cut.

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Gruen diamond wristlets are priced moderately at $75 upwards, with a few extra fine pieces as high as $15,000.

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CANADIAN BRANCH, TORONTO
Engaged in the art of fine watch making for more than half a century

Other diamond-set bracelets in solid white gold and platinum mesh, or ribbon, in varied patterns, $15,000 *to* $150

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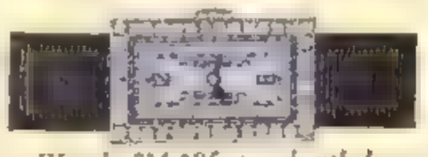
Set with 12 diamonds, 8 sapphires
17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $200

Gruen Cartouche 215
12 diamonds, 4 sapphires, platinum top, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $250

Gruen Wristlet E 107, set with 28 diamonds, white-platinum case, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $350

Gruen Wristlet C 107, paved with diamonds, 4 sapphires, white-platinum case, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $450



Gruen Wristlet 3M 105, paved with diamonds, 6 sapphires, white-platinum case, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $550

Gruen Wristlet 3P 105, paved with diamonds, white-platinum case, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $785

Gruen Mesh Wristlet 1W 105, white-platinum mesh and case, paved with diamonds, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement*, $2085

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Copr., 1926, G. W. M. G

NEW MONEY

(Continued from Page 9)

and, when it reached Eastern Manitoba and Ontario, swooped down almost to Lake Superior before it took a notion to go back north again; which it did, with various twistings and writhings, until it passed out of the picture up Labrador way, once more back home in the Arctic Circle. According to the geologists, who should know, it was a grandpappy of mountain ranges, having had its grand volcanic outburst upon an already overheated world some 50,000,000 years before the Rocky Mountains even got started, making the Rockies, with their 10,000,000 years or so of active occupation, a sort of sixth generation as mountains go.

At the Farmers' Door

Sixty million years is a long time. Much can happen in an expanse like that. It did. There were eruptions and more eruptions. Then there was tropical temperature where now there are Eskimos and fur parkas. Following this, by way of diversion, there were glaciers and ice fields and more glaciers and more erosions, with the result that now, in Manitoba, in Ontario and in Quebec, that once massive chain of mountains amounts to just about enough to form a watershed, separating the waters which flow into Hudson's Bay from those that naturally have an inclination to flow toward the Gulf of Mexico. It isn't even a mountain range any more; it's a height of land. Thirty thousand years ago it wasn't even that—it was merely a good floor for what was known as the Continental Glacier, which in time gave up the ghost also. That left the same kind of condition which would exist if a giant knife should slice off the Rocky Mountains to a point about 900 feet above sea level, leaving all its innards exposed.

Prospecting for gold would have been great stuff about that time. Here was displayed everything that the world had inside it at the time it was formed, for the rock which was laid bare was what was known as Pre-Cambrian, which dates back a long time before the first dinosaur tried out his teeth. Everything was scraped off One finds today, on revealed spaces, the gougings and scratches of glacial action; not a tree, not a bit of soil was there to mar the view; all that would have been necessary for a prospector would be for him to choose what he wanted. This Pre-Cambrian was money rock. For instance, it was in this Pre-Cambrian formation that the great copper deposits of North Michigan were found; the Witwatersrand and Ventersdorp and Potchefstroom gold beds and veins of the Transvaal in Africa, as well as metal-bearing districts of China, Brazil and India, are, if not the same age, at least closely allied. The only trouble was that there were no prospectors to look the district over.

Therefore came the day, in movie parlance, 30,000 years later, when investigation was not so easy. Blades of grass had grown in the sediment of crevices and decayed to form the basis for more blades. Then shrubs and trees, all feeding upon the remains of those that had gone before. In places this deposit took the form of muskeg, a conglomeration of mushy roots, decayed vegetation and general devilment, stretching for miles, and in places almost bottomless. In others the rocks were buried for no more than a few feet. But practically everywhere there was vegetation in the form of thick forests, growing down to the rocks, then spreading their roots like tremendous fans throughout the makeshift soil of former growths—bogs, muskeg stretches, swamps—and where there were no forests or swamps or muskeg, there were innumerable lakes and rivers. In the midst of all this, built upon sedimentation probably left by the glaciers, was a clay belt which beckoned to the farming pioneer.

This has its bearing. In that Great Clay Belt today the barns are bigger than the houses and the sweet clover knee-deep; there a sturdy French-Canadian people of thirty years ago struggled for existence as the pioneers of America struggled a century before them, where there were forests to be conquered and where one sees, even today, the tiny burial plot at the side of a log home, and crosses standing black and unpainted—because that little house in the clearing represented all there was in life or in death. One hears but little of this Great Clay Belt; farming is not romantic. Yet because of it Cobalt was discovered, and Cobalt's name is known around the world.

Lakes and Streams are Everywhere in the New North

Lake Du Pault, in the New Mineral Country

The French-Canadian pioneer had been successful in the Great Clay Belt except for a way in which to market his produce. There was only one thing to do, and the Ontario Government had started it—to build a railroad called the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario, to reach this clay belt of perhaps fifty miles in width and carry its produce to market.

So northward the railroad went, at last to reach a great cut through the rounded ugly rocks of the Pre-Cambrian, some 400 miles or so north of Toronto. A camp was necessary, and a blacksmith shop to sharpen drill steel. A man named La Rose was one of the blacksmiths, and one fine day in 1903 he threw a hammer.

Up Cobalt way, if one desires to get into an argument, all one must do is to select a group of old-timers and ask why La Rose threw the hammer. One will tell you he threw it at a fox. Another will announce vociferously that the object was a chicken. A third will say that there was neither fox nor chicken, but that he threw the hammer from sheer exuberance. After that a fourth will break the news that La Rose didn't discover Cobalt at all, but that two other men, James McKinley and Ernest Darragh, made, in quite a prosaic way, the find which to date has sent forth from one camp alone more than 350,000,000 ounces of silver.

Gregarious Prospectors

However, it's better to feel that La Rose threw a hammer at a fox, and in doing so, knocked a piece of niccolite from a near-by stone, leading to the discovery of silver. Mining never suffered yet from a romantic story. Certainly, fox or no fox, it led to plenty of excitement—especially when there were deposits, placed by glacial action, which yielded from 10,000 to 12,000 ounces of silver to the ton merely awaiting discovery. There was a rush which resulted in some big mining and in something else. It grew a hardy type of prospector, educated him to the queer formations of Northern Canada and paved the way for the excitement of today. As for other discoveries it did not accomplish miracles, as far as a general expansion over all of the Northland's metal-bearing territory was concerned. Prospectors are a queer lot; they like to remain in the vicinity of the place where someone else has found riches, with the result that it was years before the Porcupine district was even discovered, a country that is comparatively only a short distance—in this land of tremendous expanses, at least—from Cobalt.

But the thrill of new money was present; gradually and very slowly those Canadian prospectors—and they are different from the ordinary run—spread fanwise. More camps were exploited. Then came the war.

While that war lasted everything stopped

Be comfortable this winter *in your open car*

DON'T "turn in" that open car. Make it a neat, snug closed car. Then, later, when you want all the air—Presto!—make it an open car again, in jigtime, thanks to the new Hampden Enclosure.

Light in weight. It lowers transportation costs.

222 models for 33 car makes. Complete for Dodge touring car, $60, Ford touring car, $46, f. o. b. factory. Others in proportion.

A postcard brings the full story. Give name, year and model of your car. Ask for price and name of dealer near you. Be *comfortable* this winter in your open car.

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For the Entire Family

Sold everywhere PILCHER BACHELOR BUTTONS snap on and are quickly *detachable*. Use them over and over again. No sewing necessary. Fit any garment. If dealer can't supply, send his name and 25c for full assortment of 3 sizes, 3 colors.
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Play Ball! You and a friend can enjoy all the thrills of baseball—with the clever and fascinating *Pocket Baseball Game*. Carried in your vest-pocket it is always with you for a few minutes' entertaining sport! A full 9 inning game can be played in 10 minutes. The delight of the baseball fan—not a toy, but a practical game for everyone. Sent postpaid for 50 cents (stamps, currency, or P O order)
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Copy of "WINDOW MAGIC" free.
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but war, and everything remained in slow motion, at least for several years after the Armistice. Geology parties were nil, reports on new formations of the Pre-Cambrian rock which showed possibilities of precious minerals were not forthcoming. Then, at last, the explorers began anew, and with that beginning began also a revived interest in the finding of new money which has mounted and mounted until the present state of excitement was reached.

Or is it excitement? More, it is, like a slow fire which burns beneath the surface, creeping over vast territories, but making little smoke or blaze as it does so. One hears of tremendous things in Canada—veins as wide as seventy-five and eighty feet; outcroppings which, by dint of scraping and shoveling, can be traced along the surface of the ground for miles. There is one new mine at the recently born Little Klondike of Rouyn—so nicknamed for its garish and brawling babyhood instead of the quality of its ore—which, according to the reports of reputable engineers, cannot be worked out for 200 years.

But none of this is quick money. It is the belief of this writer that the next twenty-five years will see more metal millionaires come out of the North Country than ever were enumerated in the history of California, Montana, Idaho, Nevada and Colorado combined. Some of them, it is true, will be prospectors who could afford to hang on, but few of them will be poor-folk miners. That is, of course, provided that the erosions of millions of years are not somewhere congested into a placer area.

No Place for the Uninitiated

In that event there would be a rush to Canada beside which the frenzied hordes of the Klondike would seem like a Sunday-school picture; but so far no such placer deposit has been discovered, nor anything that would indicate that such a placer deposit exists. It may be present; mining is the only thing in the world that is more uncertain than a hundred-to-one shot in a horse race. There may be somewhere in Canada the residue of the gold that has been eroded for millions of years. Then again it all may be at the bottom of the ocean. A vast area of nuggets is only a possibility; as yet it is far from a probability. But the great veins of low-grade ore, the tremendous deposits of copper, of gold, of silver, of galena ore, are established things, with only about 10 per cent of the Pre-Cambrian even hastily investigated. And so far there is nothing to indicate that the poor-man miner, with the hope of striking it rich and realizing on his investment overnight, has a ghost of a chance to do so.

"This country is different from the usual new-money field," said a big mining engineer of New York to me as we sat in a log-cabin restaurant in Rouyn, "and the person who yields easily to the gold fever should be warned to consider things carefully before he lets it get the best of him. In the first place, this is different country, more formidable country than were even the Rocky Mountains in the days of '59. There's a mining revival all over the world now. Let the man who wants to prospect do so in the country that he knows best. Up here, unless a man is initiated to the country or has an experienced bushman for a partner, he doesn't stand much show of finding mineral, in the first place; and after he's found it he's got a gold mine or a copper mine or a silver mine and no place to put it."

Rich Man's Money

That is a broad statement, and one which can be explained in justice to Canada only in the space of succeeding articles. For the present ——

"I've been in practically all the mining camps of the world," continued the engineer. "And I've seen a great deal of poor-man country. California was like that—a man could arrive one day and start washing gravel the next. Nevada and Montana were greatly the same. The Klondike was essentially so—everything was placer there. Colorado, in its boom days, before it was known that there were such things as veins of ore, was anybody's money.

"But here it is different. Up in this country, if a man can find good quartz with free gold in it, and can set up a little stamp mill and get to going for $10,000, he is considered to have a poor man's mine. The usual procedure is vastly different. The expenditure of $1,000,000 is not an unusual amount before a cent of dividends is forthcoming. Not that money will not flow from Canada's new fields; it is already doing that. But it is Wall Street money that is realizing upon itself. You'll find it in Red Lake, in Porcupine, in Timmons, in Rouyn, and in practically every camp for that matter. But it is rich men's money that is being made to earn more money, not the poor man's.

"Besides, there is the element of waiting. Rouyn, for instance. There's that mine up on the hill with $30,000,000 in sight, and goodness only knows how much more waiting to be discovered. But you

(Continued on Page 177)

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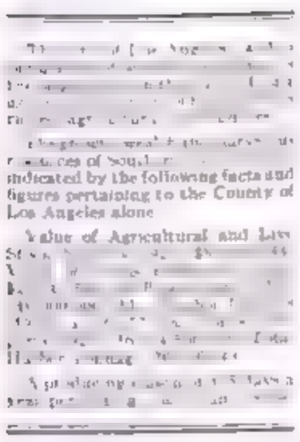

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PLAY golf or tennis under a summer sun and summer sky, or—almost magically, but only if you wish it—change, in an hour, to *skiing and tobogganing* as if in Switzerland. Then, the next day, back again to golf or sailing, or lying on a beach in bathing togs. Mid-summer and mid-winter on the self-same day! This strange mixture is offered in only one place in the world—*Southern California, vacation land supreme!*

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You see the blue Pacific or a tremendous desert like Sahara.

You pack into vast wilderness to camp and fish and hunt. You climb a mountain to get stupendous views. You rest beside a lake 5000 feet above the sea in the quiet of big trees

Or cruise about in lovely valleys among groves of oranges and figs and palms. You stop to visit an historical Old Mission.

Your living costs are unusually low.

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If you want assurance of proper pressure at all times, put Dill Valve Insides in your tires—then double seal them with Instant-Ons.

Most well known tire manufacturers use Dill Valve Insides. Practically all leading car manufacturers provide Dill Instant-Ons as standard equipment. And most good dealers carry both—Valve Insides, 30c for a box of 5—Instant-Ons, $1 a set of 5. (In Canada, $1.25)

THE DILL MANUFACTURING CO. · *Cleveland, Ohio*

Manufactured in Canada by The Dill Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

DILL

Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

(Continued from Page 174)

don't see any overnight rich men spending their profits, do you? What's more, that $30,000,000 probably won't begin to realize on itself for two more years."

And when one considers that the mine on the hill, with its $30,000,000 in sight, will, when it goes upon a paying basis, have consumed seventeen years in its borning, an idea may be gained of an aggravated case of waiting.

They're building a railroad to Rouyn now, stretching down through the wilderness from a junction with the transcontinental line of the Canadian National Railways at the little French-Canadian town of Taschereau, through muskeg and across rivers running, like dark-colored tea, from land that has not known drainage since the soil began. That it might be built, men experienced the risk of life itself—party after party of engineers battling their way through the unbroken bush, skirting muskeg that so far has been found to be bottomless, glued to their transits while swarms of mosquitoes and black flies all but drove them mad, often lost for days at a time, cursing their compasses as liars, in the impenetrability of a virgin land where everything seems awry, once one loses track of a landmark. A railroad which has broken its way through the wilderness in temperature way below zero, while, as the tote road progressed with the chopping down of the impeding forest, pile drivers were hauled overland, dynamite brought forward on sleds, machinery carried over the snow, and even the food to last the construction camps through the summer months transported and cached against the time when that tote road would be only a thing of mud and slime and impassable soggy muskeg, when the ice would go from the lakes and the road be a continuous thing only for such time as some obstacle did not arise to break its continuity.

That this railroad might go through, young men—railroads have a habit of choosing young men for heartbreaking work, fellows who get the thrill of the adventure and forget the wall which lies between them and civilization—who have not seen even a town of 500 for eighteen months at a stretch have endured illness, the shriek of winter blasts, the dread threat of forest fires, the agony of wandering the bush for directionless days, only at last to hear their comrades back at camp shooting them in, in a steady succession of firing that has lasted since the first knowledge of a lost companion.

The Easiest Thing

For them, the stink of the swamp, the steady harassment of forest flies, the loneliness of pioneering, the gaunt realization of work done in the building of a bridge only to see it washed away by the first swirling torrent following the break-up in the spring, the agony of cold, of taking soundings through the ice of a lake that piles might be driven, followed by the absolute disappearance of those piles when warmer weather came, the attacks upon the muskeg. Swift work at first, then slower, with the ice still heavy, three feet under the surface of the earth even with the arrival of July's blazing sunshine—all this and more that the machinery may go in for smelters and the materials transported for the building of a town instead of the place of deal boards and log shacks which now is Rouyn—that millions may come from the ground, from a place which engineers for the powers that be in the mining fraternity predict to be one of the greatest gold-copper fields ever discovered, but which, until that railroad does arrive, can give forth nothing. And consider: The first prospector struck the Rouyn area, not six months ago, nor a year ago, but in 1911, three years before the World War blazed its crimson way across history! Fifteen years ago, and yet out of Rouyn has come not one profitable cent of mine production!

Horne was the name of the prospector who first, according to local history, braved the muskeg and the bush into what is now the Rouyn territory, practically due east of Porcupine. Evidently his findings in the beginning were promising, for he kept at it, leaving the area time after time, but always returning, like a dog on a scent. At last in 1920 he found what he sought and staked ground.

That's about the easiest thing one can do in Canada. The real thing is to interest capital into traveling fifty or sixty miles into the wilderness in the hopes of establishing, by the spending of hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of dollars, a profitable mine.

But Horne did it. An engineer accompanied him in September of 1922. The fact may or may not have become known. But almost coincidentally other prospectors went into the country and staked claims, while other capitalists seemed ready to option the ground. It started a boom and a staking bee which has been described as a rival of the Klondike. Just how much of a rival it was, and just how much the average person knows of that frenzied horde, may be gauged by the fact that it was conducted by a maximum of about fifteen outfits, employing thirty-five prospectors, who staked prodigiously, then, in the main, allowed their claims to lapse, leaving them to be staked by others.

Diamond Drills for Eyes

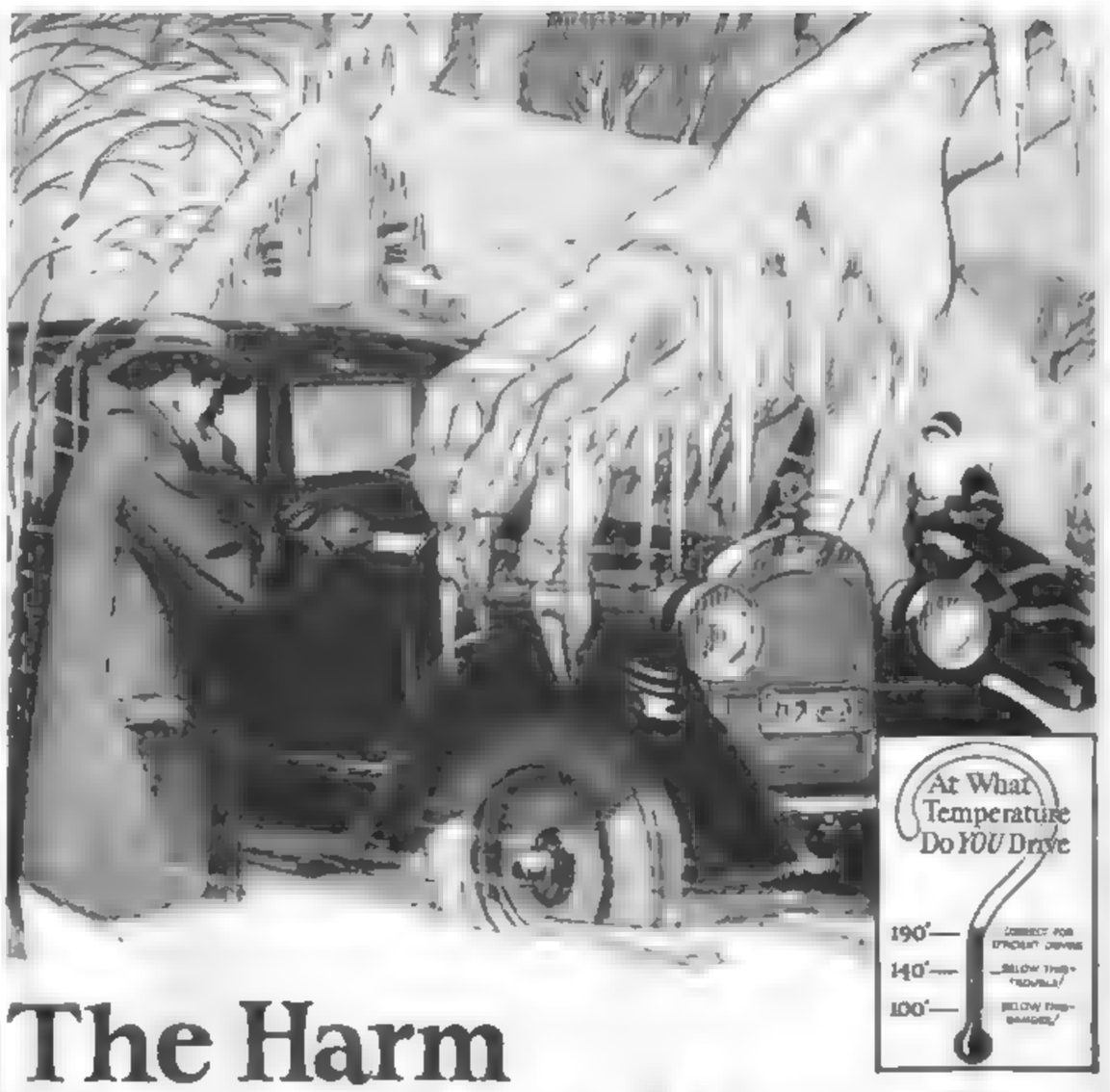
Up in Canada they don't take chances on a mine in the same sense that once was done in the old days of American mining. When capital goes in, it wants to know what it is doing. Overland, across a tote road, and along the icy stretches of the various waterways which form the highways of the North Country, came machinery and men—to see what was really there. The vein might be good on the surface, showing in fact, as it did, a copper content greater than that which has made America's copper production the largest in the world, to say nothing of enough gold to pay for the cost of taking that copper from the ground.

But was it a flash in the pan? In such cases as have been mentioned, mining companies like to find out. This they do with what is known as a diamond drill.

A very investigative piece of machinery, this diamond drill. It goes into the ground about as deep as an operator cares to send it. It brings forth a core which forms a cross section of every inch of ground that it has penetrated. The assayer does the rest. All through the winter of 1924 and 1925 this diamond drilling was conducted, not only upon the property discovered by Horne but on a dozen others. Even lakes were drilled, hundreds of feet below their beds, while the word went wider and wider that there were riches in Rouyn.

The Lord seems to provide munificently when it comes to the starting of a new mining camp. What had been a place of three or four log cabins soon grew to a community of a score of such abodes. Then forty and fifty. It is not mining in the main which makes a mining town; it is the by-products of mining—the teamster who brings his horses overland to do the work that naturally results around a camp, the lawyer, the doctor, the café owner, with his range and his stock of food; the barber, the resort keeper, the trader in the oldest profession, the bootlegger, the gambler. There are those who are ever looking for new fields, as adventurous in the plane of commercialism as the explorer is in the hope of unmapped country—the pudgy little woman from Timmons, lugging her 7000 pounds of hospital equipment over ice and snow and frozen muskeg; the laborers, the prospectors—all to live off one another until new money should flow from the ground.

From 100, Rouyn became a town of 500, then 1000, then 1500, while prospectors roamed forth on snowshoes to stake ground they could not even see, and while lawlessness grew steadily more paramount. And last winter, as the dog teams rolled in, and the frost-laden horses, feeding often



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Thousands of motorists have learned that the Allen Shutter Front permits you to control, from your seat, every adjustment necessary to keep your motor at its highest efficiency on the coldest days. So simple and inexpensive that thousands use it in preference to any other form of radiator protection. So handsome in appearance that the Rolls-Royce and other fine cars use it as standard factory equipment.

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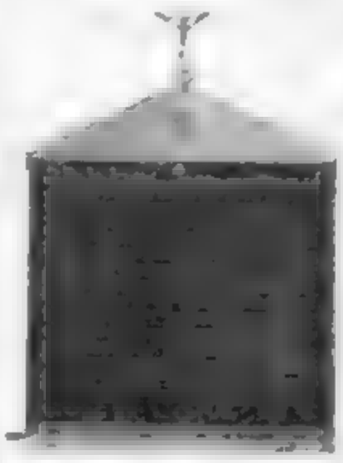
Prices, $7.50 to $15.00

For Nickel-Plated Shutter Front to and $18.00 for the same Nickel Silver, all models complete $50.00 each.

For a free copy of our valuable booklet "The Care Your Car Needs In Winter", ask your accessory dealer, or write us.



The ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

Positive Hand Control From the Dash!—*It Always Works*

Only strong, live, clean-looking hair is *healthy*

You can *keep* your hair thick and healthy

THERE are just two common ills of the hair: dandruff—an actual scalp *infection;* and thinning hair—due to the slowing down of scalp circulation.

Both these ills can be combatted, can as a rule be completely overcome, even though of long standing:

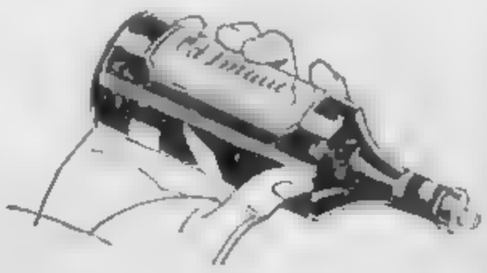
EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

At the very first touch of Ed. Pinaud's your scalp will begin to tingle and glow. And your hair—too long dull, sick-looking—will after only a few days begin to *look* every bit as clean, as live, as vigorous as it *feels!*

For Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine does the two things needed to promote hair health—destroys dandruff infection and stimulates active nourishing circulation.

Make this care of your scalp as regular a part of your morning toilet as brushing your teeth.

Get Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine *today* at any drug store or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



ED. PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

only upon willow shoots, dragged their burdens over the snow from Taschereau, down the Makamic, Macimac, Micamic or Mackimic road—whichever you choose, since the North Country often spells a thing according to the nationality doing the pronouncing—or up along the Kinejevis and over Lake Osisko on the near-hundred-mile stretch from Angeliers, Rouyn flared forth in what it called the spirit of the Klondike.

Grand were those days, in the minds of the railroad laborer, the dog driver, the prospector, starved for human association, gaunt-eyed and hungry for human companionship as they rolled in with a month's wages, then rolled out penniless. Dog teams scurried over the ice, laden with liquor. Phonographs screeched in log-cabin edifices which, for the sake of politeness, called themselves dance halls. Chips clicked across the gambling tables—not upon the money of mining, but the money that had been brought there by those who hoped to make money out of the mine to be. Sprawling, drunken in its arrangement as it was often drunken in its citizenry, Rouyn spread forth in a dozen directions. The gambler, the ne'er-do-well of this typically motion-picture mining camp; the bootlegger, plying his trade in defiance of the Quebec law which states that no liquor may be sold within fifteen miles of a mining or railroad construction camp—waxed fat and roseate, free from danger of arrest for the simple reason that there was no jail within sixty miles in which to put him.

Night and day Rouyn flared and blared and blustered. New money! What cared Rouyn if the winds shrieked and the temperature dropped? New money was in the offing. New money—and a mining camp must be a mining camp always! There must be the licentiousness, the viciousness, the brawling, the drunkenness; there must be the flow of liquor and the rattle of the chips dropping into the kitty as the professional dealer sends forth another hand of stud. Were not mining camps ever thus?

A New-Style Mining Town

The phonographs still screech in Rouyn. There is still liquor to be had if one knows where to find it. But the spirit of the Klondike is gone and the actuality is disappearing. For three reasons. One is that ingredient which will not be stilled these days—the spirit of civic betterment. Another is that big money doesn't take strongly to drunkenness and carousing. A third is, of course, that a town can feed on itself just so long; then it must pause until a new supply becomes available.

There is law in Rouyn now. There is a mayor there, and magistrates, and a jail of which they are proud enough to consider it a point of interest to be displayed like a million-dollar post office, in spite of the fact that it is merely a double log cabin. And there is something more!

Across Lake Osisko, beneath the shaft house of the most important of the ten or fifteen big mines which some day will give forth their wealth, the smoke rises by day and by night from piles of burning stumps, and blast follows blast as the dynamite explodes, tearing out the rock and stumpage from the site of what some day will be a model town. It is like the sight and sound of distant warfare; like the ceaseless rumble of the artillery of a steadily encroaching army—an army, incidentally, that spells the doom of such mining camps as Rouyn was in the winter of 1925–26, or even as it is today.

It is the artillery of an army of workmen as they clear the ground for the leveling that will mean grassy lawns, the digging of ditches for sewerage, the clearing of muskeg down to its under layer of blue clay for future streets of cement—an army of big business, building the foundations of the model town that will arise when the railroad comes. It is an army that came by tote road, by dog team and even by airplane; for in this grotesque spot the thrum of a passenger plane sounds daily, landing on ski in the winter, on sea pontoons upon the surface of Lake Osisko in the summer, that it may carry passengers at fifty dollars a head, and luxuries at twenty cents a pound—another of those by-products of a mining rush. It is an army which, that the shaft house might rise, carried compressor machinery by means of frail canoes, lashed three abreast; that receives its supplies even now by motorboat and the slow, expensive method of portage from one waterway to another, but which works ceaselessly onward at the laying of foundations for the smelter material which will come with the railroad, the houses that will come by freight and the rest of the materials that will make a city, to tower over Rouyn, viceless, godly, serene and out of all proportion to the minds of those who know mining only as mining existed in the days of yore.

The Bootlegger's Return

One July afternoon I sat in the broad-benched party room of a log cabin at the juncture of the Du Prat River and the Macamic road, an automobile highway now near completion, sent forward by the demand of new money even as the railroad. A jovial place, this log cabin, and a jovial hostess—none other in fact than a lady known, not as Lou but as Yukon Jessie.

Not fair to look upon, indeed; for Yukon Jessie, in the pursuit of her profession for the benefit of the laborers from the railroad, some ten miles away by canoe, the workmen of the Macamic road, the employes of a mine near by, and the weary prospector, halting in his journey down the Macamic for a bit of conversation, a drop of beer and other commodities—had seen more than one mine rush come and go. Besides, Yukon Jessie owned the place and had nothing to sell but straight alcohol and Montreal beer.

That afternoon, while the mosquitoes buzzed and the murky Du Prat gave forth the putterings of an outboard motor now and then, Yukon Jessie was beerless but loquacious. She was loquacious both as to this new country and to the old, out there around Whitehorse in the Yukon, where a girl couldn't even save a thin dime, owing to the generous nature of such folk; there was always somebody needing something. And as she waxed more loquacious she waxed also enthusiastic about this new land, where the riches lay just under the muskeg or stared at one from the rocky fastnesses abutting every lake.

"Oh, it's great," she said, "this going from one new country to another. Now don't get nervous. Dan'll be here with the beer pretty soon—three barrels of it. Yep, I like this new country; always something happening and someone jolly to talk to. You know what?" she asked. "I'm going to get in a lot of booze and beer and give a picnic just for the old prospectors. I just love the old prospectors, always so jolly and so full of good stories and everything. I'm going to pick myself an island on a lake just as soon as the mosquitoes die off and I reduce some of this fat I've got on me from sittin' around so much, and just give a picnic that'll muss up the whole country. Yep, it's a great country up here, all new and everything."

The fast put-put of a motorboat speeding up the Du Prat put an end to her futurities. She craned her neck and looked out the open window.

"That you, Dan?"

"Yeh," came the voice from without.

"How much beer'd you bring?"

"None," said Dan.

"What?" Yukon Jessie executed a full turn. "No beer?"

"Naw, no beer!" said Dan. "They're pinchin' everybody in Rouyn. Gone crazy or something—say they're trying to clean up the town. Had the jail full last night."

Yukon Jessie turned, her face a mixture of pale surprise and flaming indignation. Just as she did so, three mosquitoes, working in harness, lighted on a fulsome calf and began diamond-drilling for pay ore.

(Continued on Page 181)

Different Scenery—but the Same Sheriff Upholding LAW and ORDER

To the average mind, the word "sheriff" brings one of two pictures—the popular hero of fiction whose only recorded duty was beating bad men to the draw—or the implacable Nemesis of the near-bankrupt, brandishing his legal papers two jumps behind his panting prey.

¶ Both pictures are wrong. The old timer occasionally had his less spectacular duties to perform. The modern sheriff sometimes faces tasks fully as hazardous as any that lent romance to frontier days.

¶ The sombrero has given way to the derby. The cayuse has been supplanted by a motor. The scenery has changed. But east or west, north or south, the man behind the gold badge is essentially the same.

¶ Not his to choose only the peaceful pursuit of minor offenders. He takes his day's work in his stride. Whether he heads a posse into a trackless swamp on the heels of a vicious felon, or whether he faces a passion crazed mob lusting for summary vengeance against a cowering prisoner, his badge and his oath of office may well owe their integrity to the balance of power that lies in a six-chambered cylinder.

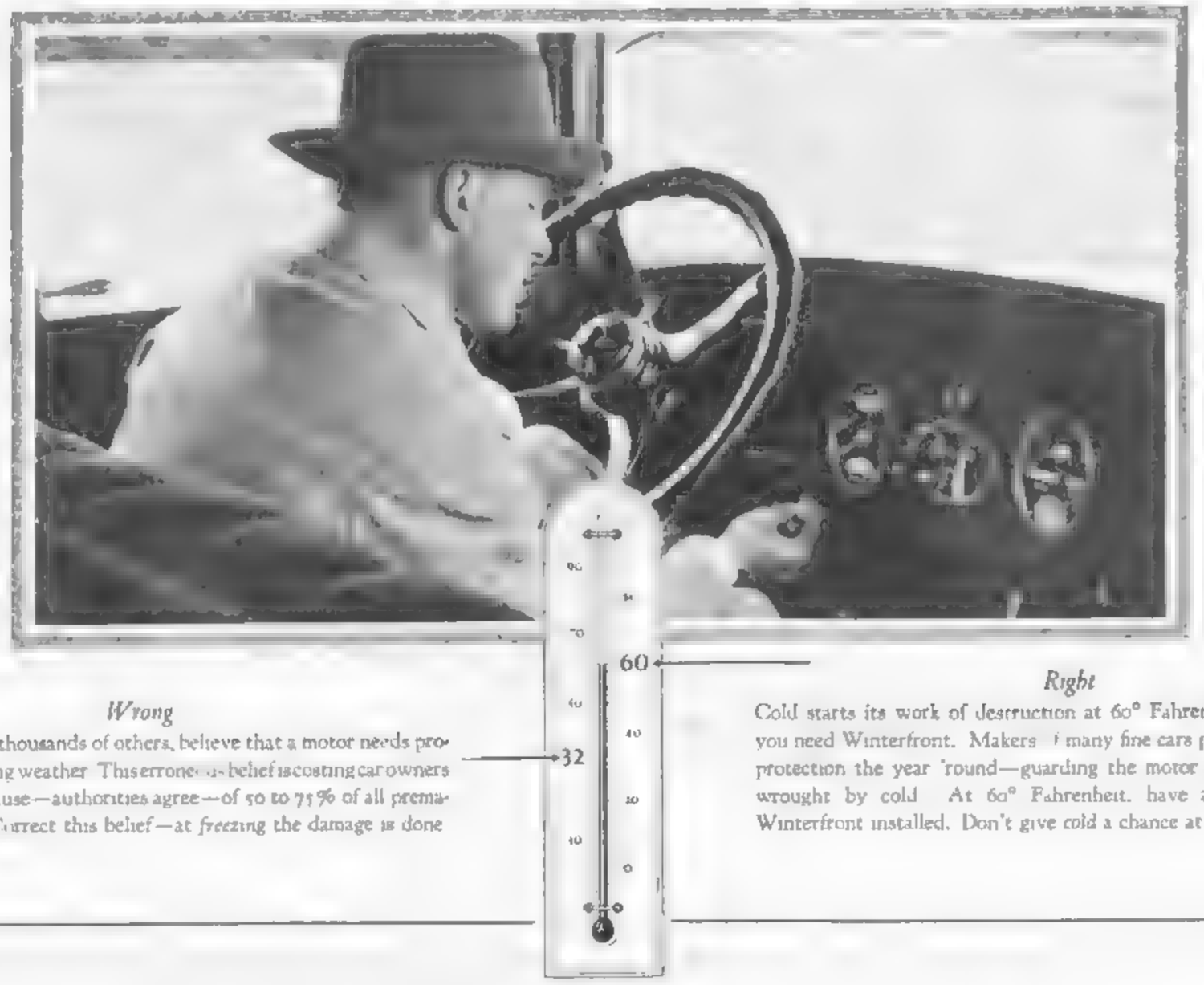
¶ If the black shadow of violence threatens your home and loved ones—can you drive it off with words? Can you bank on the instant presence of the sheriff? Or do you need some extra protection for such an emergency?

The Revolver Manufacturer

SMITH & WESSON

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security



It's the cold weather "choke" habit, say automotive authorities, that causes 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear.

Wrong

You, doubtless like thousands of others, believe that a motor needs protection only in freezing weather This erroneous belief is costing car owners millions. It is the cause—authorities agree—of 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear Correct this belief—at *freezing* the damage is done

Right

Cold starts its work of destruction at 60° Fahrenheit. That's when you need Winterfront. Makers of many fine cars provide Winterfront protection the year 'round—guarding the motor against the damage wrought by cold At 60° Fahrenheit, have a Pines Automatic Winterfront installed. Don't give cold a chance at your motor

Correct this Grave Error

to which authorities attribute 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear

THE motor in your car was built to run thousands of miles without expensive upkeep. And whether *your* motor needs repairs at 8,000 miles or is just limbered up at 15,000, depends largely upon *heat.*

Every motor is a heat machine

Creating heat energy is its only job. For it's heat energy that drives your car. It's heat that vaporizes gasoline—turning it into efficient power. To operate efficiently and with economy—your motor must be kept hot. 150 to 175 degrees is the correct motor temperature for highest operating efficiency.

To prevent overheating—automotive engineers perfected the water-cooling system. The radiator on your car is the indicator and regulator of that system

The radiator is a heat waster

To do its work efficiently—your radiator must waste heat—actually throw away 35 to 40% of the heat of the fuel

Thus, during hottest months, when motor temperature runs high—this heat waster prevents overheating

Cold weather finds it still wasting heat

There are eight months of the year when to waste heat means to damage your motor. A cold motor—automotive experts agree—is the biggest cause of fouled spark plugs, high gasoline consumption, excessive crankcase dilution, poor lubrication, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear.

Pines Automatic Winterfront stops heat waste

The Pines Automatic Winterfront is a thermostat controlled shutter that fits snugly over the radiator. The thermostat fits flush with the radiator. Every temperature change within the motor is transmitted through this control to the automatic shutters. Thus when more heat is needed—the shutters close themselves. When cool air is needed—they automatically open to the exact angle required.

Pines Winterfront is the only automatic radiator shutter on the market. There is nothing to get out of order—you put it on and forget it. Winterfront improves the appearance of any car and outlasts the car itself.

Pines Automatic Winterfront is standard equipment on Packard "8," Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8" and Peerless De Luxe "6," Willys-Knight Big "6" and Wills Ste. Claire Model T "6."

It will break you of the costly "choke" habit

"Eliminate excessive use of the 'choke,' and you eliminate 50 to 75% of the cause of repair bills," say leading motor car experts.

Pines Automatic Winterfront shortens the "warming-up" period—those costly miles you drive with the "choke" open—and thus eliminates the need for excessive "choking"

Not an accessory—a necessity!

When outside temperature reaches 60 degrees or lower—Pines Automatic Winterfront is a necessity. Put one on the first morning you are forced to drive with the "choke" open. That's when damage starts It means you are flooding a cold motor with raw gasoline, washing the oil film of protection away from cylinders and cylinder walls—diluting the oil in your crankcase—hastening big repair bills

Note, then, the added comfort inside your car—the absence of draughts—the keen pleasure of driving on coldest days—with summer operating smoothness and efficiency.

Put on in ten minutes

Don't make the mistake of waiting until cold weather Your motor is underheated at 60 degrees outside temperature. Your dealer will put a Winterfront on your car in less than ten minutes—giving you this vital protection that is saving owners of costliest cars millions of dollars annually in reduced upkeep expenses *Models for all cars priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, Chevrolet and Dodge priced $15.00, $17.50, $20.00—prices slightly higher in the Rocky Mountain area and west.* Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

PINES WINTERFRONT—*IT'S AUTOMATIC*

(Continued from Page 178

Yukon Jessie leaned forward with an effort She sent down a heavy hand in a gigantic slap.

"Ain't this a blankety-blank-blank-blank-of-a-blankety-blanked country?" she asked.

Which reflects, of course, the opposite view to that bloodless attitude assumed by big business, which believes that it is easier to get money out of the ground by the new method than by the old—and has really nothing to do with Canadian mining except from a local standpoint. For Canadian mining camps, to the ordinary observer, seem remarkably clean and well-mannered, and bent on making money instead of merely throwing it away.

For, in truth, the prospector can ill afford to throw money about wildly in this new North. His returns come slowly. Last winter there was a rush for Red Lake, 180 miles from a railroad. The story had come forth of new gold, and men answered. Some of them were wise, others were of the variety who believe all silver is worth a dollar an ounce and everything that glitters is golden. By airplane, by dog sledge, by the slow process of mushing it with a pack upon one's back, they went in there to stake their claims, even if those claims be staked in snow, then to trek their slow course out again, 400 miles to the round trip for the mere right to return at a future date—before the first of September—and do the necessary assessment work by which to hold from one year to another the claims which they had risked their lives to acquire.

Canadian Staking Bees

Four hundred miles because gold had beckoned—gold which might not be available for market for years to come. But it was there and it had called, and they had answered. It is the story of almost every rush in Canada, where sporadic ones seem to spring up overnight, calling, even as it did in days of yore, men from one staking bee that they may endure even greater hardships to go somewhere else where gold has beckoned; where, to stake a claim, one often must live for months in the wilderness, where every hint of civilization must be forgotten. And for that reason it is not a country to be rushed into indiscriminately; instead, it is more the country for the native, who knows how to handle his canoe, how to live in the bush where the black flies swarm and the mosquitoes sing an endless requiem to any thought of comfort, where the dark-tea water of the muskeg swamp bears its tribulations for him who is not inured, and where strong men and strong men only may survive.

For it is a country of strong men, physically and mentally, this North Country where ore lies in blankets and outcroppings and fifty-foot veins, low grade though it may be, and thoroughly resistant to the dreams of anyone who believes that all that is necessary is to go in with a pack sack and carry it out on his back; the sort of ore which must needs have a mill, cyaniding processes and exceedingly large production to make it pay. It often runs no more than six dollars a ton, when handled upon a tremendous basis, thereby creating profits upon small margin. There nuggets consistently refuse to show themselves in spite of the beliefs of the uninformed.

Strong Men of the North

A job for strong men, in a country where strong men are worshiped, for the North is and has ever been a land of strength. A land, for instance, where the mythical giant, Paul Bunyan, picking his teeth with an eighty-foot stick of white pine, is almost as real to the habitant as Santa Claus is to children; where the Canadian railroader bewails the passing of the old broadax man, standing in the frigidity of a forty-below morning, his torso shielded by only a light undershirt, and hewing ties with a perspiration-breeding rapidity that would cause the frost to gather a quarter of an inch thick upon his giant chest; where men argue by the hour regarding the weights they can carry on their backs and where 200 pounds is not at all an unusual burden for a human.

It is a country where strength exists in fancy and in fact. The French Government recently conferred the medal of the Legion of Honor upon an eighty-five-year-old missionary who dotes on carrying the word of his religion beyond the Arctic Circle. Along the Kenejevis—or Kinijivis, or Conejevos, according to which map one studies—the favorite of conversation is old Ben Mackenzie, who, at ninety-eight, ran a half mile with two 100-pound sacks of flour on his back at the sight of a bear; and who, at a later date, shot the Windfall Rapids, refusing to allow his seventy-year-old son to accompany him because he had rheumatism. Or the quiet, unassuming inspector for the Hudson's Bay Company whom I met one day at the 120-year-old post at Lac Seul, who confessed nonchalantly, in fact timidly, that his work had required him to start last year from Labrador and go straight across the continent by dog team. Or the Nova Scotian who earned his living by lifting a ship's anchor, and then, after this feat of strength, taking up a collection.

But that lifting feat brought a sequel. One day his hand slipped. The anchor fell, and falling, caught him in the abdomen, separating the Nova Scotian from his life. The crowd viewed the fallen hero, then finally turned away.

"Aw, it 'twan't no show annahow," said one of the onlookers. "They don't breed no strong men any more. Men like my grandfather, for instance. There was a strong man. Time on time I've seen him with two tons of loose hay on his back and a barrel of grindstones under each arm, a-sinking to his knees on a hard road with every step! A strong man, I called him!"

Rapids in the Mattagami River, Canada

"Oh, if I had the wings of an angel..."

POOR OLD MAN PIPE... charged with every capital crime on the calendar: *malicious biting*, aiding and abetting *"tongue-burn"*, and what not? Poor soul! Circumstantial evidence may be against him, but he's as innocent as an angel...

It's the old story... the sad case of a good pipe gone wrong by getting in with the wrong tobacco. So don't condemn him unjustly. Give him a fair trial. Granger Rough Cut will prove the old fellow's not guilty!

Indeed, many's the pipe that owes its life, liberty and pursuit of happiness to Granger. For Granger proves a pipe's real character... Rich old Burley, the choicest of pipe tobaccos—mellowed by the famous old "Wellman Secret", Granger brings out the best that's in any pipe.

Then, Granger is *rough cut!* It burns slow and smokes cool and sweet! And while your pipe won't sprout "the wings of an angel", it'll blossom out with a most *angelic* disposition... that's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing else but!

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

What's in the WALLS

They will Destroy your Home
—Unless—

What *is* a Wall? What must it *Do*?

Can a mere empty shell—tacked up of short-lived materials—claim to be a real wall?

Can such a wall *support* your house through the long years? Can it *protect* you against discomfort and expense?

No—but a Brick wall *can*—for these obvious reasons:

All-Brick Wall Protection is Self-Evident

(A)—Every brick is a solid unit of indestructible *burned clay*.

(B)—Therefore All-Brick walls cannot possibly *decay* or *burn*.

(C)—All-Brick walls are practically impervious to *heat, cold* and *vermin*. No insulation required.

(D)—All-Brick walls never need painting or repairs. Their *upkeep cost* is lowest. Their *Beauty* is permanent.

(E)—A brick building holds its *Resale Value*—protecting your investment.

Only *All-Brick* walls have *all* these advantages—so why not build of brick? Common Brick is available everywhere. It is the lowest cost building material. It builds the lowest cost *solid* masonry and *hollow* masonry walls. Walls of real beauty, too. The books below tell how.

THE COMMON BRICK MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION of AMERICA
2153 Guarantee Title Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Common Brick Walls have been selected by the Home Owners Service Institute—

BRICK forever

for many of the Model Homes being built under the Institute's direction in leading cities

SEND FOR THE BRICK BOOKS LISTED BELOW

At Your Service
These District Association Offices and Brick Manufacturers Everywhere

Chicago . 614 Chamber of Commerce Bldg
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Philadelphia . 303 City Centre Bldg.
Portland, Ore. . 906 Lewis Bldg.
Salt Lake City . 632 Atlas Bldg.
San Francisco . . 632 Monadnock Bldg.
Seattle, Wash. . . . 913 Arctic Bldg.
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Common Brick Ass'n
2153 Guarantee Title Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Send me the Books of Brick Beauty and Economy, checked below, for which I enclose the price indicated.

☐ "*Your Next Home*"—(New Edition) Photos and Plans of 57 homes (10c)
☐ "*The Home You Can Afford*"—62 homes (10c)
☐ "*Brick, How to Build and Estimate*"—(25c)
☐ "*Stippled Brickwork*"—(15c)
☐ "*Face Homes of Brick*"—(5c)
☐ "*Brick Stags*"—(10c)
☐ "*Manual of Decorative Brickwork*"—(25c)
☐ "*Home Water of Brick*"—FREE

Name

Address

THE MAKING OF A BOOK

(Continued from Page 15)

writing makes easy reading. Byron said that to his publisher, but the Greeks said it first; and it is just as true now as ever it was.

Not long ago an author who is producing a notable series of volumes told a friend that he was so distressed that he felt like stopping his work. It was so hard to set down in natural order a big number of facts. It was slow going and rough, he said, and what he did accomplish was very poor. Yet the outcome of that drudgery was a book that one could not only read with pleasure, but study with profit.

Censorship is dangerous to literature. The reasons for gagging the mind are plausible but shallow; and they are musty with age. Every one of the pretexts given for censorship today—as if they were new devices to choke new evils—was advanced thousands of years ago and continued to be urged throughout all the centuries of despotism.

The same arguments against freedom of writing, even to the exact words made use of to present those arguments, were declaimed by the king's attorney-general in the trial of Thomas Paine. Erskine answered them then; but in doing so that great advocate only repeated what Milton had said when he overthrew the Star Chamber by his unanswerable reasoning for intellectual freedom. And Milton said little more than Socrates had said on the same subject.

Is it possible that with all our achievements in science and all our progress in making, buying and selling we are relapsing into the Dark Ages as far as literature is concerned? Does it not look as if this decadence were taking place when we find good people giving precisely the ideas for censorship that were shown to be foolish and false hundreds of years ago?—and, be it repeated, in the very same language of the old-time stranglers of liberty.

And is this twentieth-century inquisition the more worthy of our confidence and support because the inquisitors themselves show, by what they write and say, that they know nothing whatever about literature.

Not long ago one of them wrote a piece for the suppression of certain books and plays—and there is much to be said on that side. But in his argument he made mistakes in the statement of outstanding facts in our own American history that a boy or girl in our common schools would not make in an examination paper. Yet that inquisitor is one of the best meaning of men, pure-minded and fervent, and perfectly sure that God has commissioned him to sterilize all that is printed. But his ignorance is quite as great as his fiery faith. This may be a good thing—knowledge always cools emotion. It all depends upon what we want.

One-Man Biographies

Biography is a fair example of the care one must take with facts and the arrangement of those facts. Facts about the hero only are not enough; indeed they are hardly a beginning. Moreover, taken by themselves, personal incidents, and all of them, that make up the life of any man or woman, do not mean anything. Standing alone such circumstances actually may mislead. You must take into equal consideration what others said and did, and everything that happened which influenced the hero or heroine.

There are, to be sure, minor personages that deserve biography. Good lives of notable scientists, scholars, writers and artists, especially, have been written and ought to have been written. Such biographies are charming and helpful. But in the field of public affairs no man's life is worth writing or reading unless he was an outstanding factor of his country and time—a statesman, soldier, politician, publicist. He is worth attention only as he was the agent of events. Otherwise he is merely one of the many millions of other human beings of his period, and does not deserve especial note.

So, merely to tell about what we call a great man and not to tell about anything else is like presenting one of Shakspere's plays with only a single character. Imagine sitting in an audience ready to hear a performance of Hamlet; the curtain goes up on act after act; the scenery is all right, the lights are all right, everything is all right; but in each act nobody appears except Hamlet in his black clothes—no Polonius, no Laertes, no Queen Mother, no King, no Ophelia, no Players, no Ghost even. Nobody but Hamlet comes on the stage speaking his lines.

Such a performance would be foolish. It is so with biography. Any public personage worth writing about is but one character in a great drama. Other characters, some of them hardly less important than the hero himself—in certain acts more prominent even than the hero himself—also play their parts; and women, too, come on the stage, and what they say and do often gives meaning and direction to the whole plot. Lesser characters take their places on the boards. Thus human life moves before us. At the end comes the climax with the hero, who from the first has been slowly but surely coming to the front, holding the center of the stage as the curtain falls.

The People Behind the Scenes

We see, then, that in reality the story of a public man, to mean anything, to be truthful, or even to be entertaining, is part of the epic of the nation into which that man's deeds and words were woven during the period in which he wrought.

Before that story can be told or even planned, the facts—and all the facts, little and big—must be gathered concerning every character, small and great. Even more important, the facts must be collected about the masses of people who lived during that time; for their well-being was the nub of the whole matter. And you must be very sure that all these data are truthful. You must be able to prove, and must prove, every statement.

When finally these myriads of facts are collected and properly assembled—put where they belong—they tell a story more dramatic, more thrilling, and sometimes even more theatrical than a Hugo or a Dumas ever imagined. No work of fiction can possibly be so engaging as the account of what actually happened in stirring times.

It was once the fashion with a certain type of writers to shirk the hard work of digging out facts and the harder work of arranging those facts. They did this by using such makeshifts as "It must have been," "It probably was," and other phrases of the idle-minded. That sort of thing is not done any more. Modern scholarship will not tolerate it; and what is far more decisive, the principles of art reject it.

The material for biography and history is found in all sorts of places. Official records are basic; such, for instance, as the proceedings of Congress, state legislatures, party conventions, and the like. They show what was said and done. The journals of each house in a legislative body contain accurate records of all votes; and many a soap-bubble myth has been exploded by these official pages.

But the reason for the casting of votes, for changes of position by public men, for party maneuvers, is not always made clear by such records. So it becomes indispensable to get the private letters of members or of any trustworthy observer on the ground. Such letters tell us what was going on behind the scenes, and who pulled the wires, and why the puppets were made to jump as they did

Continued on Page 185

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(Continued from Page 182)

Letters meant for publication, however, though not to be neglected, are of no great value. Often they do not tell the truth; sometimes they are meant to deceive. In any case, the writers try to dress up their side in the most attractive way. But letters to an intimate friend will probably state the facts; letters to a trusted relative are still more likely to be true; and letters to a wife well-nigh invariably tell what actually did happen and the reason it happened. So public records must be supplemented by private correspondence.

For the same reason it is absolutely necessary to go with care over newspaper accounts of incidents written at the time and place.

Except when they are compelled to color their stories to suit the policy of their papers, trained and seasoned reporters are the best witnesses that can be found. It is their business to ferret out what is going on, and unless their editors interfere they do so with impartiality and skill.

It is to this source that we owe many descriptions of characters, men and women, who appear in any given scene—their stature, manners, habits, looks, dress. From newspaper correspondents also comes most of our knowledge of what took place on occasions of interest—a conference, a caucus, a session of the House or Senate—state or national—a convention, a public meeting.

Although material of this kind is almost priceless, it must be looked into with doubtful eye; consideration must be given to the policy of the paper, orders from the editor, even the reporter's likes and dislikes. During periods of intense partisanship, which always come when great and exciting questions are up for settlement and when thrilling events take place, newspapers are just as partisan as are those who read them.

So the correspondent must write his story to suit his paper and its subscribers. Take, for example, the accounts of public meetings held at such a time—one paper will say that it was a frost, while another paper will say that the crowd was great and enthusiasm hot. So the two accounts must be checked against one another, each modified and, if possible, the truth obtained from spectators who had no ax to grind. Such are the foundation data that must be dug out and shaped and fitted for the making of a book about a person or an event. All are needed, but all must be handled with great care.

The Trouble With Hero Worship

Though not nearly so trustworthy, reminiscences must also be made use of; but this material must be employed with utmost caution. Frequently what is set down by these raconteurs, especially those who are aged, never happened, albeit the teller honestly thought that they did take place. Perhaps half a century before the writing, the story sprang from a seed of truth; then, as it was repeated from year to year and constantly watered and fertilized by imagination, it grew into a legend of monstrous size.

Then, too, account must be taken of the prejudice of the writer, his pride in narrative, his wish to be linked up with a great name and great deeds. All these and like features of a well-known type of reminiscence are not hard to see. But other such personal accounts of persons, things and incidents are, on their face, statements of fact; and to the trained investigator this, too, is plain.

Moreover, whether a tale is fanciful or a story true usually can be found out by comparison with data which are free from doubt.

In the use of such material there is no great difficulty in separating the wheat from the chaff. To be sure, it takes much time and hard work, but the time must be spent and the work done in order to give the reader the facts, all the facts, and nothing but the facts.

Time was—and not so long ago—when it was the fashion to write biography and history according to propaganda-made plans: Everything and everybody on one side was said to be bad through and through, and everything and everybody on the other side was said to be good through and through; one country or section or set of people was base and vile, and another country, section or set of people was noble of mind, pure of heart, guiltless of a mean thought or deed.

From cradle to grave the hero of a biography was represented as having been upright and wise, never making a mistake, never doing anything wrong, incapable of doing anything wrong. In short, the fashion of that time was to tell stories and draw pictures which had no human nature in them, and no truth.

It was worse than no truth, indeed, since only one side was given, and sometimes falsely given, while the other side was lied about.

A Panorama of Greatness

The reason for this cult of falsehood was that, in history, the right must be made beautiful and the wrong made hideous; and that, in biography, notable men and women must be shown to have had at all times and under all circumstances sound judgments, high souls, clean minds, fearless hearts.

All of this was for the purpose of influencing the thought and conduct of those who read such history or biography. In short, the idea was that some facts should be suppressed and other facts magnified so that a standard should be set up for all of us, and especially for young people. That method has gone out of fashion—only very old ladies and gentlemen, the ancient survivors of that period, now indulge in it.

Instead, the science and scholarship of today require that the truth be told. What kind of people took part on opposing sides of an historic conflict? How did they live, what did they read, what did they do? What happened that caused them to fight? What kind of men were their leaders? What were their habits, education, ability?

In biography, what did the hero do from day to day, how did he act, what did he say, how did he dress, what were his relations with other men, what were his experiences with and attitude toward women? Was he prompt or laggard in emergencies; was he daring or prudent, cautious or bold? The weak points as well as the strong in his character must be set out; the foolish as well as the wise things he said and did must be given, the little as well as the great.

The reason for this idea of history and biography is, first, that the truth, and the whole truth, is the only thing that matters; and that to add to, take from, or color facts, is dishonest. In the next place, even on the low plane of influencing the young, the effect of the old method was bad. The reader knew that what he read was not so, and could not be so; and in case he did believe what he read he was in despair, because he realized that it was impossible for him ever to be as good and great as was the person thus falsely represented to him. How could anyone be so full of unction as Parson Weems told the people that Washington was from birth to death?

The modern theory is that such falsifications are not only wicked but harmful; that the concealment of facts, together with the telling of downright lies, causes a revulsion in the mind of the reader; and that only what actually was so about a great man or a great period can have any good effect, can enable us to realize greatness when it comes before us naturally.

Science, scholarship and plain common sense demand that we not only be shown a man or a people standing on the sun-kissed summit of the highest mountain peak, but also the long and twisting path by which he and they reached that height—the gullies, the stretches of light and shade, the streams, the chasms, the mountain meadows, the great trees, the tremendous bowlders, the snow, the crevasses—in short, the

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conditions and incidents of the whole journey.

When all these facts have been collected they must be assembled—everything about an event or a period put together; and these groups arranged in succession. All must be studied as a whole. When this has been done, that part of the data which will make a chapter must again be studied by itself; but always having in mind its relation to all the other material.

The next process is the beginning of the actual writing—the first draft of a part of the story. At this point art takes charge. It often is said that multitudes of facts are so confusing that they prevent the writer from telling a clear and interesting story—he cannot see the forest for the trees. But that is the objection of the lazy. Toil, directed by art, removes it.

For example, the writer, having always in mind the book as an entirety, goes over afresh the original material for a particular chapter—letters, newspapers, public records, reminiscences, and the like; and with that one scene of an act of the drama before him, he writes it out as fast as pen will go. Thus he gets on paper the spirit of his tale—it is full of movement, color, human interest.

When this sketch has been typed, obvious errors of proportion and crudities of statement appear, and alterations must be made accordingly. After three or four such processes a consecutive and engaging narrative is turned out.

Then comes the labor of correcting and enriching this draft by supporting each statement from the mass of data relating to that chapter.

It is found that a sentence is not accurate; and almost always the correction of that sentence adds color and sprightliness. Whole paragraphs and sometimes whole pages are wrong. The subconscious mind has put in something taught in childhood and believed for a lifetime. Such paragraphs and pages must be stricken out and the truth put in. Again this substitution of fact for fable well-nigh invariably makes livelier narrative.

The Work of Condensation

This changing and rewriting must be done time and time and time again, in order to set out all the facts, set them out in their true relation to one another and, above all, to set them out in their just proportion. Moreover, every fact must be proved to be a fact.

Finally, the hardest work of all must be done—the work of condensation. In the making of a volume of history or biography two-thirds of the labor is that of research, the collecting of material; four-fifths of the remaining toil is that of condensation; the actual writing takes up what is left of the work.

The facts are so many, the fixing of proportions so necessary, and brevity so indispensable, that each statement must be made as short and clear as it possibly can be made.

There is no room for flourishes, no space for rhetoric, no time for the author to argue and explain.

The stage is so full of characters, the movement of the play so rapid, and the plot so thrilling, that the author cannot thrust himself into it. For him to do so is as if a dramatist were to come before the footlights when the curtain goes up on each scene, or even in the middle of an act, and tell the audience what it is all about. The play itself ought to do that. It is a failure if it does not.

So not only is there no room for what is called historical interpretation, but such attempted explanation is surplusage, to say the very best of it. Indeed, the term "historical interpretation" is a phrase which means something very like indolence, ignorance and egotism. It means that certain facts are missing; that the author does not have the humility and industry to search for those facts and keep on searching until he finds them; but that, instead, he tells the reader what he thinks those facts would have meant if they had been as he imagines them to have been.

This is mere guesswork. It may turn out to be right, but it is just as likely to turn out to be wrong. Moreover, the writer puts into, and cannot help putting into such interpretations, his own feelings, prejudices and fixed opinions. These may be entertaining, may be eloquently told; but what the reader wants, and has a right to expect, is the story as it was, and not as the author supposes it to have been.

Facts when justly arranged interpret themselves. They tell the story. For this purpose a little fact is as important as what is called a big fact. The picture may be well-nigh finished, but it remains vague for want of one more fact.

When that missing fact is discovered all others become clear and distinct; it is like turning a light, properly shaded, upon a painting which but a moment before was a blur in the dimness.

Propagandists and Historians

For example, one of the foremost personages in American history was strangely silent at a critical time, and then did and said things which, seemingly, were sheer willfulness. He showed obstinacy, confusion and decision only at the last. On the face of it there was no reason for his conduct; seemingly he just did it. So that phase of the great man's life was simply ignored the easiest possible thing to do, an indolent thing to do, and a very dishonest thing.

But modern scholars, true to the principles of their profession and craft, were not satisfied. They searched and dug for the missing facts, and kept on searching and digging. At last it was found, in the newspapers of that particular time, that another public man, then far more important than the hero, had taken a certain course; that the leaders of new and old political parties had made certain maneuvers; that these things had been done because of decisive events which were then taking place—and theatrical events they were. So the curious attitude and action of the hero became clear as light. Moreover, it turned out that this phase of his career was vital to an understanding of his whole public life.

The reason so much care is given to building an automobile is to give smoothness, ease and speed. It is so with the making of a book. The purpose of much labor by the author is to make the book easy for the reader to read; clear, simple, engaging and, above all, convincing—this, of course, in addition to making the reader know and feel that he is getting the truth and the whole truth, without the alloy of prejudice or one-sided statement.

The writer of history or biography has no more business with a prejudice or fixed idea than the chemist, the biologist or the astronomer.

The scientist may have a theory, and will labor to prove it; but he drops it without regret, even with thankfulness, if his researches show that he is wrong.

Those who write history or biography with the determined purpose of proving something about an outstanding character, event or period, are propagandists of a cause, promoters of a legend, nurses of a myth.

They are in a state of mind—they would rather support a cherished view than to tell the truth. The fact that such persons are honest in their beliefs, sometimes well-nigh fanatical, makes their work the more evil, if given to us in the form of history or biography.

"Can't a writer have an opinion?" asked one of this class of a great scholar.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," was the answer; "but that opinion, as such, does not interest me. If he wants to give his opinions as the champion of a cause let him say so, and not palm off his views as history or biography. If he means to propagandize, let him do it honestly; let him write a tract or hire a hall."

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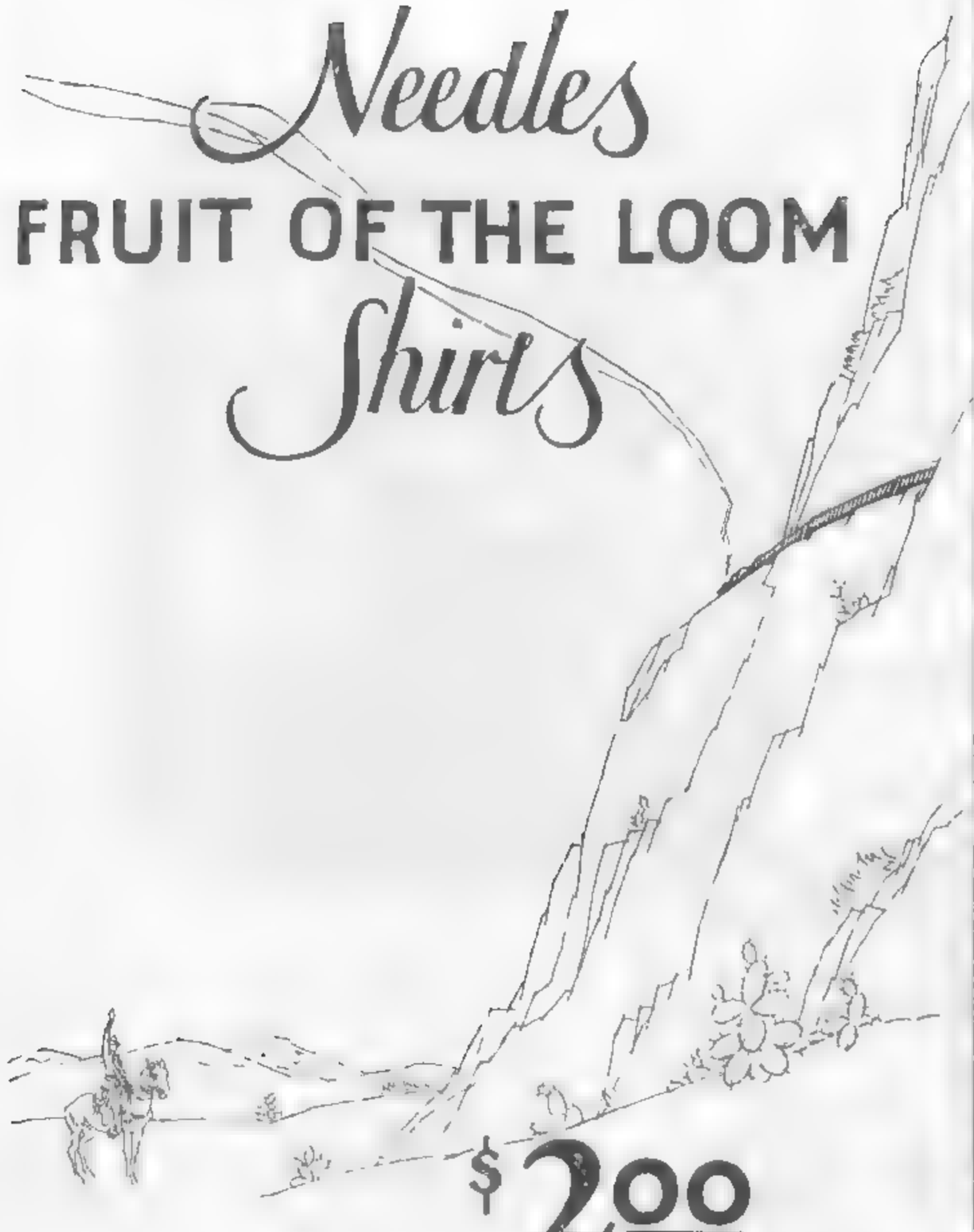

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THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

(Continued from Page 28)

cataclysmic or epochal change; but if a few seeds even had reached distant areas or distant lands or other continents by this dispersion I am speaking of, and found root there, the species was preserved, to assume the great task Nature commits to us of carrying life on.

It all comes back, you see, to the importance of the race. The individual is important to himself, and you will find innumerable interesting examples, some of which I have discussed already in these papers, by which individual plants are enabled to see themselves through a hard winter, or drought, or unfavorable conditions, or even visitations of plant sicknesses; but you will be forced in the end to the conclusion that it is for the sake of re-creating itself in seed that the plant lives and struggles and often sacrifices itself; that the species or the race is the main consideration, and that the individual is to Nature a mere pawn in the great game, a mere thread or bit of color in her immortal pattern.

Perhaps a naturalist, with seventy years of work and observation behind him, can be forgiven if he preaches a little, and it seems to me this is a good time to preach briefly on the theme of service. That is a vastly overworked term in our modern times, and is made to apply to salesmanship and slumming and about everything in between, but it is still a good word and a good idea to contemplate. I will bet a straw hat to a felt one that if you are tired of your job and discouraged with life and down in the mouth about the way you are treated, you have got a little mixed about your importance to the scheme of things; but I will bet an entire new suit of clothes to a poor necktie that if you are happy, capable, liked and trusted, you are giving the world, or your family, or your employers, or your employes, a little more than is expected, or than you are paid for, or than you get back. I never knew a naturalist, or a nature lover, who was a pessimist, though I'll confess I have known quite a number of writers and professors and near-scientists who were.

A Way to Optimism

I think that you have only to live with Nature for a while and keep your eyes and ears and hearts and minds open to become impressed with the hopefulness and beauty and fairness of the scheme—to become, in other words, an optimist. There is nothing mysterious or complicated about getting the right adjustment to your environment. If you can realize that you are important to the scheme only in so far as you contribute something to it, why, mercy on us, you will find a smile coming easy, a laugh second nature, and a cheerful, helpful word right at the tip of your tongue from morning till night.

I know it is unfashionable to preach the doctrine of happiness and the value of unselfishness, and that I take tremendous risks of being set down as very ordinary. Well, I never thought much of the fashions anyway; and as for being ordinary, it runs in the family, and is the thing about the Burbanks and the Rosses and the Edisons and Jordans and Roosevelts and Muirs and Burroughses and such tribes that I take the most joy in and feel the greatest pride about. So you will get small comfort from reading me out of the Blue Book on that score.

Just a little while back I had a letter, typical of many received during my lifetime, from a man who had read something I had said in print about gardening on a small lot, and who wrote that he had gone out and bought a hoe and a fork and some seeds, and was now raising all his own vegetables and was beginning to branch out with flowers. That letter did me as much good as a tonic, because it showed me, for perhaps the one millionth time, that an enthusiast for Nature can wield a considerable influence in getting other folks to turn that way too.

I do not think these papers will add greatly to the sum of human knowledge, since I am setting down in them very little that is new or heretofore unheard of. What I do hope is that they will awaken the interest of readers in Nature and her processes, not only for the fascination and delight of the theme but because of the lessons that the study must bring to your attention and the influence some of those lessons may have on the lives of my fellows, and particularly of their children.

And so I keep yielding to the temptation to tell you more of the miracles and marvels of Nature, as I have discovered or encountered them. And it seems to me important to say that what I am setting down here has come to me mostly through my own observations and experiments, or has been deduced from my own experiences with plant life. I have read omnivorously and over a very wide field, and I have learned from the work and reasoning of others; but I do not believe that there is a single fact, or statement, or conclusion in this series of papers that has not impressed itself on my mind either through actual contact or deliberation or else through practical demonstration of statements made by others and tested by myself. From the beginning of my work I was never skeptical, but I had to prove things.

A Disciple of Darwin

My lifelong adherence to the scientific principles enunciated by Charles Darwin was not the result of any hasty acceptance of his soundness; in fact, some of his theories I seriously doubted, from my own slight experience. But as time went on I had greater and greater opportunities of putting his theories to the test of garden bed and field row, and the older I have grown the more firmly have I been convinced that he was the master, and that all the others are mere pupils like myself.

A young man once wrote me asking which book by Mendel, the great scientist who concerned himself with the problem of heredity and hereditary laws, he should get to inform himself of the scientific facts in that field. I wrote him in reply something like this: "My advice to you is to start Mendel by reading Darwin, and then let Mendel go and read more Darwin." And in one of my books I used a somewhat similar sentence: "Read Darwin first, then read the modern Mendelists, and then—go back to Darwin!" I did this because I found many qualified scientists stating conclusions which I could not demonstrate or use as a working basis, but found Darwin always measuring up to the tests and the facts and never fumbling or going astray through a too-close application to a favorite theory or a fixed notion. I had no fixed notions except the single notion that Nature was the final authority, and that man's interpretations of her laws and practices and idiosyncrasies and apparent contradictions were only suggestive, and seldom conclusive. Darwin appeals to me as an exception, but he used reason and logic and common sense in addition to research, experimentation and analysis, and if he had to choose between a clear probability on the one hand and a closed door or a negation on the other, he would state the clear probability as a safe assumption, and scientific enough to suit him.

We give a good deal of attention to the wonder of the growth of the mind of a child, but it seems to me that the wonder does not cease with childhood. My own mind, I know, has grown day by day; I have seen myself lose intolerance, narrowness, bigotry, complacence, pride, and a whole bushel-basketful of other intellectual vices through my contact with Nature and with men. And when you take weeds

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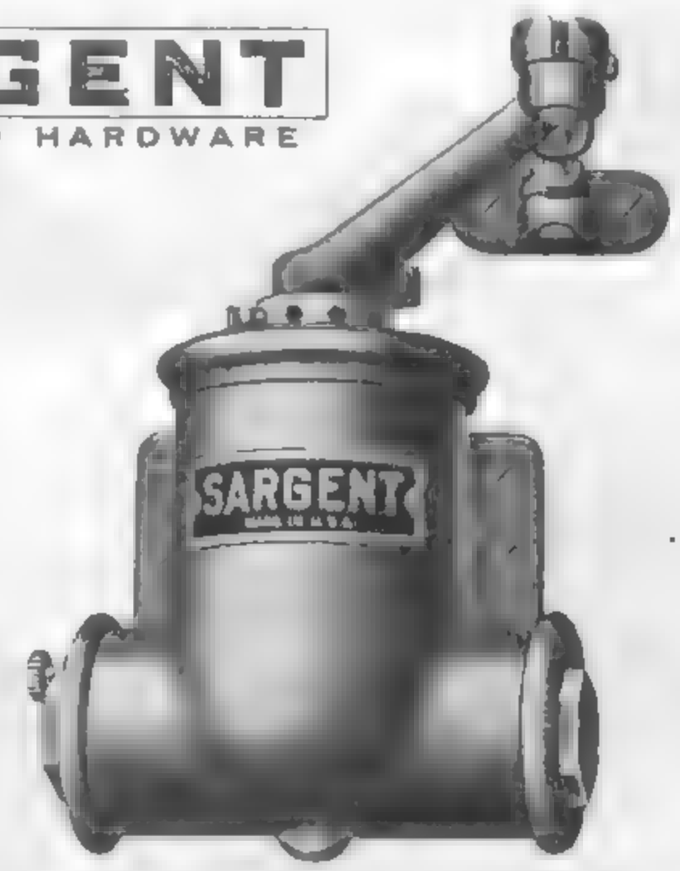

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Snap out of it! Slip into a pair of flexible arch, straight-inner-line GROUND GRIPPERS. Our exclusive rotor heel will keep your foot in normal position and give your aching arches the snug support they need. Get back the youthful vigor of your feet and learn how to really live! The autumn outdoors and a whirl of social functions beckon to you. Prepare to enjoy life with GROUND GRIPPERS. Beautiful new styles for men and women.

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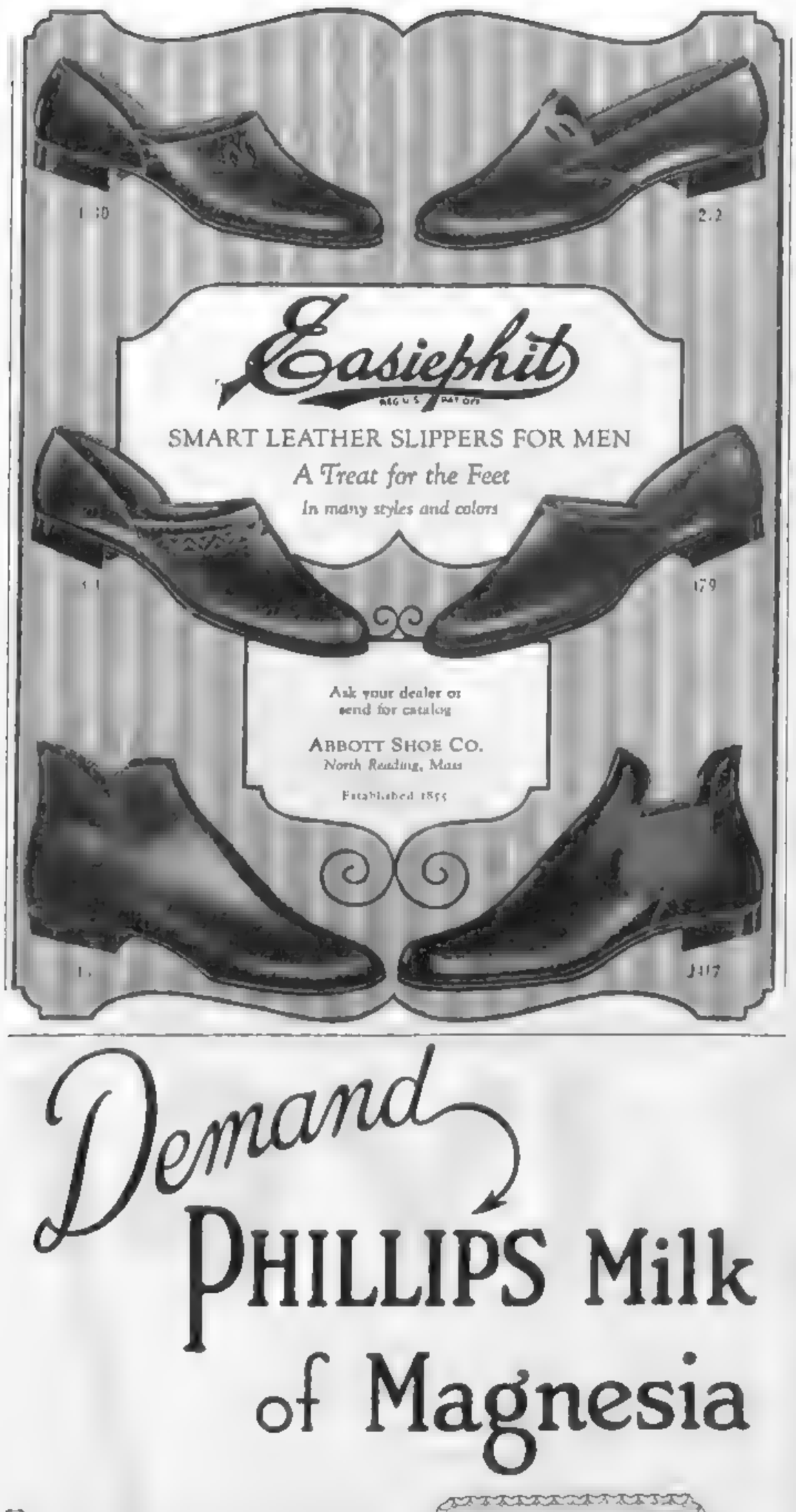

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THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

out of a garden it gives you room to grow flowers. So, every time I lost a little self-satisfaction or arrogance, I could plant some broadness or love of my kind in the place, and after a while the garden of my mind began to bloom and be fragrant, and I found myself better equipped for my work and more useful to myself and others as a consequence.

The raw materials to make this growth possible, though, do not come from introspection or selfishness. They come from the application of lessons from without. It is the influence of environment, repeating itself over and over again on the sensitive plate of the brain and being transformed there, as sunshine and foods are transformed in the leaf of the plant, into material for the beautifying of the mind and the enriching of the soul. You have it in your power only to keep the brain sensitive to impressions and the heart and mind and soul adaptable to growth; you have the power to vary, and the extent to which you utilize and benefit from that power depends on you and on no one else.

Suppose we get back on the main track, now, after having taken a stop-over while I aired my views, and consider some more of the miracles and marvels of Nature in plant life—miracles and marvels that, after all, have sound reasons underlying them and simple explanations behind them, if we will look carefully enough—from all of which we can draw lessons that help in our understanding of human problems.

Man and the Stoneless Plum

There was considerable made, back in 1908 and 1910, about a stoneless plum I was working on. Horticulturists and scientists said it was impossible; newspapermen, looking around for something novel and interesting to write about, made out that it was another proof that I was a wizard of plant life. I tried for a while to deny the wizardry part of the narrative, but no newspaperman wants a good story spoiled, and the magic of the stoneless plum received a lot more attention than the homely truth.

The fact is that the stoneless plum came from a cutting sent me by one of my volunteer collectors in France. He had taken it from a very old tree and he was not able to account for the fact that the fruit had no stone, or none to speak of. He merely sent it along for what it was worth. I don't suppose there was another such tree in existence, and it would be difficult to account exactly for it. It may have been a variation—a mutation—caught by some old chap who was curious about it and grafted it into one of his plum trees, or it may have been a seedling that had forgotten to provide material for its stone and had developed into a freak of Nature.

I seized on it at once as having possibilities for the development of a new, stoneless variety of plums, and I worked with it for years. It was the beginning of a stoneless plum and a stoneless prune which I have; they are not yet entirely satisfactory, but in time they will become so, if they are intelligently crossbred with established and valuable varieties, and if selection is made that will weed out all the seedlings that show undesirable traits and will preserve and foster those that lean or tend toward desirable ones. It is the process to which I have referred so often—the mingling of heredities to break up uniformity and accustomed habits of growth and fruiting, and to cause the appearance of a large number of variations; then the careful selection as between these several variations that will eventuate in time in a clean-cut, fixed variety having the characteristics desired—in this case, size, flavor, sturdiness of growth, productivity and fine quality, all coupled with the entirely new characteristic of stonelessness.

So much is simple, but not so simple is the solution of the question: Whence came that first stoneless plum on some hillside in France? One scientific school would call it a mutation—an accidental and sudden variation with no known or traceable cause. Another would maintain that there is no such thing as a mutation, but that the heredity of the plant somewhere contained the stoneless quality and that it finally cropped out in this plum. I am convinced that both are partially right. My experience leads me to believe that small, gradual persistent variations occur in plants as they do in animals and in man, and also I believe that these slight variations, impressed on the heredity of the plant, may become submerged and lie dormant for untold generations in the seed without developing, until—without any reason I can definitely state, but under some such environmental influence as soil, climate, moisture, or the presence of a food value exactly suited to the demands of that sleeping trait in the seed—the old, dormant trait springs to life in a single individual plant, and we are startled to find a stoneless plum tree.

There are similar occurrences in the human family. What is it causes this young man, soberly bred, well educated, of a refined and cultivated family, suddenly to turn thief or murderer or rascal? You may look back through five or six or eight generations and find no trace of any such tendency as is manifest in him, yet somewhere along the line, perhaps farther back than you can go with your incomplete records, there probably was a strain of criminality or a tendency toward a moral outbreak. Given that taint, no matter how remote, you have only to put the child into an environment that gives the old, sinister trait encouragement, or you have only to put on the boy some pressure, mental or physical, such as worry, or overindulgence, or a bad illness, and abruptly the weakness may come to the surface and there is a job for the police department or the insane asylum or the penitentiary.

It has taken us a long time to realize that criminal tendencies or mental deficiencies are not often the fruits of lax training or of individual perversions. Society and the law used to sit back complacently until the wayward boy actually stole a ham or the weak-minded woman actually set fire to her house, or tore up all her clothing, and then the officers would come along and clap the offender into a jail or an asylum. Now we can see—and Nature herself has taught us the truth!—that the weakling and the perverse and the feeble-minded must be given a proper environment early and their better talents and traits and tendencies accented and brought out, so that perhaps the bad characteristics will be submerged or drowned out of the unfortunate.

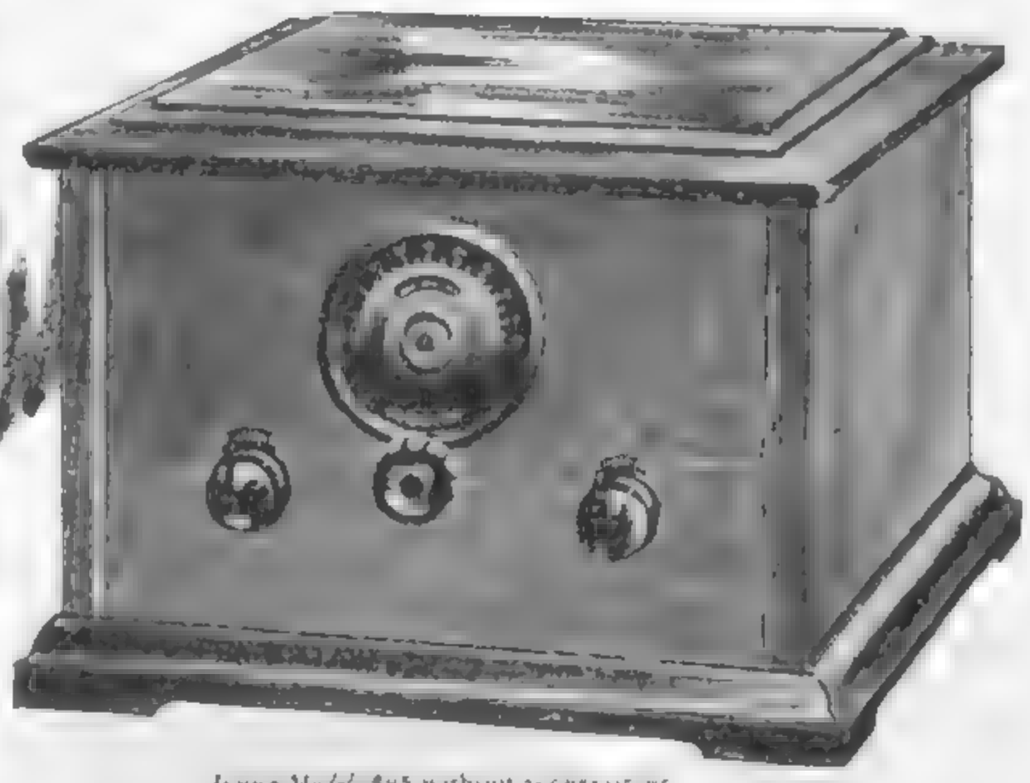
Nature's Paradox

Often it is found that the heredity is too strong for the environment; the taint has permeated the whole system, and no care or love or kindness or education will conquer it. I have often been asked what prescription I would give in such a case. I can only answer that in my gardens dangerous weeds are uprooted and destroyed, weak plants are removed, and no tainted individual is permitted to bear seed, or even to develop pollen, lest an entire field be affected and the strong, the good and the beautiful be cursed with the evil influence of one depraved individual. Nature hires no criminal lawyers and issues no writ of habeas corpus for the vicious or weak plant. I never heard of her letting out a mad dog on probation. Perhaps her way with plants and animals is not so good a way as man's with man, but it would require a long session and some eloquent arguments to convince me of the fact.

There is no branch of human life or activity for which you cannot find some analogy in the garden and field, and if you examine the matter closely enough, none from which you cannot learn a good deal to your advantage by studying her methods, laws and processes. The subordination of the individual to the race, and Nature's habit with hereditary taints and traits, are no more striking than her strong prejudice,

(Continued on Page 193)

MAGNAVOX SINGLE DIAL Radio



Junior Model $85 without accessories. Beautiful mahogany cabinet. Same 5 tube circuit as all other Magnavox models.

The enduring type of radio—perfected and proved single dial

STYLE in radio sets is swiftly changing from awkward, dial-ridden boxes to the smart, handsome, refined *Magnavox* type. *Magnavox* single dial control, while primarily an operating advantage, also permits of dignified and enduring beauty. *Magnavox* is a set that will live with you a lifetime.

The *Magnavox* perfected single dial long ago proved that one dial does all that two or more dials can do, and does it better. It proved that perfect tuning can be built into a set so that you are relieved of manipulating dials in hit-and-miss fashion. It proved that a pre-tuned set has greater power, selectivity and clarity. And it didn't have to prove that one dial is infinitely easier to operate.

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Models from $260 to $75, including one that fits your phonograph and makes it a radio-phonograph. Let the *Magnavox* dealer demonstrate. If you don't know him write us.

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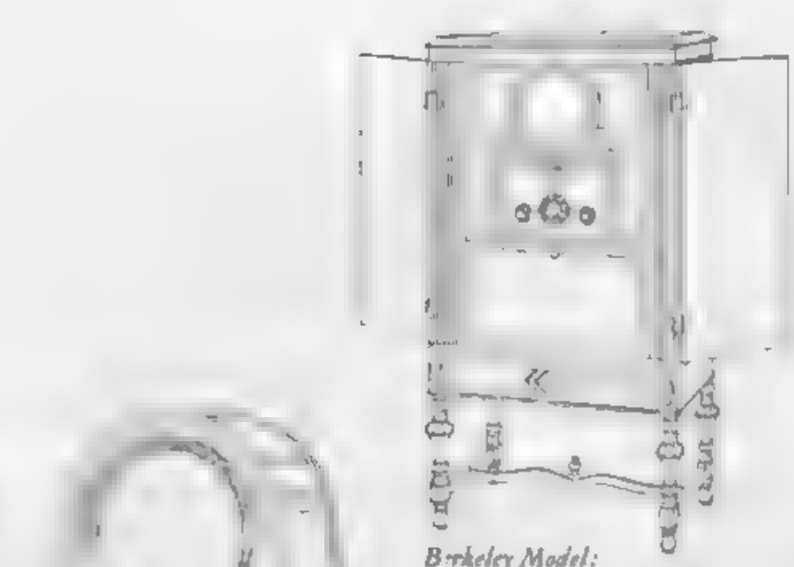

Berkeley Model: Two toned mahogany cabinet, built-in Magnavox cone speaker, 5 tubes. Encloses all batteries. Without accessories, $260. *Magnavox Cone Speaker* (left): Stanford Model (mahogany cabinet), $35. The greatest advance since the *original* loud speaker, also created by Magnavox Co.

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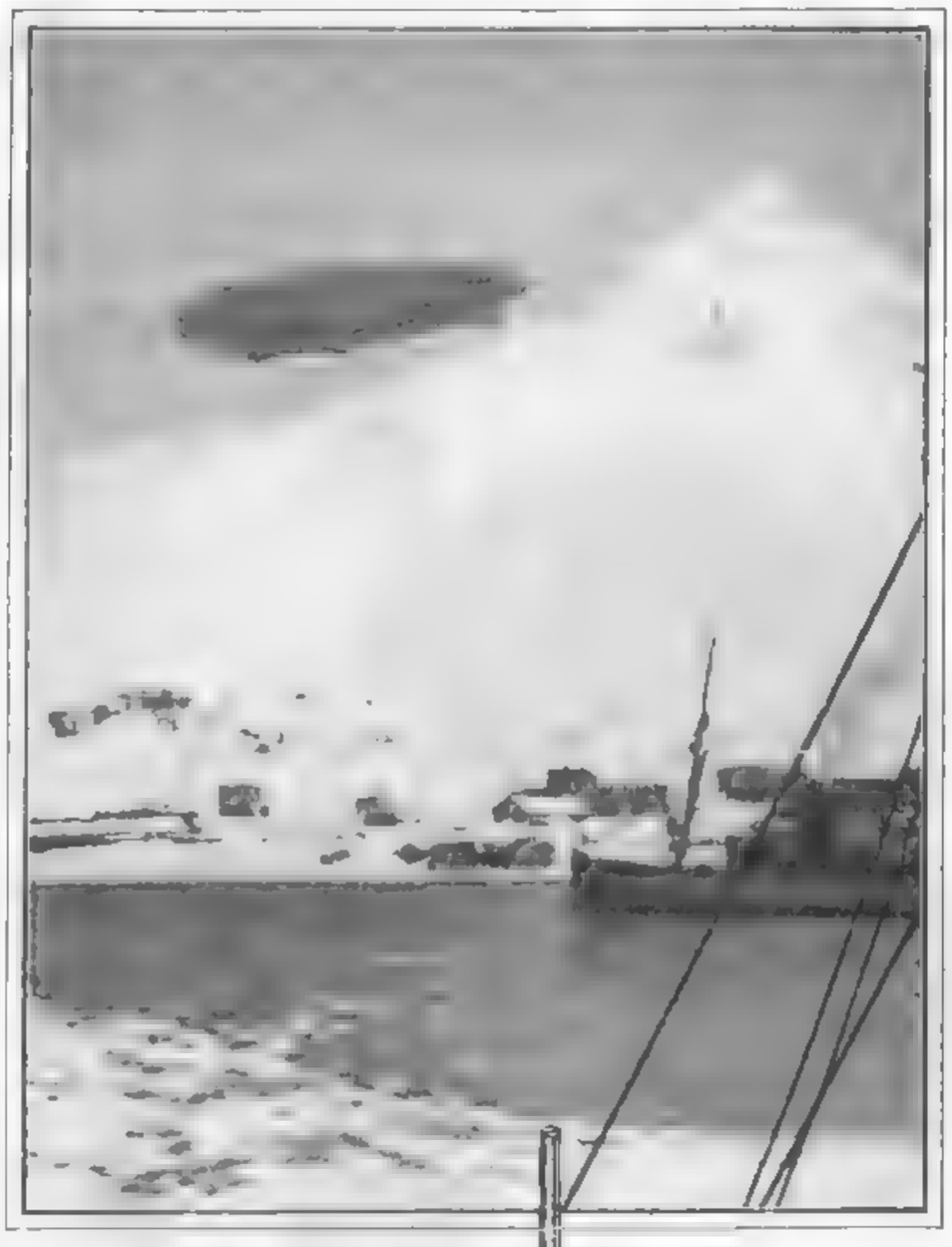
It didn't freeze at the North Pole

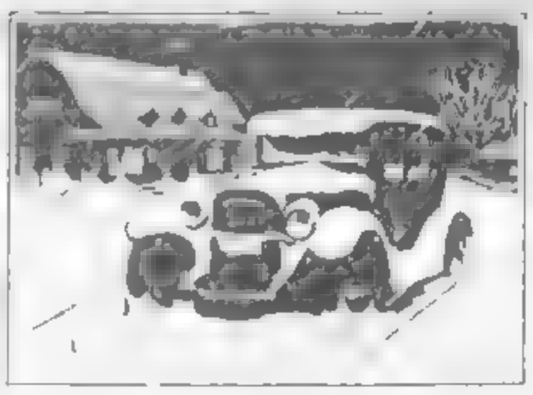
RADIATOR-
Glycerine
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION



In Amundsen's famous flight to the North Pole Radiator Glycerine was the one anti-freeze agent used to protect the motor cooling systems of the Norge against freezing.

Winter-long protection for your car—dependable because it won't evaporate

RADIATOR GLYCERINE, the same anti-freeze agent used by the Norge on its polar trip, brings a new security, convenience, and economy to your winter motoring.



Because its protection cannot be weakened by evaporation, a single treatment of Radiator Glycerine in a *glycerine-tight* car (see instructions below) means continuous protection against freezing throughout the winter.

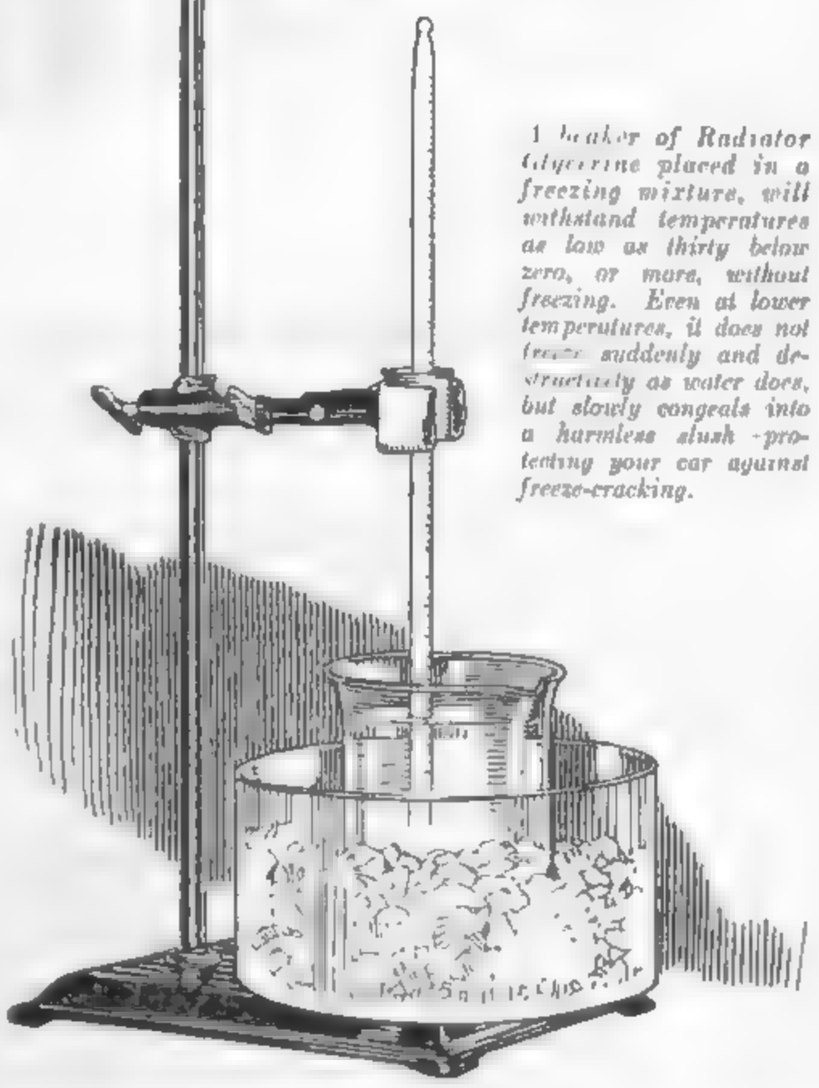
No longer do you have the fuss and bother of constantly replacing evaporated solution, and anxiety as to whether your car is protected. You can be certain of cold weather protection as long as the cooling system is free from leakage.

Radiator Glycerine is safe, non-poisonous, and free from objectionable odor. It will not corrode metal or harm rubber; and if spilled on the car finish, it can be wiped off without injury.

Naturally it is economical because of its permanence. Many motorists have used the same solution winter after winter, while some even leave it in the radiator throughout the year.

As its boiling point is slightly higher than water, it permits higher and more efficient winter operating temperatures for the motor, with no danger of overheating.

Radiator Glycerine has been endorsed by automotive experts and its value has been pointed out by the U. S. Bureau of Standards in its bulletin of Dec. 1, 1925. In using it, be sure the cooling system is glycerine-tight, and you can then be certain of efficient anti-freeze protection throughout the winter.



1 beaker of Radiator Glycerine placed in a freezing mixture, will withstand temperatures as low as thirty below zero, or more, without freezing. Even at lower temperatures, it does not freeze suddenly and destructively as water does, but slowly congeals into a harmless slush -protecting your car against freeze-cracking.

READ THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS

Although the permanence of Radiator Glycerine makes it cheaper in the end, its first cost is greater than that of other anti-freeze agents, so it is important to prevent its waste. Above all, be sure the cooling system is tight. Remember glycerine takes advantage of minor leaks. Your garageman can easily tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets, and pump packing so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak-proof.

Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

Remember only leakage or overflow can impair the permanence of glycerine's protection. No replacement for evaporation is necessary except an occasional replenishment of the *water* in the solution as in summer.

Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine solutions vouched for by a reliable maker and be sure your car is carefully serviced according to the instructions. You can then drive your car in all kinds of weather free from all worry over the possibility of a frozen motor.

THE GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA — 120 WEST 32ND STREET — NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 190)

as I believe, in favor of individuality in plant or animal. What seems a paradox at first view is really consistent with her whole scheme. Let us examine this interesting fact more closely.

All plants have a strong individuality, sometimes only apparent from close scrutiny, and again differences that your dog could see. The individual traits of varieties and species, taken as a whole, are the most noticeable. Consider desert growth, in which I first became interested when I began my work, thirty years ago, with the cactus. The outstanding characteristic of all deserts is lack of moisture.

The plant, to persist in the arid wastes, had first to conserve moisture and store every available drop of water it could lay root or leaf on. It became sparse, wiry and deep-rooted, in the sagebrush and saltweed, for example, or, as in the cactus, it developed big, tough-skinned reservoirs in its leaves. But, having conquered death from drought, it found itself by that very fact exposed to a new danger—the danger of destruction by animals forced, because the desert growth was sparse, to turn for food to the few varieties that had survived the rigors of the climate. So here was a new enemy to defeat, and the desert plants put out their energies in battle and eventually were so dry and bitter and tough that no animal, not even a burro, would get much satisfaction out of them, or else they put out spines to make themselves about as poor an article of diet as you could find anywhere.

That is individuality—variation—in the species, called forth by environment and entering into the heredity of the plant so that it will breed true, finally, as long as its surrounding conditions remain unchanged. But the same power to vary runs through the whole of plant life and down to individual plants of the same species. As there are no two men exactly alike so there are no two roses or lilies or redwood trees exactly the same. Partly this individuality inside families of plants is due to differences, often minute, in environment—more shade or less moisture, a variation in the soil, or what not—but mainly it is due to Nature's insistence on variation, because from variation she gets that adaptability in the plant which enables it to resist enemies or make friends and so to preserve life and insure the perpetuation of the species, come what may in the way of change of locality, change of climate, visitations of disease or of destructive animals, and so on.

Individual Superiority

Nature favors this variability, I say; I believe she favors it in man and that to her the genius, the creative spirit, the originator, the inventor, the daring thinker, the pioneer and explorer, whether in finding new lands and charting strange seas or in marching ahead in scientific fields and breaking away from orthodox beliefs, are all expressions of her desire for progress. There is no more interesting example of the parallel between Nature's process in plant life and in human life than is to be found in our own America. In this great garden she has cross-pollinized races and tribes and the people of every nation. The result has been a wholesale production of hybrid seedlings presenting every conceivable phase of variation. Some of these crosses have turned out badly, and society has selected the worst of them and discarded them, others that are none too useful are still growing like weeds; but from the whole bed have sprung such new and striking and useful individual plants as Henry Ford, Theodore Roosevelt, Jacob Riis, Joseph Pulitzer, and hundreds more. In fact, there are very few Americans whose recent ancestors have not brought to the family some blood of a people other than English. We are crosses within the last few generations from every nation under the sun, and our variations have produced wide differences in capacity and ability, and a very bouquet of geniuses and original thinkers.

Now observe how the apparent paradox of Nature's emphasis of race importance and her prejudice in favor of individual differences and individual superiorities merges into a simple statement of the same law in two forms. The superior individual contributes more to the welfare of the race than the ordinary or the subnormal individual. Each genius or leader or creative artist helps to make his fellows more adaptable and better fitted to carry on the struggle of life; just as in the plant world variation is necessary to adaptability, and adaptability is essential to the conquest of the changing conditions of the world and to the overcoming of adverse environment, or the seizing of the advantages of a favorable environment. Nature seems to be full of exceptions to every rule, but on analysis we find that the underlying law is immutable and the underlying principle changeless and infallible.

Let us go into a swamp or a crowded and neglected garden for another lesson from the plant world that is applicable to our own problems, and that may have a moral for us who consider ourselves so superior to the lower orders of life. In the swamp there is a rich accumulation of plant foods; there is heat; there is water. The growth is tangled, dense, luxuriant, and usually partly poisonous. In the neglected garden everything has run riot, and weeds and flowers elbow and push and pant and struggle to maintain life—an overcrowded city of inferior individuals, all seeking root room and breathing space and a place in the sun. How like a crowded city—the swamp like the slums, the neglected garden like the business or the apartment-house district!

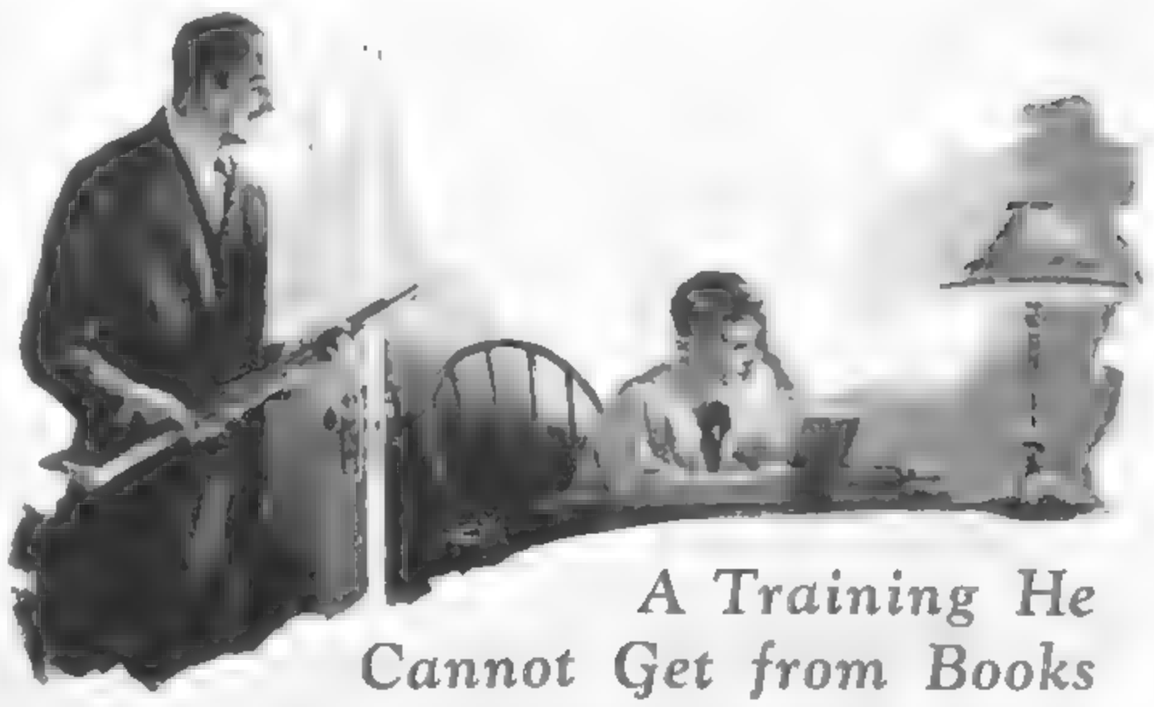
Orchids of the Slums

In the swamp the tendency is steadily toward rank growth. To be sure, the swamp may produce orchids—the most beautiful and fragile and delicate bloom known. I remember once being asked if I had ever done any work to improve orchids. I stared at the questioner for a moment or two, fumbling for a reply. And then I said, perhaps a little impatiently, "Improve orchids? But who on earth would dream of wanting them improved?"

Well, the orchid is a development of tropical jungle growth. Beautiful! It is the rich, effulgent product of an environment that has in it many elements of disease and destruction. Our slums are like that—breeding crime and disease, overcrowded, producing unfortunates and unfit, and yet occasionally giving us a great musician, a great actress or a great merchant, because the densely populated area has good blood and good heredity here and there in it, and because the conditions are exotic and the strong individuals produce strong mentalities, strengthened and enriched by the very force of the pressure about them. Neither the jungle nor the slum is desirable, and some day we shall do away with both, as we are gradually doing with our own swamps in the South. Until that time comes we must be content with the occasional orchid of genius who is the fruit of that environment.

The crowding of our cities is like the crowding of a neglected garden, and there is where spindling, weak, attenuated growths occur, and where the average of strength, bodily and mental, is lowered by the struggle and the pressing in of a multitude of weeds. The growth of cities is unhealthful for a nation, but I seem to see a tendency to spread out into suburbs and outlying districts that may solve a problem that has caused disaster in past history. Our task is to go into that neglected garden, and by pruning, weeding, opening up breathing spaces such as parks and playgrounds, and giving the human plants such environmental advantages as education and training, enable them to meet the competition of the crowd and reach a fuller stature, mentally and physically.

Plants must have elbowroom, and when we give it to them they improve and grow strong. When a man is crowded down to a



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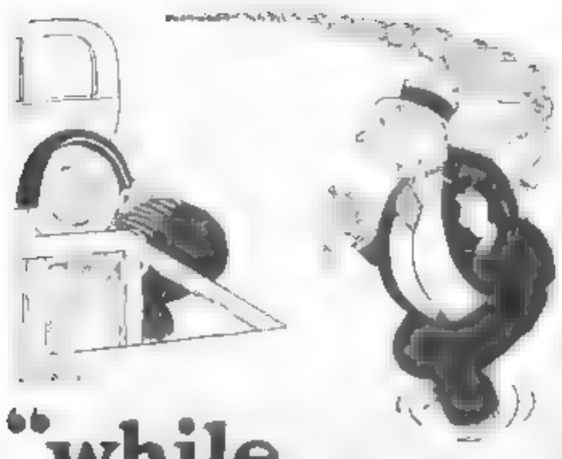

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"THIS is the first portable phonograph I've found that has real tone and volume and can carry a stack of records. And it's strong! Why, I can take this anywhere." The Carryola Master has volume for the biggest house yet will fit snugly into the tiniest apartment. And it's a complete playing unit.

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648 Clinton Street
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Write for this attractive folder giving details of the Carryola Models.

bare subsistence and pushed upon on all sides by necessity, by competition, by economic demands, he has little chance for growth—none for altruism. He cannot even grow up to the measure of his possibilities: he becomes more and more like all his fellows. There is no possibility of variation—that is as plain as daylight—and without variation there is no progress, and without progress there soon begins to be retrogression.

Let us turn to another of the laws governing the development of variations and variant types in the plant world that has an important bearing on our knowledge of the training and development of the human plant. I have written a good deal about inducing new characteristics in flowers, fruits and trees, but I have not yet gone much into the relative difficulties presented by the hereditary strains in those plants. The California poppy, I have said, lent itself to manipulation very readily, and that was because it was in a transitional stage from some earlier form of ancestry and none of its qualities was firmly fixed. On the other hand, the cactus was a hard nut to crack.

These two examples will serve well to bring out the point I have in mind. A change in the nature of a plant, as in the nature of a human being, must take into account the length of time the heredity has been unchanged in the particular you are driving at. You can bend a plant toward a change in color, let us say, without much trouble; but you would have considerable difficulty in developing a change in root structure, number of petals, or in leaf form. That is because the color was added after all the other characteristics of the plant—it is a more modern improvement—whereas the whole life history of the plant may have seen very little change in its form and structure. The poppy had no old, fixed, stubborn heredity, therefore it could be led to grow tall or dwarfed, golden or yellow or red, and with large or small blossoms, almost with no effort at all. The cactus, fighting for existence for hundreds or thousands of generations, had its characteristics deeply rooted and with few variations.

Changing the Leopard's Spots

In the cactus I wanted two important improvements—a more luxuriant growth and the elimination of the dangerous spines. The usual desert cactus is covered with pincushions full of the sharpest and most active little spines; it is almost impossible to put a finger on the plant without getting scores or hundreds of those tiny stings into your flesh. Once there, you cannot brush them out or even pick them out without the greatest difficulty. I had a man working for me about fourteen years ago who got a cactus spine in the end of his finger and who never has succeeded in getting it out, so that there is to this day a tiny discolored spot under his nail where that obstinate cactus spine has settled down for its old age.

Of course this meant that the cactus, which, except for the spines, would make succulent and heavily productive food for cattle, was valueless, and my desire was to take off the spines, develop a great productivity of slabs, or leaves, and render our American deserts and semiarid sections useful to cattlemen. But I had lighted on a habit of the cactus that was almost as old as the plant itself—one of its first developments had been this protective armor against foraging beasts. The work was slow, and the setbacks numerous. That I succeeded in the end was due to persistent selection—repetition, repetition, repetition of the same characteristics in the chosen plants, and the destruction, in enormous and expensive quantities, of all the rest. It was like teaching a dog—by telling him the same thing over and over and over again, always in the same tone of voice and with the same gestures and wording, until he accommodates himself to a new habit and responds to your will.

Here is a marvelous truth for human beings in their own problems, especially the problems of education. You cannot breed out or educate out the oldest traits of men easily, but you can succeed in almost any given line provided you stick to that line and persist and are patient and intelligent. Selfishness and greed and hate are old, old human characteristics; the love of music and dancing and drama are newer, relatively speaking. Therefore, when you begin to work with a child you can accomplish wonders in awakening in him an appreciation of music or art, or even in inducing in him some talent along æsthetic lines, but when you start to eradicate the older traits you find yourself bucking the heredity of a hundred thousand years, maybe, and you must not expect to transform a fighting boy or a liar or a glutton overnight. It will probably take twenty years to make even a faint impress on him, and if you want to get permanent results that he will pass on to his children, you had better make up your mind to use up ten or fifteen generations in the job.

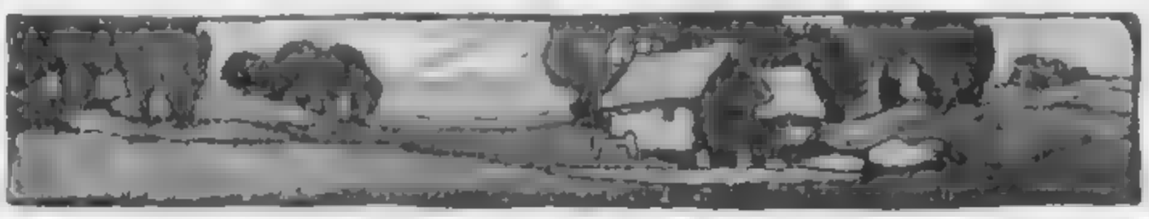
The Endless Struggle

We have been attempting to educate the American Indian and Christianize him, to break up maffia among Italian immigrants, to stop tong wars among the Chinese, and to elevate the whole negro race from slavery to a high type of citizenship. With individuals we have made progress—the variations in those people have been wide enough to give us certain latitude and make possible certain gains. But taken as a whole we have not broken any record. Every one of those four types has inherent in it fine possibilities, but we have gone at the job largely from the wrong end. We have passed laws and put on policemen to enforce them, but we haven't taken hold of the more recently acquired hereditary characteristics of each one and worked back from those, slowly and patiently, toward the underlying and motivating heritages and inherited tendencies.

Back of all life is a common law. It is not by studying the child or the seaweed or the rose or the star or the dog alone that we come to that law, but by studying all of Nature and learning to harmonize our facts and erect a balanced structure of truth. At times we come on contradictions, paradoxes, enigmas, and we become discouraged and pessimistic and baffled. It seems, often, that there is no scheme of things, but that what we call Nature is only a blind, fatuous, endless struggle between two forces—positive and negative, constructive and destructive, the upward pull and the downward drag. Scientists, thinkers, philosophers, all have their dark moments, and some of them come only to box canyons from which, in the end, they can see no escape and in which they perish, proclaiming that life is a meaningless and abortive chaos.

But, if we will catch and hold each single ray of light that shines through, and if all the rays are focused by science and philosophy and education, the brilliance of the real truth will persist and grow and spread, until its light will illumine all the dark pages of the book of life and every line and precept will be clear to read and simple to understand.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr Burbank and Mr. Hall. The next will appear in an early issue.



Now for a Real Business–With Good Pay!

WITH the telephone, by mail, or by personal interview—by using any two of the above methods, or only one, you can build up a real business in any locality you prefer. And a business which will grow increasingly more profitable year by year!

You may work when you please, for an hour at a time, or a week at a time—the amount of money you make is strictly up to you.

$1 or More An Hour

If you are like hundreds of men and women we know all over the country you should easily earn up to $1.50 or more an hour by our plan. To prove to yourself just how clean-cut and agreeable this business can be, clip and mail the coupon.

Box 1624
c/o THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
630 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

How may I build up a well-paying subscription business of my own?

Name

Street

City

State *Age* —

Ten Dollars a Day
Commissions Paid Daily

Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn $250.00 Monthly, $500.00 Business Earned Not in a Day

Selling America's most fairly priced and widely known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks, Business, Society and Professional people. For full details and exclusive territory

ADDRESS DEPT. A
The Process Engraving Co., Inc.
Troy at 21st St. Chicago

CALLOUSES

Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.
At drug and shoe stores—35¢

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

For *Free Sample* write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

LAW

STUDY AT HOME
Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually
easy terms. Get our
"Lawcraft" and "Evidence" books
NOW LaSalle Extension University Dept 1071 LA Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution.

THE WARMTH OF JUNE FLOWS INTO YOUR CAR—INSTANTLY-ABUNDANTLY

$5 to $8
for Ford, Chevrolet, Dodge & Hudson. $8 to $10 for all other popular makes.

IT'S a fact. Start your motor and at once this new type Perfection Heater begins getting in its work.

It floods your car with summer warmth—clean, wholesome hot air that surges through your car like a balmy breath of Spring. A touch of your toe turns it off if it becomes too warm.

In spite of its low price, this new heater is a genuine Perfection—built and backed by the organization that for sixteen years has been making cold cars unnecessary and unpopular.

It won't rattle ••• won't magnify motor noises ••• won't allow poisonous gases to leak into your car ••• approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories ••• and it's quickly and easily installed.

Go to your car dealer or garage man. Tell him you want a Perfection Heater. If he can't provide it, mail the coupon right away. We'll send you complete information on this remarkable comfort-provider and tell you exactly where you can have one installed.

Make up your mind now—not to drive in a refrigerator a single day this winter. Have a Perfection Heater in your car.

Also the standard exhaust type Perfection Heaters, as used by leading car manufacturers, $12.50 to $20.00.

PERFECTION HEATER & MFG. CO.
6345 Carnegie Avenue • Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a full description of the Perfection Heater for my car and tell me where I can have one installed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

My car is _____

That sensational development in carburetion, the Swan System, is made by this company's subsidiary, The Swan Carburetor Company

PERFECTION MOTOR CAR HEATERS

NO CAR IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A PERFECTION HEATER

Here is the estimate of Value Placed Upon *The Country Gentleman* by the Leading Manufacturers for the Month of September

	THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN	Second National Farm Paper	Third National Farm Paper	Fourth National Farm Paper	Fifth National Farm Paper	Sixth National Farm Paper
Advertising For the Farm or Farm Home . . .	31,920	11,840	9,171	4,532	5,003	1,698
Automotive Classification . .	23,604	7,019	5,265	5,040	3,377	1,802
Commodities for Personal Use . .	8,836	4,783	3,017	3,726	1,327	1,118
Catalogue House Advertising . . .		1,304	1,800	1,182	1,500	1,392
Miscellaneous . .	7,889	4,625	3,241	3,703	3,719	2,704
TOTAL LINEAGE IN ISSUES . . .	72,249	29,571	22,494	18,183	14,926	8,714

This statement, covering advertising lineage in the national farm papers for the month of September, 1926, was prepared before figures of Advertising Record Company were available. Some slight differences therefore may appear from this statement.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Magazine for Leadership Farm Families

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

The MAN Who *Used* to be Your Customer

The costliest thing in business is turnover in customers. Old customers are as easy to keep as new ones are to get

SUPPOSE you had never lost a customer that you wanted to hold—what would your volume be today?

If asked, "Why did you lose those good accounts?" you have an explanation ready. You can explain easily why each one now buys somewhere else.

And those explanations are all good ones. They prove it wasn't your fault. Further, you can say, "Everybody loses business once in a while. I can't expect to hold all the business I get."

Yes, but why were those customers lost? Those excuses are fine balm to your conscience; but

Aren't most customers lost because somebody else pays more attention to them than you do?

Lots of men buy advertising to help get new customers. How many men go to their printers and say, "I want you to help me produce some advertising that will help me keep all my old customers"?

Good printing is the surest and the cheapest way of keeping your old customers friendly. They will read your booklets. They are interested in any announcement you make. They are glad to receive your folders and pamphlets.

Right now your best customer is looked upon by someone as a "prospect." Don't let him get the idea that you are indifferent to him and his business. Let him know that you are constantly seeking to keep him interested in you and your business.

You have a mailing list. Use it. You know a good printer. Use him.

A good printer, Better Printing and Better Paper can help you cut down the turnover in customers—and this means faster growth and larger profits.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

The first step in the production of a series of effective direct mailings should be to consult a good printer. His advice on the technique of their production is valuable.

The planning and producing of this highly remunerative form of advertising is discussed and illustrated in a series of books issued from time to time by the S. D. Warren Company. Copies of these books, as published, will be sent you by any merchant handling Warren's Standard Printing Papers; or we shall be glad to mail them direct. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper ~ better printing

Powders won't fill these 5 AFTER-SHAVING NEEDS

This new way will—every time!

AQUA VELVA was made to do for the freshly shaven face what powders never can do. Powders blot up moisture, leaving the skin dry. But Aqua Velva conserves the natural moisture of the skin, keeping it flexible and well conditioned.

Remember, it is always the dry skin that feels drawn and uncomfortable. Condition your face with Aqua Velva after every shave and you will enjoy *all day* comfort.

5 important things Aqua Velva does for any face

A few drops of this clean-looking amber liquid on your newly shaved face has these five cheerful effects:

First: It makes your face feel sharply alive.

Second: It instantly gives first aid to each tiny cut or scrape.

Third: It leaves a keen, masculine fragrance.

Fourth: It protects your skin against wind and cold.

Fifth: It conserves the needed natural moisture in your skin. (Powder absorbs this necessary moisture—leaves the skin dry.) Aqua Velva conditions your face and *keeps* it comfortable all day long—just as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

The large 5-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva costs 50c (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

It will cost you nothing to try Aqua Velva. The coupon below will bring you—free—a generous trial bottle. Send for it—NOW.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

FREE trial offer

SEND COUPON BELOW

The J. B. Williams Co.
Dept. 410-B, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.
Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

S. S. P. 10-23-26

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Continued from Page 54

her graduation, when advising her in regard to the secretarial position she is best fitted for," went on the director. "To those who have had some nursing or medical experience, either professional or in caring for members of their own families, we suggest the physicians, specialists, and medical and therapeutic institutions and organizations. If she has some knowledge of legal terms or banking, and likes statistical and research work, then she should find no difficulty in securing a position in a banking house, a law, bond or brokerage firm. The old saying that knowledge is power certainly applies to secretarial work, because the more a young woman knows about various professions and lines of business, either from experience, or reading and study, the greater opportunities she will have in choosing the special secretarial work she may wish to do."

"We have a large and efficient force of stenographers and special secretaries in our city offices and also out at the plant," said the personnel manager of a great industrial corporation, when asked to give the employer's viewpoint on secretarial employes. "During the ten years I have directed this department," he went on, "thousands of girls and women of every age and description have come under my observation, seeking employment in the different departments of our company. We prefer girls and women in our offices who have had some college training, even if they have not been able to graduate. We find they have better-disciplined minds and grasp significant details of the business more readily than girls who have had only high-school education. Of course they are older, having attended school longer, so perhaps I should not put it exactly that way." He smiled. "What I mean to say is this: That we like even the stenographers to have had some special training for office work, either through experience in another office or through having attended a business school.

"All our special and personal secretaries have had college educations, or the equivalent in private schools, travel, and special secretarial training, with only two or three exceptions; and they are girls who came to us during the war, worked hard and made themselves almost indispensable to different officials at that time, and now are drawing excellent salaries.

"A secretarial position can be filled adequately only by a young woman capable of performing services requiring special knowledge and skill. Ability plus personality is what we look for when we engage a secretary. Any applicant who possesses these qualifications need never be out of a position, for the demand for the trained secretary in the business as well as in the professional world far exceeds the supply."

—FRANCES FISHER DUBUC.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

How 652 Great Executives found the way to New Volume and Profit

A roll call of corporations which have established branch factories, warehouses or offices in Atlanta sounds off those great American business names that have become household words throughout the land.

One after another the executive heads of these corporations have analyzed the South and found it America's fastest growing market. One after another these men have found that maximum volume and profit could be attained only by serving the South from close at hand.

And after detailed investigations and comparisons, the heads of 652 great concerns have selected Atlanta as the one logical manufacturing and distributing center of the South. The judgment of these men, who have invested millions upon millions of dollars in the Atlanta Industrial Area, has been thoroughly vindicated by the tremendous new volume and new profits which resulted. Southern sales quotas, constantly revised upwards, are as often exceeded. The buying power of the South has trebled in the past few years.

Branch factories located in the Atlanta Industrial Area show manufacturing economies that amaze the people back home. Naturally distribution costs are lowered all along the line. Eight great railroad systems afford the fast service and quick deliveries that meet the new merchandising needs. You can deliver overnight from Atlanta.

If you are interested in profits, you will want the facts about Atlanta. It is the job of the Atlanta Industrial Bureau and its organization of experienced and practical engineers to give you the facts in relation to your business—without charge or obligation, and in the strictest confidence. Write today.

INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
165 Chamber of Commerce

ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South

Acme Card System Co., Chicago, Ill., Addressograph Co., Chicago, Ill., Ahlberg Bearing Co., Chicago, Ill., Ajax Rubber Co., Inc., New York City, Alemite Lubricator Co., New York City, Alexander Hamilton Inst., New York City, Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Allyn & Bacon, Boston, Mass., American Agricultural Chemical Co., New York City, American Appraisal Co., Milwaukee, Wis., American Blower Co., Detroit, Mich., American Brake Shoe Co., New York City, American Can Co., New York City, American Electric Lamp Co., Central Falls, R. I., American Floor Surfacing Machine Co., Toledo, O., American Gear ch., American LaFrance Fire Engine Co., Elmira, N. Y., American Moistening Co., Boston, Mass., American Multigraph Sales Co., Cleveland, O., American Optical Co., Southbri merican Radiator Co., New York City, American Soda Fount Co., Boston, Mass., American Steel Wire Co., Chicago, Ill., American Type Founders Co., Jersey City, N. 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